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Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

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Beyond Good and Evil

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future[1]

Preface

Supposing that truth is a woman—well? is the suspicion not founded that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, poorly understood women? that the ghastly earnest and the clumsy obtrusiveness with which they tended to approach truth so far were inept and indecent[1] means for nothing more than charming a female[2] for themselves? What is certain is that she has not allowed herself to be charmed:—and every kind of dogmatism stands there today with a gloomy and despondent look. *If* it stands at all anymore! For there are scoffers who claim it has fallen, that all dogmatism is lying on the ground or even worse, all dogmatism is in its last throes. Seriously speaking, there are good reasons for hoping that all philosophical dogmatizing, however solemnly, however definitively and conclusively it has behaved, has in fact been only a noble childishness and noviceness. And perhaps the time is very near when it will be understood again and again *what* has actually sufficed to serve as the cornerstone of such sublime and unconditional philosophical edifices as the dogmatists have constructed to date—some popular superstition from time immemorial (like the superstition of the soul, which, as the superstition of the subject and the ego, to this day has not ceased to cause mischief), some play on words perhaps, a seduction on the part of grammar or a daring generalization of very narrow, very personal, very human-all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists was hopefully only a promise spanning

the millennia, as in still earlier times astrology was, in whose service perhaps more work, money, ingenuity and patience were expended so far than for any real science: — we owe the grand style of architecture in Asia and Egypt to its "superterrestrial" claims. It seems that all great things, in order to inscribe themselves with eternal demands upon the heart of humanity, must first stalk the earth as colossal and fear-inducing masks; dogmatic philosophy was such a mask, for instance the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, and Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful to it, even as surely as it must be admitted that the worst, longest lasting and most dangerous of all errors so far has been the dogmatist's error, namely Plato's invention of pure spirit and of good in itself. But now that it has been overcome, now that Europe breathes freely after this nightmare and can enjoy at least a healthier — sleep, we *whose task is wakefulness itself* are the heirs to all the strength that the struggle against this error has cultivated to maturity.[3] This meant of course that truth had to be stood on its head and the *perspectival*, the basic condition of all life, had to be denied in order to speak about spirit and good as Plato did; indeed, one is allowed to ask, as a physician: "What explains such a disease on the most beautiful plant of antiquity, on Plato? did the evil Socrates corrupt him? was Socrates the corrupter of youth after all? and did he deserve his hemlock?" — But the struggle against Plato or, to put it more plainly and for the "people," the struggle against the Christian-ecclesiastical pressure of millennia — for Christianity is Platonism for the "people"[4] — has created a magnificent tension of the spirit in Europe, such as never existed on earth; with such a tense bow we can now shoot for the most distant goals. Indeed, the European human being regards this tension as a state of emergency,[5] and already it has been attempted twice in grand style to slacken the bow, once through Jesuitism, a second time through the democratic Enlightenment: — which with the help of freedom of the press and the reading of newspapers may in fact succeed in persuading the spirit itself that it is no longer so obviously a "need."[6] (The Ger-

mans invented gun powder—hats off! but they canceled it out—they invented the printing press.) But we who are neither Jesuits nor democrats nor even sufficiently German, we *good Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits—we still have it, the entire need of the spirit and entire tension of its bow! And perhaps too the arrow, the task, who knows? the *goal* . . . . .[7]

Sils-Maria, UPPER ENGADINE,
IN JUNE 1885.

On the Prejudices of Philosophers

1[1]

The will to truth that will yet seduce us to many a risk, that famous truthfulness of which all philosophers so far have spoken with deference: what questions this will to truth has already laid before us! What strange, wicked, questionable questions! That is already a long story—and yet it seems it has scarcely begun? No wonder if we finally just become suspicious, lose our patience, turn around impatiently? That *we* for our part should also learn from this sphinx how to ask questions? *Who* is it, really, who asks questions of us here? *What* in us really wants "the truth"?—Indeed, we stopped for a long time before the question about the cause of this will—before we, finally, stopped completely before an even more thorough question. We asked about the *value* of this will. Suppose we want truth: *why not rather* untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance?—The problem of the value of truth stepped before us—or was it we who stepped before the problem? Who of us here is Oedipus? Who the sphinx? It is a rendezvous, so it seems, of questions and question marks.—And can you believe it, it finally seems to us as if the problem had never even been posed before—as if it were seen, looked in the eye, *risked* by us for the first time? For there is a risk involved, and perhaps there is none greater.

2

"How *could* something originate from its opposite? For example, truth from error? Or the will to truth from the will to deception? Or the selfless deed from self-interest? Or the pure sunny gaze of the wise man from greed? Such origins are impossible; whoever dreams of them is a fool, even worse; the things of highest value must have a different origin, *their own*—they are not derivable from this transitory, seductive, deceptive, meager world, from this chaos of delusion and craving! On the contrary, in the lap of being, in the everlasting, in the hidden god, in the 'thing in itself'—*there* must their ground lie, and nowhere else!"[2] —This kind of judging constitutes the typical prejudice by which the metaphysicians of all times can be recognized; this kind of valuation stands in the background of all their logical procedures; from this their "faith" they strive for their "knowledge," for something that in the end is solemnly christened as "the truth." The grounding faith[3] of metaphysicians is *the faith in the opposition of values.* Not even to the most cautious among them did it occur to doubt already here at the threshold, where it was after all most necessary; even when they vowed themselves to "*de omnibus dubitandum.*"[4] For one may doubt first whether there are oppositions at all, and second whether those populist valuations and value oppositions upon which the metaphysicians have pressed their seal are not perhaps mere foreground valuations, mere provisional perspectives, even more, perhaps from an angle, perhaps from below, frog perspectives as it were, to borrow an expression familiar to painters? For all the value that may be attributed to the true, the truthful, the selfless,[5] it would be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for all life would have to be ascribed to appearance, to the will to deceive, to self-interest and craving. It might even be possible that *what* constitutes the value of those good and honored things consists precisely in their being insidiously related, allied, linked, perhaps even essentially identical to those wicked, seemingly opposing

things. Perhaps!—But who has the will to be concerned with such a dangerous Perhaps! For this, one really has to await the arrival of a new species of philosopher, those who have some other kind of reverse taste and inclination from their predecessors—philosophers of the dangerous Perhaps in every sense.—And in all earnestness: I see such new philosophers emerging.[6]

3

After looking long enough between the lines the philosophers write, and having kept my eye on them, I say to myself: one must still count the greatest part of conscious thinking among the instinctive activities, and even in the case of philosophical thinking; here we must rethink as we have re-thought with respect to heredity and what is "innate." Just as the act of birth is given little consideration in the whole process and progress of heredity: so too "consciousness" is in no decisive sense *opposed* to the instinctive—most conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly guided by his instincts and forced into certain channels. Behind all logic and its seeming tyranny of movement there also stand valuations, or more plainly spoken, physiological demands for the preservation of a certain type of life. For instance, that the definite is worth more than the indefinite, or appearance worth less than "truth": such estimations could still be mere foreground-estimations, despite all their regulative importance to *us*, a certain kind of *niaiserie*[7] as may be necessary precisely for the preservation of beings like us. Supposing, of course, that it is not exactly mankind who is the "measure of things" . . . . .[8,9]

4

The falseness of a judgment[10] is for us not yet an objection to a judgment; perhaps our new language sounds strangest in this respect. The question is how far it is life-promoting, life-preserving, species-preserving, perhaps even species-cultivating; and we are fundamentally inclined to assert that the falsest[11] judgments[12] (among which synthetic judgments *a priori* belong) are the most

indispensable to us, that without an acceptance of logical fictions, without a measuring of reality against the purely invented world of the absolute and the self-identical, without a constant falsification of the world through numbers mankind could not live—that renouncing false judgments would be a renunciation of life, a denial of life. Acknowledging untruth as a condition of life: this truly means offering resistance in a dangerous way to the accustomed value-emotions; and a philosophy that dares this already places itself, solely by those means, beyond good and evil.

5[13]

What prompts us to regard all philosophers half suspiciously, half mockingly is not that we figure out time and again how innocent they are—how often and easily they err and stray, in short, their childishness and childlikeness—but instead that among them there is not sufficient honesty: whereas they all raise a great and virtuous racket as soon as the problem of truthfulness is touched upon even from a distance. They all act as if they had discovered and reached their real opinions through the self-development of a cold, pure, divinely unconcerned dialectic (as opposed to mystics of every rank, who are more honest than philosophers and clumsier—they speak of "inspiration"—): whereas at bottom they are defending some anticipated proposition, a notion, an "intuition," most often a fervent desire rendered abstract and sifted for reasons they seek after the fact:—they are all advocates who do not wish to be called that, and in fact most often they are even sly spokesmen of their prejudices, which they christen "truths"—and *very* distant from the courage of conscience that acknowledges this, this very fact; very distant from the good taste of courage which lets this be known, whether in order to warn an enemy or friend, whether from impiety or in order to mock themselves. The tartuffery[14] of the old Kant, as stiff as it was demure and with which he lures us onto secret dialectical paths leading or better yet misleading to his "categorical imperative"—this spectacle makes us pampered viewers smile, we who take no

small pleasure in keeping an eye out for the subtle tricks of old moralists and preachers of morals. Or even that hocus pocus of mathematical form with which Spinoza heavily armored and masked his philosophy—"love for *his* wisdom" ultimately, to use the term properly and fairly—in order to intimidate from the start the courage of the attacker who would dare to cast a glance at this unconquerable virgin and Pallas Athena:—how much personal timidity and vulnerability is revealed by this masquerade of a reclusive, sick man!

6[15]

Gradually it has occurred to me what every great philosophy has been so far: namely the personal confession of its author and a kind of involuntary and unnoticed *mémoires*; likewise that the moral (or immoral) intentions in every philosophy constitute the actual living seed from which the entire plant has grown every time. In fact, one always does well (and wisely) to first ask oneself, in explaining how the most far-fetched metaphysical claims of a philosopher came about: at what morality is it (or is *he*—) aimed? Accordingly I do not believe that a "drive for knowledge" is the father of philosophy, but that a different drive, here as elsewhere, has merely used knowledge (and misjudgment!)[16] as a tool. But whoever examines the basic human drives with an eye toward how far they may have played their game right here as *inspiring* geniuses (or demons and kobolds—), will find that they all have done philosophy at some time—and that every single one of them would too gladly wish to present *itself* as the ultimate purpose of existence and as the rightful *master* of all other drives. For every drive is bent on ruling: and as *such* it attempts to philosophize.—Indeed: things might be different among scholars, the real scientific people—"better" if you will—there might really be something like a knowledge-drive there, some small independent clockwork that, once properly wound, bravely ticks and ticks *without* all the other drives of the scholar coming into play. For this reason the real "interests" of the scholar usually

lie somewhere else entirely, perhaps with his family, or earning money or in politics; in fact, it makes precious little difference whether his little machine is placed on this or that scientific location, and whether the "hopeful" young worker makes a good philologist or fungi specialist or chemist of himself: — it does not *characterize* him if he becomes this or that. Conversely, in the philosopher there is absolutely nothing that is impersonal; and in particular his morality provides decided and decisive testimony to *who he is* — meaning in what order of rank the innermost drives of his nature stand in relation to each other.

7

How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more poisonous than the joke Epicurus[17] allowed himself against Plato and the Platonists: he called them *Dionysiokolakes.* This means according to the wording and in the foreground "sycophants of Dionysios," thus tyrant paraphernalia and lickspittles; but in addition to all this it also means "they are all *actors,* there is nothing genuine about them" (for *Dionysokolax* was a popular designation for an actor). And the latter meaning is actually the malice that Epicurus fired at Plato: he was annoyed by the grand manner, the self-dramatizing that Plato and his disciples were so good at — that Epicurus was not good at! he, the old school master from Samos, who sat holed up in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books, who knows? maybe out of rage and ambition against Plato? — It took hundreds of years before Greece figured out who this garden deity Epicurus was. — Did it ever figure it out? —

8[18]

In every philosophy there is a point where the "conviction" of the philosopher steps onto the stage, or to put it in the words of an ancient mystery:

adventavit asinus,
pulcher et fortissimus.[19]

9[20]

You want to *live* "according to nature"? Oh you noble Stoics, what a fraud of words! Imagine a being such as nature, wasteful without measure, indifferent without measure, without purpose and consideration, without mercy and justice, fertile and barren and uncertain at the same time, imagine indifference itself as power—how *could* you live according to this indifference? Living—is that not precisely wanting to be different than this nature? Is living not assessing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, wanting to be different? And supposing your imperative "live according to nature" means at bottom nothing more than "live according to life"—then how could you *not*? Why make a principle of that which you yourselves are and must be?—In truth things are quite different: in gleefully alleging to read the canon of your law out of nature, you really want the reverse, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to prescribe and incorporate your morality and your ideal onto nature, onto nature itself; you demand that it be nature "according to the Stoa" and want to make all existence conform only to your own image of existence—as a monstrous eternal glorification and universalization of Stoicism! For all your love of truth you force yourselves so long, so persistently, so hypnotically and rigidly to see nature *falsely*, namely stoically, that you're no longer able to see it any other way—and some kind of abysmal arrogance finally implants the madhouse hope in you that *because* you are good at tyrannizing yourselves—Stoicism is self-tyranny—nature too can be tyrannized: after all, isn't the Stoic a *piece* of nature? . . . . .But this is an old, eternal story: what happened back then with the Stoics still happens today just as soon as a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image, it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most spiritual will to power, to "world creation," to the *causa prima*.[21]

10

The eagerness and subtlety, indeed I am almost tempted to say: the slyness with which everywhere in Europe the problem "of the real and the apparent world" is tackled nowadays, makes us think and listen; and whoever hears only a "will to truth" in the background here certainly does not enjoy the sharpest of ears. In a few rare cases such a will to truth might actually be involved, some extravagant and adventurous act of courage, a metaphysician's ambition for a lost cause, which in the end still prefers a handful of "certainties" to a whole wagon full of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience who would rather lie down and die on a definite nothing than on an uncertain something, but this is nihilism and the sign of a desperate, dead-tired soul: no matter how brave the gestures of such a virtue may seem.[22] In the stronger thinkers who are more full of life and still thirsty for it, however, things appear to be different, insofar as they side *against* appearance and speak even the word "perspectival" with arrogance, and insofar as they trust the credibility of their own bodies about as little as the credibility of appearance that says "the earth stands still," and though they let go of their most certain possession seemingly in good cheer (for what does anyone believe in today more firmly than in the body?), who knows whether deep down they want to reconquer something they had once possessed even *more certainly*, some thing or some piece of the old property of a bygone faith, maybe "the immortal soul," maybe "the old God," in short, ideas on which people could live better, that is, heartier and more cheerfully than on "modern ideas"? There is a *mistrust* of modern ideas in this, a disbelief in all that was built yesterday and today; perhaps a slight disgust and scorn is mixed in, which no longer tolerates the bric-a-brac of concepts of the most diverse lineage, with which so-called positivism brings itself to market these days, a disgust on the part of the more pampered taste at the fairground motleyness and patches of all these reality-philosophasters[23] in

whom there is nothing new and genuine but this motleyness. On this matter we should, it seems to me, acknowledge that these skeptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists are right: their[24] instinct, which drives them away from *modern* reality, is not refuted—what do we care about their retrograde secret paths! What is essential in them is *not* that they want to go "back": but that they—want to go *away*. A bit *more* strength, flight, courage, artistry: and they would want to get *out*—and not back!—

II[25]

It seems to me that people everywhere now are making an effort to divert attention from the actual influence Kant exerted on German philosophy, and especially to wisely sidestep the value he attributed to himself. Kant was above all and chiefly proud of his table of categories, saying with this table in his hands: "this is the most difficult task that ever could be undertaken for the benefit of metaphysics."—Let us make sure we understand this "could be"! he was proud of having *discovered* a new faculty in human beings, the faculty for synthetic judgments *a priori*. Suppose he deceived even himself about this: but the development and rapid blossoming of German philosophy depended on this pride and on the rivalry of all the younger generation to possibly discover something even prouder—and in any case "new faculties"!—But let us stop and think: it is high time we did. How are synthetic judgments *a priori possible*, Kant asked himself—and what did he answer really? *By virtue of a faculty*:[26] but unfortunately not in five words but so ceremoniously, reverentially, and with such a dose of German profundity and flourish that people failed to hear the amusing *niaiserie allemande*[27] that lies in such an answer. People were in fact beside themselves over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its peak when Kant discovered an additional moral faculty in human beings:—for back then Germans were still moral, and not yet "real-political"[28] by any means.—Then came the honeymoon of German philosophy; all the young

theologians of the Tübingen seminary[29] rushed into the bushes — they all searched for "faculties." And what didn't they find — in those innocent, rich, still youthful times of the German spirit, into which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, breathed her magic and sang her songs, back then when they still did not know how to distinguish "finding" from "inventing"![30] Above all a faculty for the "supersensible": Schelling christened it intellectual intuition and thus accommodated the heartiest cravings of his fundamentally piety-craving Germans. We can do no greater injustice to this entire emboldened and enthusiastic movement, which was only youthfulness, however boldly it disguised itself in gray and hoary concepts, than to take it seriously and even perhaps treat it with moral indignation; enough, people got older — the dream vanished. A time came when they scratched their heads: we are still scratching our heads today. People had dreamed: first and foremost — old Kant. "By virtue of a faculty" — he had said, or at least meant. But is that really — an answer? An explanation? Or on the contrary only a repetition of the question? How does opium make you sleepy? "By virtue of a faculty," namely the *virtus dormitiva* — replies the physician in Molière:

> *quia est in eo virtus dormitiva,*
> *cujus est natura sensus assoupire.*[31]

But those kinds of answers belong to comedy, and it is finally time to replace the Kantian question, "how are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible" with another question, "why is the belief in such judgments *necessary*?" — that is, to comprehend that for the purpose of preserving beings of our kind such judgments must be *believed* to be true; which is why they could naturally still be *false* judgments! Or, to be clearer and crude and complete: synthetic judgments *a priori* should not "be possible" at all: we have no right to them, in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only the belief in their truth is necessary, to be sure, as a foreground belief and visual evidence belonging to the perspectival optics of life. — Finally,

in order to give due consideration to the tremendous effect that "German philosophy"—I hope its right to be in quotation marks is understood?—has had on all of Europe, let no one doubt that a certain *virtus dormitiva* played a part: there was delight among the noble idlers, the virtuous, mystics, artists, three-fourths-Christians and political obscurantists of all nations in having an antidote, thanks to German philosophy, to the still overpowering sensualism that gushed over from the previous century into this one, in brief—"*sensus assoupire*". . . . .

12[32]

As concerns materialistic atomism: this is among the best-refuted things there are, and perhaps today in Europe no scholar is unscholarly enough to still allot it major significance, except for convenient and handy household purposes (namely as an abbreviated figure of speech)—thanks first to that Pole, Boscovich,[33] who along with the Pole Copernicus was the greatest and most victorious opponent of visual evidence so far. For while Copernicus persuaded us to believe counter to all our senses that the earth does *not* stand still, Boscovich taught us to abjure faith in the last thing about the earth that "stood still," the belief in "matter," in "material," in the earth-residuum and particle-atom: it was the greatest triumph over the senses ever achieved on earth.—But we must go still further and declare war on the "atomistic need" that still leads a dangerous afterlife in regions where no one suspects it, like that more famous "metaphysical need"—a ruthless war to the finish: but we must also first dispatch that other and more disastrous atomism that Christianity has taught best and longest, the *soul-atomism*. Allow me to use this word to characterize the belief that holds the soul to be something ineradicable, eternal, indivisible, a monad, an *atomon*: it is *this* belief that we should banish from science! But just between you and me, in doing so it is not necessary in the least to get rid of "the soul" itself, and thereby relinquish one of our oldest and most venerable

hypotheses, as tends to be the case with the clumsiness of the naturalists who scarcely touch "the soul" before losing it. But the way to new conceptions and refinements of the soul-hypothesis stands open; and concepts like "mortal soul" and "soul as subject-multiplicity" and "soul as social structure of drives and affects" want henceforth to have their citizens' rights in science. Insofar as the *new* psychologist is preparing to put an end to the superstition that has so far proliferated around the idea of the soul with almost tropical luxuriance, he has of course banished himself as it were into a new wasteland and a new suspicion—it may be that the older psychologists were better off in terms of comfort and entertainment—: ultimately, however, he knows himself in this very way to be condemned to *inventing*—and who knows? maybe to *finding*.—[34]

13

The physiologists should stop and think before positing the drive for self-preservation as the cardinal drive of an organic being. Anything that lives wants above all to *discharge* its strength—life itself is will to power—: self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent *consequences* of this.—In brief, here as everywhere beware of *superfluous* teleological principles!—such as the drive for self-preservation (for which we have Spinoza's inconsistency to thank—). This is demanded by method after all, which must essentially be the economy of principles.

14

It is dawning now on perhaps five or six minds that physics too is only a world interpretation and arrangement (by us! if I may say so) and *not* a world explanation: however, insofar as it relies on belief in the senses, it passes for more and must continue for a long time to come to pass for more, namely for an explanation. It has eyes and ears going for it, it has visual evidence and tangibility going for it: the effect this has on a fundamentally plebeian age is bewitching, persuasive, *convincing*—it

even instinctively follows the truth-canon of eternally populist sensualism. What is clear, what "clarifies"? First that which can be seen and touched—every problem has to be pursued this far. Conversely: it was in the opposition *against* obviousness that the magic of the Platonic way of thinking resided, which was a *noble* way of thinking—and perhaps among people who enjoyed even stronger and more demanding senses than our contemporaries, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in maintaining their mastery over these senses: this they did using pale, cold, gray nets of concepts which they cast over the motley whirlwind of the senses—the rabble of the senses as Plato[35] called it. There was a different kind of *enjoyment* in this overpowering of the world and interpreting of the world in the manner of Plato, than the one offered us by the physicists of today, likewise the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the physiological laborers, with their principle of "the smallest possible force" and the biggest possible stupidity. "Where someone has nothing more to see and to grasp, then he also has nothing more to do"—this of course is a different imperative than the Platonic, but in fact may be exactly the right imperative for a tough, hard-working species of machinists and bridge-builders of the future who have nothing but *rough* work to take care of.

15[36]

In order to pursue physiology in good conscience we must insist that the sense organs are *not* appearances in the sense of idealistic philosophy: as such they simply could not be causes! Sensualism then at least as a regulative hypothesis, if not as a heuristic principle.—What? and others even say the external world is supposed to be the work of our organs? But then even our body, as a piece of this external world, would be the work of our organs! And then even our organs themselves would be—the work of our organs! To me this appears to be a thorough *reductio ad absurdum*:[37] supposing that the concept *causa sui*[38] is something thoroughly absurd. Consequently the external world is *not* the work of our organs—?

16

There are still some harmless self-observers who believe that there are "immediate certainties," for instance "I think," or in the case of Schopenhauer's superstition, "I will": just as if here knowledge got to grasp its object purely and nakedly, as "thing in itself," and no falsification took place either on the part of the subject or on the part of the object. But I will repeat a hundred times that "immediate certainty," and likewise "absolute knowledge" and "thing in itself" contain a *contradictio in adjecto*:[39] we really ought to free ourselves finally of the seduction of words! Let the people believe that knowing involves knowing something to the end,[40] the philosopher has to say to himself: "when I dissect the event expressed in the proposition 'I think,' then I get a series of audacious claims whose proof is difficult, perhaps even impossible—for instance, that it is *I* who thinks, that it must even be a something that thinks, that thinking is an activity and effect on the part of a being that is thought of as the cause, that there is an 'I' and finally, that it is already firmly established what is meant by thinking—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not already decided this on my own, what would I use to gauge whether what is happening right now might not be 'willing' or 'feeling'? Enough, this 'I think' presupposes that I *compare* my momentary state with other states I know to be mine, in order to determine what it is: because of this retrospective reference to other 'knowledge' it has no immediate certainty at least for me."—In place of this "immediate certainty" in which the people in this case might believe, the philosopher is handed a veritable bundle of metaphysical questions, truly genuine intellectual questions of conscience such as: "Where do I get the concept of thinking? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an ego, let alone of an ego as cause, and finally of an ego as the cause of thought?" Whoever ventures to answer these metaphysical questions at once with an appeal

to a kind of *intuition* of knowledge, as does someone who says: "I think, and I know that this at least is true, real, certain"—he would find the philosopher of today ready with a smile and two question marks. "Sir," the philosopher might give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken: but does it absolutely have to be truth?"[41]—

17

As concerns the superstition of the logicians: I will never tire of emphasizing one short, sweet fact, which is not gladly conceded by these superstitious people—namely that a thought comes when "it" wants,[42] and not when "I" want; so that it is a *falsification* of the facts to say: the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." It thinks: but that this "it" is precisely that old famous "ego" is only an assumption, an assertion, to put it mildly, and by no means an "immediate certainty." In fact too much is already claimed with this "it thinks": even this "it" contains an *interpretation* of the process and doesn't belong to the process itself. Here the concluding is done according to grammatical habit, namely "thinking is an activity, to every activity belongs something that is active, therefore—." Following basically the same scheme, the older atomism looked at every effective "force" for that little particle of matter in which it resides, and from which it produces effects, that is, the atom; more rigorous minds finally learned to do without this "earth residuum," and perhaps someday we will even accustom ourselves, logicians included, to doing without this little "it" (into which the honest old ego has vanished).

18[43]

It is truly not the least appealing aspect of a theory that it is refutable: this is precisely how it attracts the more refined intellects. It seems that the theory of "free will," refuted a hundred times, owes its longevity only to this appeal—: someone always come along and feels strong enough to refute it.

19

Philosophers tend to speak of the will as if it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer gave us to understand it is the will alone that is really known to us, known through and through, known without adding or subtracting. But more and more it seems to me that Schopenhauer in this case did what philosophers just tend to do: that he adopted a *popular prejudice* and exaggerated it. Willing to me seems above all to be something *complicated*, something that is a unity only in word—and it is precisely one word that contains the popular prejudice that has triumphed over the habitually minimal caution of philosophers. Let us for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical"—let's say: first of all in every willing there is a plurality of sensations, namely the sensation of the state *away from which*, the sensation of the state *toward which*, the sensation itself of this "away" and "toward," then an accompanying sensation in the muscles that comes into play through a kind of habit as soon as we "will," even without our having to move our "arms and legs." Secondly therefore, just as sensation and in fact many kinds of sensations are to be recognized as ingredients of the will, so too thinking: in every act of will there is a commanding thought;—and we had better not believe that this thought can be separated from the "willing" as if will would still be left over! Thirdly the will is not only a complex of sensation and thinking, but above all an *affect*: and specifically that affect of command. What we call "freedom of the will" is essentially the affect of superiority with respect to the one who must obey; "I am free, 'he' must obey"—this consciousness lies in every will, and likewise that straining of attention, that straight focus that fixes on one thing exclusively, that unconditional valuation "now this is essential and nothing else," that inner certainty that something will be obeyed, and whatever else belongs to the disposition of the commander. Someone who *wills*—commands something in himself that obeys or that he believes obeys. But

now let us observe what is the most wondrous thing about the will—about this very multifarious thing for which the people have only one word; insofar as in this case we are simultaneously the commanders *and* the obeyers, and as obeyers we know the sensations of forcing, pushing, pressing, resisting, moving, that usually begin immediately after the act of willing; and insofar as, on the other hand, we have a habit of disregarding and deceiving ourselves about this duality by virtue of the synthetic concept "I," a whole chain of erroneous conclusions and consequently of false valuations has attached itself to willing—to such an extent that the willing individual believes in good faith that willing *suffices* for action. Because in most cases by far there has only been willing where the effect of command, therefore obedience, therefore action could be *expected*, the *appearance* has translated into sensation, as if there were a *necessity of effect* there. Enough, someone who wills believes with a considerable degree of certainty that will and action are somehow one—he attributes the success, the execution of willing to the will itself and in doing so enjoys an increase in that feeling of power that comes with all success. "Freedom of the will"—that is a word for the multifarious state of pleasure of the one who wills, who commands and simultaneously identifies himself as the executor—who as such also enjoys the triumph over obstacles but thinks to himself that it is his will alone that really overcomes the obstacles. In this manner the one who wills adds the pleasurable sensations of the executing, successful tools, the useful "sub-wills" or sub-souls—our body is after all only a society constructed of many souls—to his feeling of pleasure as commander. *L'effet c'est moi*:[44] what happens here is what happens in every well constructed and happy community, namely the ruling class identifies itself with the successes of the community. With all willing we are dealing simply with commanding and obeying, on the foundation, as mentioned earlier, of a social structure of many "souls," which is why a philosopher should exercise the right to conceive willing itself under the horizon of morality: that is, morality understood

as a doctrine of the power relations under which the phenomenon "life" emerges.—[45]

20

That individual philosophical concepts are not something arbitrary, not something growing on their own but grow in relation and kinship to one another, that as suddenly and randomly as they appear to sprout in the history of thought, in fact they belong just as firmly to a system as all the members of the fauna of a continent: this is ultimately revealed by how certainly the most diverse philosophers always fill out a definite basic scheme of *possible* philosophies. Under an invisible spell they constantly start anew and repeat the same orbit: however independent of one another they might feel with their critical or systematic will: something in them guides them, something drives them in a specific order one after the other, namely that innate systematics and kinship of concepts. Their thinking in fact is not so much a discovering as a recognizing, remembering, a return and homecoming to a distant, primordial, overall economy of the soul, from which those concepts once sprouted—philosophizing is in this sense a kind of atavism of the highest order. The peculiar family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing is explained easily enough. Precisely where linguistic kinship is present it cannot be avoided at all that, thanks to the common philosophy of grammar—I mean thanks to the unconscious rule and leadership of the same grammatical functions—everything lies ready from the beginning for a similar development and sequence of philosophical systems: just as the route to certain other possibilities of interpreting the world seems almost barred. Philosophers of the Ural-Altaic language group (in which the subject-concept is least developed) will with great probability look differently "into the world" and will be found on different routes than Indo-Germans or Muslims: the spell of specific grammatical functions is in the final analysis the spell of *physiological* value

judgments and racial conditions.—This much by way of refuting Locke's superficiality with respect to the origin of ideas.

21

The *causa sui* is the best self-contradiction thought of to date, a kind of logical rape and violation of nature: but humanity's excessive pride has succeeded in deeply and horribly entangling itself in this very nonsense. The desire for "freedom of the will," in the superlative metaphysical sense, as it unfortunately still reigns in the minds of the semi-educated, the desire to bear on your own the entire and ultimate responsibility for your actions, and to absolve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society of them is really nothing less than being just this *causa sui*, and it amounts to pulling yourself up by the hair out of the swamp of nothingness into existence, with an audacity exceeding that of Münchhausen.[46] Supposing someone sees through the boorish simplicity of this famous concept of "free will" and manages to strike it from his mind, I would then ask him to take his "enlightenment" one step further and also strike the reverse of that absurd concept of "free will" from his mind: by which I mean the "unfree will," which amounts to an abuse of cause and effect. "Cause" and "effect" should not be erroneously reified, as the natural scientists do (and whoever else today thinks in terms of naturalizing—) according to the prevailing mechanistic buffoonery that has the cause pressing and pushing until it "effects";[47] "cause" and "effect" should only be used as pure *concepts*, that is as conventional fictions for the purpose of characterization, of communication, *not* of explanation. In the "in-itself" there is nothing of "causal connections," of "necessity," of "psychological unfreedom," there the "effect" does *not* "follow from the cause," this is not governed by any "law." It is *we* alone who have invented causes, succession, for-each-other, relativity, compulsion, numbers, law, freedom, grounds and purpose; and when our imaginations impose and mix this sign-world into things as an "it-itself," we're still doing things

as we've always done them, namely *mythologically*. The "unfree will" is mythology: in real life it is a matter of *strong* and *weak* wills.—It is almost always a symptom of what a thinker is lacking when he senses some kind of compulsion,[48] need, being forced to follow, pressure, unfreedom in all "causal connection" and "psychological necessity": it is revealing to feel this way in particular—the person betrays himself. And if I have observed correctly, generally it is the "unfreedom of the will" that is conceived as a problem, from two entirely opposing sides but always in a deeply *personal* manner: one side doesn't want to relinquish their "responsibility" at any price, their faith in *themselves*, the personal right to *their* merit (the vain races belong to this group—); the others conversely, motivated by inner self-contempt, want to be responsible for nothing and guilty of nothing, and wish they were able to *shift responsibility* for themselves to some other place. The latter when they write books tend to sympathize with criminals; their most appealing disguise is a kind of socialist compassion. And indeed, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself amazingly when it knows how to pass for "*la religion de la souffrance humaine*":[49] this is *its* "good taste."[50]

22

I should be forgiven as an old philologist who cannot forgo the malice of putting his finger on bad tricks of interpretation: but that "conformity of nature to law" spoken of so proudly by you physicists, as if——it exists only thanks to your interpretation and bad "philology"—it is not a fact, not a "text," but on the contrary only a naïvely humanitarian justification and distortion of meaning with which you appease and accommodate the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law—nature is no different and no better off than we are in this regard": a nice example of ulterior motives, disguising once again the plebeian hostility against everything privileged and autocratic, likewise a second and more refined atheism. "*Ni dieu, ni maître*"[51]—that is how

you want it: and so "long live natural law!"—right? But like I said, this is interpretation, not text; and someone could come along with the opposite intention and mode of interpretation, who was able to infer from the same nature and with respect to the same phenomena instead a tyrannically ruthless and relentless imposition of power claims—an interpreter who so convincingly opened your eyes to the "will to power" with its lack of exceptions and its unconditional nature, that nearly every word and even the word "tyranny" itself would ultimately appear useless or as weakening and mitigating metaphor—as too human—; yet he would still end up claiming the same thing about this world that you claim, namely that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, but *not* because laws govern in it but because the laws are absolutely *lacking*, and every power draws its final consequence in every moment. Supposing this too is only interpretation—and you will be eager enough to make this objection?—well then, so much the better.—

23

All psychology so far has gotten stuck in moral prejudices and fears: it has not dared to enter the depths. To conceive it as morphology and *doctrine of the development of the will to power* as I conceive it—no one yet has touched this even in thought: that is, to the extent it is permitted to recognize in that which has been written so far a symptom of that which has so far remained unsaid. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most spiritual world, into the seemingly coldest world most devoid of presuppositions—and it goes without saying that it has been damaging, inhibiting, blinding, distorting. A real physio-psychology has to contend with[52] unconscious obstacles in the heart of the researcher, it has "the heart" against it: even a doctrine of the reciprocal dependence of the "good" and the "bad" drives, as a more refined morality, causes distress and revulsion in a still strong and hearty conscience—and even more so a doctrine of the derivation of all good drives from bad ones. But suppose

someone were to take even the affects hatred, envy, greed, and lust to rule as conditions of life, as something whose presence is fundamental and absolutely essential to the overall economy of life, and therefore must even be enhanced if life is to be enhanced—he would suffer from such a turn in his thinking as if from seasickness. And yet even this hypothesis is by far not the most distressful and foreign in this vast, almost new realm of dangerous knowledge:—and in fact there are a hundred good reasons for everyone to keep their distance from it, if they—*can*! On the other hand: if you happen to be driven off course here in your ship, well then, so be it! Now's the time to just clench your teeth! open your eyes! hold on tight to the helm!—we're sailing straight over and *away* from morality, we're smashing, maybe we're crushing our own remnant of morality by daring to travel there—but what do *we* matter! Never before has a *deeper world* of insight opened up to bold travelers and adventurers: and the psychologist who "makes a sacrifice" in this way—it is *not* the *sacrifizio dell'intelletto*,[53] on the contrary!—will at least be allowed to demand in exchange that psychology again be recognized as the ruler of the sciences, for whose service and preparation the remaining sciences exist. For psychology is now once again the way to the fundamental problems.

The Free Spirit

24[1]

O sancta simplicitas![2] In what a strange simplification and falsification human beings live! We cannot cease to wonder as soon as we develop an eye for this wonder! How we've made everything around us bright and free and easy and simple! how we have been able to give our senses a free pass for everything superficial, and our thinking a divine craving for impudent leaps and false conclusions!—how we have known from the start to preserve our ignorance in order to enjoy a scarcely comprehensible freedom, thoughtlessness, carelessness, heartiness, cheerfulness in life, in order to enjoy life! And only on this now solid and granite foundation of ignorance could science raise itself up until now, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a much more powerful will, the will to not know, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite but—as its refinement! Even if here as elsewhere *language* cannot get past its clumsiness and continues to speak of opposites where there are only degrees and many subtleties of levels; even if likewise the entrenched tartuffery of morality, which now belongs to our invincible "flesh and blood," twists the words in our mouths, though we know better: here and there we comprehend it and laugh about how precisely the best science tries best to keep us in this *simplified*, thoroughly artificial world that we have composed and forged into shape,[3]

how it involuntarily-voluntarily loves error because this lively one—loves life!

25

After such a cheerful entrance a serious word does not wish to go unheard: it is directed at the most serious. Watch out, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the sake of truth"! Even of defending yourselves! It will ruin all the innocence and delicate neutrality of your conscience, it will make you stiff-necked against objections and red flags, it will stupefy, animalize and brutalize you when in struggling with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion and even cruder consequences of animosity you even have to pose as a defender of truth on earth:—as if "the truth" were such a harmless and awkward person that it needed defenders! and you of all people, you Knights of the Mournful Countenance,[4] Messrs. Do-little and Webspinner of the Spirit! In the end you know well enough that it is not supposed to matter whether *you* are right, and likewise that until now no philosopher has been right, and that a more praiseworthy truth could be in every little question mark you put behind your choice words and favorite doctrines (and occasionally behind yourselves) than in all the solemn gestures and trumps put before prosecutors and courts of law! Rather step aside! Go into hiding! And have your mask and subtlety so that you will be mistaken for something, or feared a bit! And do not forget the garden, the garden with golden trelliswork! And have people around you who are like a garden—or like music over waters at evening time, when the day fades into memories:—choose the *good* solitude, the free, mischievous, light solitude that also gives you the right in some sense to remain good yourselves! How poisonous, how sneaky, how bad every long war makes us, that cannot be waged with open force! How *personal* a long fear makes us, a long focus on enemies, on possible enemies! These outcasts of society, these long-persecuted, badly-harassed—also the forced hermits, the Spinozas or Giordano

Brunos—always become ingenious avengers and mixers of poison in the end, even under the most spiritual masquerade and perhaps without their even knowing it (just try digging up the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!)—not to mention the silliness of moral indignation that in a philosopher is the infallible sign that his philosophical humor has abandoned him.[5] The martyrdom of a philosopher, his "sacrifice for the truth" forces into the light all that is agitator and actor in him, and supposing he has been viewed up till now only with an artistic curiosity, then with respect to many philosophers we certainly understand the dangerous desire to see him for once in his degeneration (degenerated to a "martyr," to a screamer of the stage and the soapbox). Only we have got to be clear with such a desire about *what* we will get to see in any case:—only a satyr play, only an epilogue farce, only the continuing proof that the long, real tragedy *is over*: assuming that every philosophy in its origins was a long tragedy.—

26[6]

Every choice human being strives instinctively for his fortress and secrecy, where he is *redeemed* from the crowds, the many, the great majority, where he can forget the rule among "humans," as their exception:—with the one exception that he is driven by an even stronger instinct straight toward this rule, as a knowing one in the great and exceptional sense. It is certainly not a person of elevated taste who does not occasionally glisten in all the colors of distress while interacting with people, green and gray with disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloominess, and isolation; but supposing he does not voluntarily take all this burden and aversion on himself, but constantly avoids it and as I said earlier stays quietly and proudly hidden in his fortress, then one thing is clear: he is not made for knowledge, not predestined for it. For if he were, he would one day have to say to himself: "To hell with my good taste! but the rule is more interesting than the exception—than I, who am the exception!"—and he would start going *downward*, and most

importantly, "inwards." The study of the *average* human being, long, serious, and to this end requiring much disguise, self-overcoming, intimacy, bad company—any company is bad company except with one's equals—: this makes up a necessary part of the life story of every philosopher, perhaps the most unpleasant, foul-smelling and richest in disappointments. But if he is lucky, as befits a favorite child of knowledge, then he will encounter real abbreviators and alleviators of his task—I mean so-called cynics, hence those who simply acknowledge the animal, the vulgarity, the "rule" in themselves and yet at the same time have that degree of spirituality and yearning that compels them to talk about themselves and their kind *in front of witnesses*:—sometimes they will even wallow in books as if in their own filth. Cynicism is the only form in which vulgar souls come in contact with what honesty is; and the higher human being has to open his ears to every cruder and finer cynicism and congratulate himself each time the shameless jester or the scientific satyr speaks up right in front of him. There are even cases where enchantment is mixed with disgust: namely where by a whim of nature genius is united with such an indiscreet billy-goat and ape as the Abbé Galiani, the profoundest, most insightful and perhaps also filthiest man of his century—much profounder than Voltaire and consequently also a good deal more taciturn. It happens even more often that, as indicated already, a scientific head is mounted on an ape's body, a subtle, exceptional understanding on a base soul—especially not a rare occurrence among doctors and physiologists of morals. And wherever even one person speaks without bitterness, or even just innocuously about mankind as of a belly with two different needs and a head with one; wherever someone seeks and *wants to* see only hunger, sexual lust and vanity as if they were the actual and sole incentives of human behavior; in short, where anyone speaks "badly" of humanity—and not even *wickedly*—there the lover of knowledge should listen subtly and studiously, he should generally keep his ears open wherever people speak without indigna-

tion. For the indignant person, and whoever tears and mangles himself (or, as a substitute, the world, God, or society) with his own teeth may indeed be higher morally speaking than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent and less instructive case. And nobody *lies* as much as the indignant.—

27[7]

It is hard to be understood: especially if you think and live *gangasrotogati*[8] among nothing but people who think and live differently, namely *kurmagati*[9] or at best "in the manner of the frog," *mandeikagati*—am I just doing everything to be hard to understand myself?—and we should cordially acknowledge the good will to a modicum of subtlety in interpretation. But as concerns "the good friends" who always want to have it too easy and think they have a right to easiness just because they are friends: you do best at the outset to grant them some room to play and a playground for misunderstanding:—then you can still laugh;—or just get rid of them completely, these good friends—and laugh then too!

28[10]

What is hardest to translate from one language to another is the *tempo*[11] of its style: which is grounded in the character of the race or, physiologically speaking, in the average *tempo* of its "metabolism." There are well-intentioned translations that are nearly falsifications, being involuntary vulgarizations of the original, merely because the bold and joyful *tempo* that leaps over and helps us out of everything dangerous in things and words could not be captured in translation. The Germans are practically incapable of a *presto*[12] in their language: and thus, it is fair to conclude, also incapable of many of the most delightful and daring nuances of the free, free-spirited thought. As surely as the *buffo*[13] and satyr are foreign to him in body and conscience, just as surely Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable to him. Everything ponderous, lethargic and

pompously awkward, all wordy and boring genres of style are developed with excessive diversity in Germans—forgive me for stating the fact that even Goethe's prose with its mixture of stiffness and grace is no exception, as a mirror image of the "good old time" to which it belongs and an expression of German taste at a time when there still was a "German taste," namely a rococo taste *in moribus et artibus*.[14] Lessing is an exception, thanks to his thespian nature, which understood much and knew many things so well: he who was not by accident the translator of Bayle and gladly took refuge in the company of Diderot and Voltaire, even more gladly among the Roman comedy writers:—Lessing even in *tempo* loved free-thinking and fleeing from Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of a Lessing, imitate the *tempo* of Machiavelli who in his *Prince* gives us the dry, refined air of Florence and cannot resist presenting the most serious matters in an unruly *allegrissimo*:[15] perhaps not without the malicious artist's sense for the kind of contrast he dares—thoughts that are long, difficult, hard, dangerous and yet in a gallop *tempo* and the very best, most defiant mood. Who, finally, would venture a German translation of Petronius, who more than any other great musician to date was a master of the *presto* in inventions, insights, words:—in the end what do all the swamps of the sick, wicked world matter, of the "ancient world" too, if someone has feet of wind, like him, the force, breath and liberating scorn of a wind that makes everything healthy by making everything *run*! And as concerns Aristophanes, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake we *forgive* the entire Greek world for having existed, supposing that we have grasped in its full profundity exactly *what* needs transfiguring and forgiving here:—then I know of nothing that has made me puzzle more about *Plato's* secrecy and sphinx nature than the fortunately preserved *petit fait*:[16] that under the pillow of his death bed no "Bible" was found, nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, Platonic—but instead Aristophanes. How could

even Plato have endured life—a Greek life to which he said No—without an Aristophanes!—

29

Being independent is a matter that concerns the fewest people:—it is a privilege of the strong. And whoever tries it, even with the best right but without *having to*, proves that he is probably not only strong but daring to the point of abandon. He enters into a labyrinth, he multiplies by a thousand the dangers that life already brings with it; not the least of which is that no one will witness how and where he gets lost, isolated, and torn to pieces by some cave Minotaur of conscience.[17] Supposing such an individual were to perish, it happens so far from the understanding of human beings that they can neither feel it nor feel for him:—and he can no longer return![18] nor can he return anymore to the compassion of human beings!——

30[19]

Our highest insights must—and should!—sound like follies, and in some cases like crimes when heard without permission by those who are not cut out and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, a distinction formerly used by philosophers, as it is found in the Indians, Greeks, Persians and Muslims, in short wherever people believed in an order of rank and *not* in equal rights—is based not only on the exoteric standing outside and seeing, valuing, measuring, judging from the outside as opposed to from the inside: what is more essential is that he sees things from below—but the esoteric looks *down from above*! There are heights of the soul from which viewing even tragedies ceases to have a tragic effect; and bundling together all the miseries of the world, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it would *necessarily* seduce and compel us to compassion and therefore to compounding the misery? . . . What serves the higher type of human being as nourishment or refreshment has to be nearly

poison to a very different and lesser type. The virtues of a common man would probably signify vices and weaknesses in a philosopher; it would be possible that a higher type of human being, supposing he were to degenerate and perish, would only then acquire qualities for whose sake people in the lower world into which he descended would now be compelled to venerate him as a saint. There are books that have an inverse value for souls and health depending on whether a lower soul, a lower life force or a higher and more powerful one makes use of them: in the first case they are dangerous, deteriorating and disintegrating books, while in the second they are heralds' calls summoning the bravest to *their* bravery. Books for all the world are always foul-smelling books: the odor of little people clings to them. Where the common people[20] eat and drink, even where they worship, it tends to stink. You should not go into churches if you want to breathe *clean* air.[21] ——

31[22]

In our youth we still admire and despise without that art of nuance that constitutes the greatest benefit of life, and so it is only fair that we have to pay dearly for having assaulted people and things like this with a Yes or a No. Everything is arranged so that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the unconditional, is cruelly fooled and abused until someone learns to put a little art in their feelings and risk the attempt using the artificial instead: the way the real artists of life do. The anger and reverence suited to youth seem unwilling to rest until they have falsified people and things into such shape that they can vent themselves on them: —youth in itself is already something falsifying and deceiving. Later on, tortured by sheer disappointments, the young soul finally turns suspiciously on itself, still hot and wild even in its suspicion and pangs of conscience: how furious it makes itself now, how impatiently it tears itself apart, how it avenges itself for its long self-blinding, as if it had been a voluntary blindness! In this transition we punish ourselves by distrusting our feelings; we torture our enthusiasm with

doubts, indeed we feel even a good conscience to be a danger, as self-veiling and weariness of more subtle honesty, as it were; and above all, we take sides, fundamentally take sides *against* "youth."—One decade later: we understand that all this too was still—youth!

32[23]

Throughout the longest period of human history—we call it prehistoric times—the value or lack of value of an action was derived from its consequences: the action in itself was given just as little consideration as its origin,[24] and instead, similar to how today in China a distinction or disgrace of the child still reaches back to the parents, it was the retroactive force of the success or failure which prompted people to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the *premoral* period of mankind: the imperative "know thyself!" was still unknown then. In the last ten millennia, on the other hand, in some major regions of the earth people have step by step reached the point of no longer allowing the consequences but the origin of an action to decide its value: on the whole a great event, a considerable refinement of view and standard, the unconscious aftereffect of the rule of aristocratic values and faith in "origin," the sign of a period that we may call *moral* in a narrow sense, and it represents the first attempt at self-knowledge. Origin instead of consequences: what a reversal of perspectives! And certainly a reversal reached only after long struggles and vacillations! Of course: a fatal new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation came to power in this way: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definitive sense as origin of an *intention*; people became unified in the belief that the value of an action was exemplified by its intention. Intention as the entire origin and prehistory of an action: under this prejudice we have morally praised, blamed, judged and philosophized almost to the present day on earth.—But shouldn't we have arrived at the necessity of resolving ourselves once more to a reversal and fundamental

shift of values, thanks to having come to our senses again and to a deepening of mankind—shouldn't we be standing today on the threshold of a period that would be characterized at first negatively as *extramoral*: today after all, when at least we immoralists harbor the suspicion that the decisive value of an action is exemplified precisely by what is *unintentional* in it, and that all its intentionality, everything about it that can be seen, known, "conscious" belongs to its surface and skin—which like any skin reveals something but *conceals* even more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign and symptom requiring interpretation, moreover a sign that means too many things and consequently means almost nothing in and of itself—that morality as understood up till now, hence morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a precipitousness, perhaps a preliminary thing, something along the lines of astrology and alchemy perhaps, but in any case something that must be overcome. The overcoming of morality, in a certain sense even the self-overcoming of morality: let this be the name for that long, secretive work that was reserved for the most subtle and honest, and also the most malicious consciences of today, as the living touchstones of the soul.—

33

There is no way around it: our feelings of devotion, of sacrifice for our neighbor, and the whole morality of self-renunciation must be mercilessly called to account and taken to court; and likewise the aesthetics of "disinterested contemplation" under which the emasculation of art today seductively tries to create a good conscience for itself. There is much too much allure and sugar in those feelings of "for others," of "*not* for me," for us not to need to be doubly suspicious here and to ask: "are these not perhaps—*seductions*?"—That they are *pleasing*—to someone who has them and to someone who enjoys their fruits, even to the mere spectator—still does not serve as an argument *for* them, but demands caution instead. So let's be cautious!

34

Whatever standpoint of philosophy someone might adopt today: the surest and firmest thing our eyes can grasp, from any point of view, is the *erroneousness* of the world in which we think we are living: — we find reasons upon reasons for this, that would like to lure us into speculations about a deceptive principle in the "essence of things." But whoever makes our thinking itself, hence "the mind" responsible for the falseness of the world — an honorable way out, taken consciously or unconsciously by every *advocatus dei*[25] — : whoever takes this world along with space, time, form, motion to be falsely *inferred*: that person would at least have good cause in the end to learn to be suspicious of thinking altogether: would it not have played the greatest practical joke of all time on us? and what guarantee would there be that it would not continue to do what it has always done? In all seriousness: the innocence of thinkers has something touching and awe-inspiring that allows them even today to walk up to consciousness with the request that it give them *honest* answers: for instance, whether it is "real" and why after all does it so resolutely keep the world at arm's length, and more questions of the sort. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a *moral* naïveté that brings honor to us philosophers: but — we should try for once to not be "*merely* moral" human beings! Aside from morality, this belief is a stupidity that brings us little honor! In bourgeois life it may be regarded as a sign of "bad character" and therefore as unwise to constantly be prone to suspicion: here among us, beyond the bourgeois world and its Yeses and Nos — what is stopping us from being unwise and saying: a philosopher practically has a *right* to "bad character" as the creature on earth who has so far been duped the most — today he has a *duty* to be suspicious, to squint maliciously from every abyss of suspicion. — Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and expression: for I myself have long since learned to think and to evaluate differently about deceiving and being deceived, and I am ready with at

least a couple of digs in the ribs for the blind rage with which philosophers strain against being deceived. Why *not*? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance; in fact, it is the most poorly proven assumption in the world. This much really has to be admitted: no life would exist if not on the basis of perspectival valuations and appearances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and ineptness of some philosophers, we wanted to abolish altogether the "apparent world," supposing now that *you* could do that—then at the very least there would be nothing left of your "truth" either! Indeed, what is it anyway that compels us to assume there is an essential opposition between "true" and "false"? Doesn't it suffice to assume stages of apparentness and brighter and darker shades and overall tones of appearance, so to speak—different *valeurs*,[26] to use the language of painters? Why shouldn't the world *that concerns us*—be a fiction? And whoever were to ask: "but doesn't an author belong with a fiction?"—could we not flatly respond: *Why*? Does this "belong" perhaps also belong to fiction? Is it not permitted by now to be a bit ironic toward the subject, as we are toward the predicate and the object? Shouldn't the philosopher be permitted to rise above faith in grammar? With all due respect for the governesses: isn't it time that philosophy renounced its governess-faith?—[27]

35[28]

Oh Voltaire! Oh humanity![29] Oh nonsense! There is something to "truth," to the *search* for truth; and when a human being is just too humane about it—"*il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien*"[30]—I bet he finds nothing!

36[31]

Supposing nothing were "given" as real besides our world of desires and passions, that we could go down or up to no other "reality" than simply the reality of our drives—since thinking is only a relation of these drives to one another—: is it not permissible to make the attempt and to ask the question whether

this given or something like it is not *sufficient* for understanding even the so-called mechanistic (or "material") world? I do not mean as a deception, an "appearance," a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but instead as something on the same rank of reality as our affect itself—as a more primitive form of the world of affects in which everything is still locked within a powerful unity, which then branches off in the organic process and takes shape (even becomes tender and weak, as is only fair—), as a kind of life of the drives in which all the organic functions are still synthetically bound to each other with self-regulation, assimilation, nutrition, excretion, metabolism—as a *pre-form* of life?—In the end it is not only permitted to make this attempt: it is demanded on the basis of the conscience of *method.* Do not assume several types of causality as long as the attempt to suffice with a single one has not been pushed to its outermost limit (—to the point of nonsense if you will): this is a morality of method that cannot be evaded today;—it follows "from its definition," as a mathematician would say. Ultimately the question is whether we actually acknowledge the will as *effective*, whether we believe in the causality of the will: if we do—and at bottom the belief in *it* is our belief in causality itself—then we *must* make the attempt hypothetically to posit will-causality as the only one. "Will" naturally can only have an effect on "will"—and not on "matter" (not on "nerves" for instance—): enough, we have to venture the hypothesis that wherever "effects" are recognized, will is affecting will—and all mechanical occurrences, insofar as a force is active in them, are nothing but will-force and will-effect.—Supposing finally that we were to succeed in explaining our entire life of drives as the taking shape and ramification of a basic form of the will—namely of the will to power, as *my* proposition has it—; supposing that we could trace all organic functions to this will to power and were able to find in it the solution to the problem of reproduction and nutrition—which is one problem—then we would have earned the right to unequivocally determine *all* effective force as: *will*

to power. The world seen from inside, the world determined and characterized on the basis of its "intelligible character"—it would be precisely "will to power" and nothing else.—

37[32]

"What? Does this not mean, using a popular expression: God is refuted but the devil is not—?" On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil is forcing you to use popular expressions anyway!—

38[33]

Just as happened ultimately in the broad daylight of recent times with the French Revolution, that horrific and, on closer examination, superfluous farce into which noble and impassioned spectators from the whole of Europe so passionately interpreted their own indignations and enthusiasms from a distance and for so long, *until the text disappeared under the interpretation*: so too a noble posterity could once again misunderstand the whole past and perhaps make the sight of it bearable only by doing so.—Or rather: has this not already happened? were we not ourselves—this "noble posterity"? And insofar as we grasp this, is now not the precise moment—when it is over?

39

No one would go so far as to consider a doctrine true just because it makes people happy or virtuous: except maybe the precious "idealists" who gush about the Good, the True, the Beautiful and allow all kinds of motley, clumsy and good-natured desiderata to swim around willy-nilly in their pond. Happiness and virtue are not arguments. But it is easy to forget, even for thoughtful spirits, that making people unhappy and evil likewise are not counter-arguments. Something could be true: whether it were harmful and dangerous in the highest degree; indeed it could be part of the fundamental character of existence that someone would perish from complete knowl-

edge of it—such that the strength of a spirit would be measured by just how much he could still endure of the "truth," or more precisely, to what extent he would *need* it to be diluted, shrouded, sweetened, blunted, falsified. But there is no doubt that evil and unhappy people are more favored for the discovery of certain *parts* of the truth and have a greater probability of success; not to mention those who are evil and happy—a species about whom the moralists remain silent. Perhaps hardness and cunning represent more favorable conditions for the emergence of a strong, independent spirit and philosopher than that gentle, refined, yielding good-naturedness and art of taking things easy that are valued and rightly valued in a scholar. Assuming what is most important here, that the concept "philosopher" is not restricted to the philosopher who writes books—or worse puts *his* philosophy into books!—One last feature in the image of the free-spirited philosopher is conveyed by Stendhal, which I can not resist emphasizing for the sake of German taste:—because it goes *against* German taste. "*Pour être bon philosophe*," says this last great psychologist, "*il faut être sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractère requis pour faire des découvertes en philosophie, c'est-à-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est.*"[34]

40

All that is profound loves a mask; the very profoundest things even have a hatred for images and likenesses. Shouldn't the *opposite* be the only proper disguise to accompany the shame of a god? A questionable question: it would be odd if some mystic had not already risked something like this with his own person. There are events of such a delicate nature that we do well to bury them under something crude and make them unrecognizable; there are acts of love and extravagant generosity following which nothing is more advisable than to take a stick and beat up on the eyewitness: that is how to dim his memory of it. Some know how to dim their own memory and to abuse it, in order to have their revenge on at least this one

initiate:—shame is inventive. It is not the worst things that make someone most ashamed: it is not only guile that hides behind a mask—there is so much goodness in cunning. I could imagine that someone who had something precious and vulnerable to hide would roll through life rough and round like an old green cask of wine with thick hoops: the delicate nature of his shame wants it like this. Someone who has profundity in his shame also encounters his destinies and delicate decisions along paths few ever reach, and of whose existence his closest and most trusted friends must not know: his mortal danger is hidden to their eyes and likewise his regained mortal safety. Such a secretive person, who instinctively uses speech for being and keeping things silent and is inexhaustible in evading communication, *wants* and promotes that a mask of himself wanders around in place of him in the hearts and minds of his friends; and supposing he did not want it, some day it will dawn on him that a mask of him is there nonetheless—and this is good. Every profound spirit needs a mask: even more, a mask is continuously growing around every profound spirit thanks to the constantly false, that is *shallow* interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives.—[35]

41[36]

We must test ourselves to determine whether we are destined for independence and commanding; and this at the right time. We should not sidestep our tests, even though they are probably the most dangerous game that can be played, and are ultimately tests witnessed only by ourselves and taken before no other judge. Do not become hung up on a person: even if they were the most beloved—every person[37] is a prison, a corner too. Do not become hung up on a fatherland: even if it were the most suffering and the neediest—it is not as hard to unbind your heart from a victorious fatherland. Do not become hung up on some compassion: even when it applies to higher human beings into whose rare agonies and helplessness chance has allowed us to glimpse. Do not become hung up on

a science: even if it were to lure us with the most precious discoveries seemingly reserved just for *us*. Do not become hung up on your own detachment, on that rapturous distance and alienation of a bird who flies ever deeper into the heights in order to see ever more below him: — the danger of a flier. Do not become hung up on our own virtues and fall victim as a whole to some detail of ourselves, for instance to our "hospitality": as it constitutes the danger of dangers among superior and rich souls who spend themselves extravagantly and almost indifferently and push the virtue of liberality to the point of vice. We must know how *to preserve ourselves*: the strongest test of independence.

42[38]

A new species of philosophers is emerging: I dare to christen them with a name that is not without its dangers. As I guess them to be, as they allow themselves to be guessed — for it belongs to their nature to *want* to remain riddles in some respects — these philosophers of the future might have a right, maybe even a wrong to be characterized as *tempters*.[39] This name itself is only an attempt and, if you will, a temptation.

43[40]

Are they new friends of "truth," these philosophers to come? This is probable enough: since all philosophers to date loved their truths. But they certainly will not be dogmatists. It has to offend their pride, and also their taste, for their truth to also be a truth for everyone: which so far has been the secret wish and background of all dogmatic endeavors. "My judgment is *my* judgment: no one else easily has a right to it" — this is perhaps what such a philosopher of the future says. We have to divest ourselves of the bad taste of wanting to agree with many people. "Good" is no longer good if it is on the lips of your neighbor. And how could there ever be a "common good"! The word contradicts itself: whatever can be common always has only little value. Ultimately it will have to be as it always is

and always was: great things are reserved for the great, abysses for the profound, delicacy and awe[41] for the subtle, and all in all, everything rare for those who are rare.—

44[42]

After all this do I still need to expressly say that they will also be free, *very* free spirits, these philosophers of the future—just as surely as they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater and fundamentally different, that does not want to be misunderstood and mistaken for something else? But now, in saying this, I feel almost as much toward them as toward us, we who are their heralds and precursors, we free spirits!—the *responsibility* to blow away an old stupid prejudice and misunderstanding for all our sakes, that has far too long made the concept of "free spirit" opaque as a fog. In all the countries of Europe and likewise in America there is now something that perpetrates an abuse of this name, a very narrow, restricted kind of spirit, on a chain, that wants just about the opposite of what lies in our intentions and instincts—not to mention that they turn out to be fully shut windows and bolted doors to those *new* philosophers who are emerging. Briefly and brutally, they belong to the *levelers*, these wrongly designated "free spirits"—as eloquent and scribble-fingered slaves of democratic taste and its "modern ideas": all of them people without solitude, without their own solitude, clumsy nice fellows whose courage and respectable morals are not to be denied, only they are quite unfree and ridiculously superficial, especially with their fundamental tendency to more or less see the cause of *all* human misery and failure in the forms of the previous old society: which means standing truth happily on its head![43] What they want to strive for with all their might is the universal green pasture happiness of the herd, with security, freedom from danger, comfort, and easy living for everyone; the two songs and doctrines they sing most often are called "equal rights" and "sympathy for all that suffers"—and suffering itself is construed by them as something that must be

abolished. We contrarians meanwhile, we who have opened an *eye* and a conscience for the question of where and how the plant "human being"[44] has so far grown most robustly, we surmise that this has happened each time under the reverse conditions, that for this to happen first the dangerousness of his situation had to grow immensely, his power of invention and dissimulation (his "spirit"—) had to develop under long pressure and compulsion into subtlety and audacity, his life-will had to be intensified to the point of unconditional power-will:—we surmise that harshness, violence, slavery, danger in the streets and in the heart, concealment, stoicism, the art of seduction[45] and devilry of every kind, that everything evil, horrible, tyrannical, predatory and snakelike in human beings serves to elevate the species "human being" as well as its opposite:—in fact we do not even say enough when we only say this much, and in any case with our saying and our silence at this point we find ourselves on the *other* end of all modern ideology and herd desire: maybe as their antipodes? Is it any wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? that we do not wish to reveal in every detail what a spirit can free himself *from* and *where* he might then be driven? And as far as concerns that dangerous formula "beyond good and evil," with which we at least guard against being mistaken for others: we *are* something different than "*libres penseurs*," "*liberi pensatori*," "*Freidenker*"[46] and whatever else all these respectable advocates of "modern ideas" love to call themselves. At home in many countries of the spirit, or at least a guest there; forever slipping away from the musty, cozy corners into which we seem to have been banished by our preferences and prejudices, youth, background, chance people and books, or even the exhaustion of wandering; full of malice for the lures of dependency that lie hidden in honors, or money, or offices, or enthusiasms of the senses; grateful even for adversity and on-and-off illness because they always freed us from some rule and its "prejudice," grateful for the god, devil, sheep and worm in us, curious to a fault, researcher to the point of

cruelty, with uninhibited fingers for the unfathomable, with teeth and stomachs for the indigestible, ready for every piece of work that demands shrewdness and shrewd senses, ready for every risk, thanks to an excess of "free will," with fore and back souls whose ultimate aims no one easily sees, with fore- and backgrounds no foot is allowed to walk to the end, concealed under the cloaks of light, conquerors though we look like heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning till night, misers of our wealth and our overflowing drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in schemata, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls of work even in broad daylight; indeed, when necessary even scarecrows — and today it is necessary: namely insofar as we are the born and sworn jealous friends of *solitude*, our ownmost, deepest, most midnocturnal, most noon-diurnal solitude: — this is the kind of human being we are, we free spirits! And maybe *you* too are something of this, you coming ones? you *new* philosophers? —

The Religious Character

45

The human soul and its borders, the entire scope of human inner experiences reached so far, the heights, depths and distances of these experiences, the whole history of the soul *so far* and its untapped possibilities: this is the predestined hunting ground for a born psychologist and friend of the "great hunt." But how often must he say to himself in despair: "Just one! oh just one! and this huge forest, this primeval forest!" And so he wishes himself a few hundred hunting aids and well-trained bloodhounds, which he could drive into the history of the human soul to round up *his* game there. In vain: he tries and learns again and again, thoroughly and bitterly, how hard it is to find aids and hounds for all the things that pique his curiosity. The drawback of sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting grounds, where courage, cleverness, and subtlety of all the senses are needed, is that they are no longer useful precisely where the "*great* hunt" but also the great danger begins: — it is in this very place that they lose their keen eye and their keen nose. For instance, in order to unravel and determine what kind of history the problem of *science and conscience*[1] has had so far in the soul of *homines religiosi*,[2] we would[3] possibly need someone who was himself as profound, as wounded, and as monstrous as the intellectual conscience of Pascal: — and then we would still need that gaping sky of bright, malicious spirituality from on high that is capable of surveying, ordering,

and forcing into formulas this throng of dangerous and painful experiences.—But who could provide me this service! But who would have time to wait for such servants!—clearly they grow too rarely, they are so improbable in all times! Ultimately you have to do everything *yourself*, in order to know a few things yourself: that means you have *much* to do!—But my kind of curiosity simply remains the most pleasant of vices—excuse me! I meant to say: the love of truth has its reward in heaven and already on earth.—

46

The faith demanded and not infrequently attained by early Christianity, in the midst of a skeptical and southerly, free-spirited world that had a centuries-long struggle of philosophical schools behind and in it, plus the training in tolerance provided by the *imperium Romanum*[4]—this faith is *not* that ingenuous and gruff faith of the loyal subject with which a Luther or a Cromwell or some other northern barbarian of the spirit would have clung to their God and Christianity; far more likely the faith of Pascal, which in a terrifying manner looks more like the protracted suicide of reason—of reason that is tough, long-lived and wormlike and cannot be killed all at once with a single stroke. From the outset Christian faith is sacrifice: sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-assurance of the spirit; enslavement and self-derision, self-mutilation at the same time. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith expected of an over-ripe, multifarious and multi-pampered conscience: its presupposition is that the subjugation of the spirit *hurts* indescribably, that the entire past and habit of such a spirit resist the *absurdissimum*[5] that presents itself as "faith." Modern people, desensitized to all Christian nomenclature, no longer have any feeling for how the grisly superlative "God on the cross" affected ancient taste with its paradoxical formula. Until now there has never been anything equal in boldness to this formula anywhere, anything equally horrible, questioning and questionable: it promised a revalua-

tion of all the values of antiquity.—It is the orient, the *deep* orient, the oriental slave who in this manner took revenge on Rome and its more noble and frivolous tolerance, on the Roman "Catholicism" of faith:—and always what infuriated the slaves about and against their master was not faith itself, but the freedom from faith, that half stoic and smiling, carefree attitude about the seriousness of faith. "Enlightenment" infuriates: the slave wants the unconditional, he understand only the tyrannical, even in morality, he loves as he hates, without nuance, to the depths, to the point of pain, to the point of illness,—his abundant *hidden* suffering is infuriated by the noble taste that seems to *deny* suffering. Skepticism toward suffering, at bottom only an affectation of aristocratic morality, also played its proper role in the emergence of the last great slave revolt which began with the French Revolution.

47[6]

Wherever on earth the religious neurosis has appeared so far, we find it connected with three dangerous dietary restrictions: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence—but of course without distinguishing here between what is cause and what is effect, and *whether* a cause and effect relationship is present here at all. The latter doubt is justified because among its most regular symptoms, in both wild and tamed peoples, there is also the most precipitous, dissolute lasciviousness, which then just as suddenly transforms into penitential cramps and denial of the world and the will: both perhaps capable of being interpreted as masked epilepsy? But nowhere should interpretations be resisted more: around no type to date has there grown such a profusion of nonsense and superstition, and no one to date has been of greater interest to people, even to philosophers—it would be high time to become a bit cooler right here, to learn caution, or better: to look away, *to go away*.—Even in the background of the most recent philosophy, Schopenhauer's, stands this grisly question mark of religious crisis and revival, nearly as the problem in itself. How is denial of the will *possible*? how

is the saint possible? this really seems to be the question with which Schopenhauer became a philosopher and started out. And so it was a genuinely Schopenhauerian consequence that his most devoted follower (maybe even his last, as far as Germany is concerned—), namely Richard Wagner, finished his own life's work at just this point and in the end produced that horrible and eternal type as Kundry[7] on the stage, *type vécu*,[8] and as it lives and breathes; this at the same time that the psychiatrists of almost all the countries in Europe had good reason to study it up close, wherever the religious neurosis—or as I call it, "the religious character"—had its last epidemic outbreak and pageant as the "Salvation Army."—But if one were to ask himself what was so tremendously interesting to people of all kinds and times, even to philosophers, about the whole phenomenon of the saint: then without any doubt it was the semblance of the miraculous associated with it, specifically the immediate *succession of opposites*, of states of the soul evaluated in morally opposite ways: here people believed they could grasp with their own two hands how a "bad human being" all at once turned into a "saint," a good human being. Psychology as practiced up till now suffered shipwreck at this point: could this not have happened primarily because it had placed itself under the rule of morality, because it itself *believed* in moral value-opposites, and it saw, read, and *interpreted* these opposites into the text *and* into the facts?—What? "Miracles" only an error of interpretation? A lack of philology?—

48

It seems that Catholicism belongs to the Latin races much more intimately than does the whole of Christianity generally to us northerners: and that consequently the lack of faith in Catholic countries means something quite different than in Protestant lands—that is, a kind of indignation toward the spirit of the race, whereas among us it is more likely a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race. We northerners undoubtedly stem from barbarian races, even with respect to our

talent for religion: we are *poorly* equipped for it. We can make an exception of the Celts, who therefore also represented the best soil for the contraction of the Christian infection in the north:—in France the Christian ideal blossomed, to the extent allowed by the pale sun of the north.[9] How strangely pious to our taste are even these recent French skeptics, insofar as any Celtic blood is in their background! How Catholic, how un-German Auguste Comte's sociology smells to us, with its Roman logic of the instincts! How Jesuitical is that endearing and clever Cicero of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, despite all his hostility toward the Jesuits! And especially Ernest Renan: how inaccessible the language of such a Renan sounds to us northerners, insofar as every now and then his soul, lascivious in a finer sense and normally at ease with itself, loses its balance on account of some nothing of religious tension! Let's repeat these beautiful sentences after him—and see what kind of malice and insolence immediately stirs in our probably less beautiful and harder, that is more German soul as a response!—"*disons donc hardiment que la religion est un produit de l'homme normal, que l'homme est le plus dans le vrai quand il est le plus religieux et le plus assuré d'une destinée infinie . . . . C'est quand il est bon qu'il veut que la vertu corresponde à un ordre éternel, c'est quand il contemple les choses d'une manière désintéressée qu'il trouve la mort révoltante et absurde. Comment ne pas supposer que c'est dans ces moments-là, que l'homme voit le mieux*? . . . ."[10] These sentences are so very *antipodal* to my ears and habits that when I found them, my first anger wrote in the margins "*la niaiserie religieuse par excellence*!"[11]—until my last anger even began to like them, these sentences with their truth stood on its head! It is so nice, so distinguishing to have one's own antipodes!

49

What amazes us about the religiosity of the ancient Greeks is the tremendous abundance of gratitude it exudes:—it is a very noble kind of human being that stands *thus* before nature

and life! — Later on when the rabble rose to dominance in Greece, even religion became overgrown with *fear*; and Christianity began to rear its head. —

50

The passion for God: there is the peasant-like, ingenuous and obtrusive kind, like Luther's — the whole of Protestantism lacks a southern *delicatezza*.[12] There is an oriental way of being beside oneself[13] to it, like with a slave who is undeservedly pardoned or promoted, for instance in Augustine, who in an offensive manner lacks all nobility of demeanor and desire. There is a womanly tenderness and lust to it, which bashfully and unknowingly presses toward an *unio mystica et physica*:[14] as in Madame Guyon. In many cases, amazingly enough, it appears as the disguise for the puberty of a girl or a boy; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her final ambition: — in such cases the church has more than once declared a woman to be holy.

51

Up till now the most powerful human beings have still bowed respectfully before the saint, as the riddle of self-mastery and intentional, ultimate renunciation: why did they bow? They intuited in him — and likewise behind the question mark of his frail and pathetic appearance — the superior force that wanted to test itself on such a conquest, the strength of will in which they again recognized and honored their own strength and dominating lust: they honored something in themselves when they honored the saint. In addition, the sight of the saint planted a suspicion in them: such a monstrosity of renunciation, of anti-nature will not have been desired for nothing, thus they told and asked themselves. Maybe there is a reason for it, some very great danger that the ascetic knows more about thanks to his secret interlocutors and visitors? Enough, the powerful of the world learned a new fear before him, they intuited a new power, a foreign, not yet

vanquished enemy:—it was the "will to power" that compelled them to stop in front of the saint. They had to ask him——

52

In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book of divine justice, there are people, things and speeches in such a grand style that Greek and Indian writing has nothing to compare with it. We stand in horror and awe before these prodigious remnants of what human beings used to be, and we have gloomy reflections about ancient Asia and its little protruding peninsula, Europe, that wants more than anything to upstage Asia and represent the "progress of humanity." Indeed: whoever is only a skinny, tamed house pet himself, and knows only the needs of house pets (like our educated people of today, the Christians of "educated" Christianity included—) should neither be amazed nor too melancholy among those ruins—the taste of the Old Testament is a touchstone for the "big" and the "small"—: maybe he will still be likely to find the New Testament, the book of mercy, more to his liking (it reeks of really tender, musty bigots and small souls). To have glued this New Testament, a kind of rococo of taste in every sense of the word, to the Old Testament to form one book, as "the Bible," as "the book in itself": *this is possibly the greatest audacity and "sin against the spirit"* that literary Europe has on its conscience.

53

Why atheism today?—"The father" in God has been soundly refuted; likewise "the judge" and "the rewarder." The same for his "free will": he doesn't listen—and if he listened, he wouldn't know how to help anyway. What's worst is: he seems incapable of communicating distinctly: is he unclear?—On the basis of all kinds of conversations, and by asking and listening, these are the causes I have found for the decline of European theism; to me it seems that the religious instinct is indeed growing powerfully—but that it rejects theistic satisfaction in particular with deep mistrust.

54

What at bottom is the whole of modern philosophy doing? Since Descartes—and this more out of spite toward him than on the basis of his precedent—an assassination attempt has been made by all philosophers against the old concept of the soul, under the pretext of a critique of the concept of the subject and predicate—that is: an assassination attempt on the fundamental prerequisite of the Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as a form of epistemological skepticism, is covertly or overtly *anti-Christian*: even though, for the sake of finer ears, it is by no means anti-religious. Formerly we believed in "the soul" as we believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: we said "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and the conditioned—thinking is an activity for which a subject *must* be thought as the cause. Now people tried with admirable tenacity and cunning to see whether they could escape from this net—whether perhaps the opposite might be true: "think" is condition, "I" conditioned; therefore "I" is only a synthesis that is *made* by thinking itself. *Kant* wanted at bottom to prove that the subject could not be proven from the standpoint of the subject—nor could the object: the possibility of an *illusory existence* of the subject, hence of "the soul," might not have always been foreign to him, a thought that has already been on earth before with tremendous force as Vedanta philosophy.

55

There is a great ladder of religious cruelty with many rungs; but three of them are most important. Once people sacrificed a human being to their god, maybe even those who were best loved—this is where the sacrifice of first-borns of all prehistoric religions belongs, as well as the sacrifice of Emperor Tiberius in the Mithras grotto on the isle of Capri, that most gruesome of all Roman anachronisms. Then, in the moral epoch of humanity, people sacrificed to their god the strongest

instincts they possessed, their "nature"; *this* festive joy gleams in the cruel gaze of the ascetic, the enthusiastic "anti-natural one." Finally: what remained to be sacrificed? Didn't people have to ultimately sacrifice all solace, holiness, salvation, all hope, all faith in a secret harmony, in future bliss and justice? didn't they have to sacrifice their very God and, out of cruelty against themselves, worship stones, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness—this paradoxical mystery of the ultimate cruelty was reserved for the generation that is now emerging: all of us already know something of this.—

56[15]

Whoever, like me, has long exerted himself with some enigmatic desire to think pessimism through to the bottom and to free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and naïveté with which it last presented itself to this century, namely in the form of Schopenhauerian philosophy; whoever has actually looked with an Asian and super-Asian eye into and down at the most world-negating of all possible modes of thought—beyond good and evil, and no longer like Buddha and Schopenhauer under the spell and delusion of morality—by doing so he has possibly opened his eyes to the inverse ideal, without really intending to do so: to the ideal of the most exuberant, lively and world-affirming human being who has learned to reconcile and come to terms with not only what was and is, but also wants to have it again *as it was and is*, for all eternity, insatiably shouting *da capo*[16] not only to himself but to the whole play and performance, and not only to a performance, but at bottom to the one who needs this performance—and makes it necessary: because he needs himself again and again—and makes himself necessary——What? And this wouldn't be—*circulus vitiosus deus*?[17]

57

With the force of their intellectual gaze and insight, the distance and as it were the space around human beings are growing:

their world is becoming deeper, ever newer stars, ever newer riddles and images come into view. Maybe everything on which the eye of the spirit practiced its acumen and profundity was only just a chance to practice, a matter of play, something for children and childish minds. Maybe someday the most solemn concepts, those for which we have fought and suffered most, the concepts of "God" and "sin," will seem no more important to us than a child's toy and a child's pain seem to an old man—and maybe then "the old man" will need a different toy and a different pain—still child enough, an eternal child!

58

Has it been duly noted to what extent extreme idleness or semi-idleness is necessary for a truly religious life (as much for its microscopic favorite activity of self-examination as for that tender composure that calls itself "prayer" and is a constant readiness for the "coming of God"), I mean idleness with a good conscience, from ancient times, of the blood, which is not entirely foreign to the aristocratic feeling that work *disgraces*[18]—that is, makes the soul and the body common? And that consequently our modern, noisy, time-consuming industriousness, that is so proud, so stupidly proud of itself, trains and prepares us more than anything else for "unbelief"? For instance, among those who now live apart from religion in Germany, I find people from many different kinds and backgrounds of "free thinking," but above all a majority for whom industriousness has dissolved their religious instincts from generation to generation, so that they no longer know at all what religions are good for, and only register, so to speak, their existence in the world with a kind of dull amazement. They feel themselves abundantly put upon, these good people, whether by their businesses, or their pleasures, not to speak at all of their "fatherland" and the newspapers and the "responsibilities to the family": it seems they have no time at all left over for religion, especially since it remains unclear to them whether it is a matter of a new business or a new pleasure—for it is impossible,

they tell themselves, for someone to go to church purely to spoil a good mood. They are not enemies of religious customs; if in certain cases, say on the part of the state, participation in such customs were demanded of them, then they do what's called for as people tend to do so many things—with a patient and modest earnestness and without much curiosity and discontent:—they simply live too much apart and outside to find even a pro or contra in such matters necessary for themselves. The great majority of German Protestants in the middle class belong to this indifferent group, especially in the industrious, major centers of trade and transportation; likewise the great majority of industrious scholars and the whole university apparatus (except for the theologians, whose existence and possibility there give a psychologist ever more and ever subtler riddles to figure out). On the part of pious or even just churchgoing people there is seldom an inkling of *how much* good will, one could say arbitrary will is now required for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; from the standpoint of his entire craft (and, as mentioned before, from the standpoint of the craft-like industriousness to which his modern conscience obligates him) he is inclined toward a superior, almost good-natured cheerfulness toward religion, in which occasionally a mild disdain is mixed, directed at the "uncleanliness" of the spirit which he presupposes wherever people still support the church. The scholar only succeeds in achieving a respectful earnestness and a certain reserved consideration toward religion with the help of history (therefore *not* on the basis of his personal experience); but even if he has elevated his feeling toward it to the point of gratitude, still he has not come a single step closer in his own person to what still exists as church or piety: perhaps on the contrary. The practical indifference toward religious things, in which he was born and raised, tends to sublimate in him into caution and hygiene that shy away from contact with religious people and things; and it can be precisely the depth of his tolerance and humanity that prompts him to turn away from the subtle

distress that tolerating brings with it.—Every age has its own divine kind of naïveté, for whose invention other ages may envy it:—and how much naïveté, venerable, childish and boundlessly clumsy naïveté lies in the scholar's belief in his own superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the clueless, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious individual as an inferior and lesser type, which he himself has grown beyond, away from, and *above*—he, the presumptuous little dwarf and rabble man, the busy-whizzy mental-manual laborer of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

59

Whoever has looked deeply into the world surely will guess how much wisdom lies in the fact that human beings are superficial. It is their preserving instinct that teaches them to be flighty, light, and false. Here and there we find a passionate and exaggerated worship of "pure forms," among philosophers as well as artists: let no one doubt that whoever *needs* the cult of surface to this degree at some time or another reached *beneath* it with disastrous results. Maybe there is even an order of rank among these burned children, these born artists, who are able to still find pleasure in life only by purposely *falsifying* its image (as it were in a protracted revenge on life—): we can deduce the degree to which life has been spoiled for them by how far they wish to see its image falsified, diluted, transcendentalized, deified—we could count the *homines religiosi*[19] among the artists as their *highest* rank. It is the deeply suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism that compels entire millennia to sink their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of that instinct that intuits that people could gain possession of the truth *too early*, before they have become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough.[20] . . . Seen from this view, piety, "the life in God," would appear as the most subtle and ultimate spawn of *fear* of truth, as artistic worship and intoxication before the most consequential of all falsifications, as the will to the reversal of truth, to untruth at any price. Maybe up

till now there has been no stronger method to beautify human beings than this very piety: through it human beings can become art, surface, play of colors, goodness to such an extent that we no longer suffer at the sight of them.—

60

To love human beings *for God's sake*—so far this was the noblest and most alienating feeling achieved among human beings. That love for human beings without a sanctifying ulterior motive is just one *more* stupidity and animality, that the tendency toward this love of human beings must first receive its measure, its subtlety, its grain of salt and dash of ambergris from a higher tendency:—whoever it may have been who first sensed and "experienced" this, however much his tongue may have stumbled as it tried to express such a delicate idea, let him be forever holy and venerable to us as the human being who up till now has flown highest and has gotten lost most beautifully!

61[21]

The philosopher, as *we* understand him, we free spirits—as someone of the most comprehensive responsibility who has the conscience for the overall development of humanity: this philosopher will use religion for his works of cultivation and education just as he will use the respective political and economic conditions. The selecting, cultivating influence which can be wielded with the help of religions, which is always just as much a destroying as it is a creative and shaping influence, is manifold and different depending on the kind of people who are placed under its sway and protection. For those who are strong, independent, ready and predestined for commanding, in whom the reason and art of a governing race are embodied, religion is another means of overcoming obstacles, of being able to rule: as a bond that binds ruler and subjects together and betrays and delivers the consciences of the latter, their hidden and innermost aspects which would like to escape obedience,

over to the former; and if a few natures of such noble descent incline to a more withdrawn and contemplative life through their higher spirituality, and reserve for themselves only the most subtle variation of ruling (over selected disciples or brothers of an order), then religion can even be used as a means to secure peace from the noise and toil of *cruder* forms of ruling, and purity from the *necessary* dirt of all political dealings. That is how the Brahmins understood it, for example: with the help of a religious organization they gave themselves the power to appoint kings for the people, while they themselves kept and felt apart and removed, as men of higher and super-royal tasks. Meanwhile religion also gives guidance and opportunity to some of the ruled to prepare themselves for future ruling and commanding, in particular those slowly ascending classes in which, through fortunate marriage customs, the strength and joy of the will, the will to self-mastery, is always on the rise: — religion offers them sufficient occasions and temptations to walk the paths of higher spirituality and to test the feelings of great self-overcoming, of silence and solitude: — asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of educating and ennobling when a race wants to rise above its descent from the rabble and work its way up to future rule. Finally, for ordinary people, the vast majority who exist for service and the general good, and are *allowed* to exist only to this extent, religion provides an invaluable contentment with their situation and kind, manifold peace of the heart, an ennoblement of obedience, another happiness and sorrow to share with their peers and something transfiguring and beautifying, something that justifies the whole commonplace, the whole baseness, the whole semi-bestial poverty of their souls. Religion and the religious meaning of life spread sunshine on such eternally tormented people and make them bearable in their own sight, it usually affects as an Epicurean philosophy affects those who suffer in the higher ranks, refreshing, refining, simultaneously *exploiting* suffering and ultimately even sanctifying and justifying it. Perhaps nothing is as venerable in Christianity and Buddhism as

their art of teaching even the lowliest to place themselves into a higher illusory order of things through piety, and to firmly embrace their contentment with the real order—in which they have a hard enough life—and it is this very hardness that is needed!

62[22]

Finally, of course, in order to also present the negative counterclaim of such religions and to shed light on their uncanny dangerousness:—we always pay dearly and terribly when religions are *not* a means of cultivation and education in the hands of the philosopher, but rule *sovereignly* and in their own right, when they themselves want to be the ultimate goal and not a means beside another means. In human beings as in every other species of animal there is a surplus of failures, of the diseased, degenerating, frail, and those who necessarily suffer; the successful cases are always the exception even among human beings, and in view of the fact that the human being is the *as yet undetermined animal*, they are the rare exception. But even worse: the higher the type of human being, the greater the improbability that he will *turn out well*: chance, that law of nonsense in the overall economy of humanity reveals itself most horribly in its destructive effect on the higher human beings whose conditions for life are delicate, manifold and difficult to calculate. Now how do both the above-mentioned religions, the greatest ones, relate to this *surplus* of failed cases? They try to preserve and keep alive anything at all that can be kept alive, in fact, they fundamentally take their side, as religions *for the suffering*, they give rights to all who suffer from life as if from a disease, and they want to ensure that any other perception of life be regarded as false and rendered impossible. However highly we might praise this merciful and preserving care, directed as it is and has been also to the highest, and so far almost always most suffering type of human being, along with all the others: considered overall the religions we have had so far, namely the *sovereign* religions belong to the major causes

that have kept the type "human being" on a lowly level—they preserved too much of *what should have perished*. What we owe them in terms of gratitude is inestimable; and who has such a wealth of gratitude that he does not grow poor, for instance, in the face of what the "spiritual people" of Christianity have done so far for Europe! And yet, when they gave comfort to the suffering, courage to the oppressed and desperate, a staff and support to the dependent and lured the internally devastated and those who had gone wild away from society and into monasteries and psychic prisons: what did they have to do besides, in order to work in good conscience in such a categorical fashion on the preservation of everything that is sick and suffering, that is, in fact and in truth on the *worsening of the European race*? Stand all valuations *on their head—that's* what they had to do! And smash the strong, poison the great hopes, cast suspicion on the happiness of beauty, twist everything that is autocratic, manly, conquering, domineering, all the instincts that belong to the highest "human" type who has turned out best, into insecurity, crisis of conscience, self-annihilation, indeed invert the whole love of the earthly and all dominion over the earth into hatred for the earth and the earthly—*that* is what the church set as its task, and had to set, until in the end, in its estimation, "anti-worldliness," "desensualizing," and "higher human being" all melted into one feeling. Supposing we were capable of surveying the oddly painful and crude yet refined comedy of European Christianity with the mocking and disinterested eye of an Epicurean god, I believe our amazement and laughter would never end: does it not seem as though a single will dominated Europe for eighteen centuries for the purpose of making human beings into a *sublime abortion*? But if someone with opposite needs, no longer Epicurean but with a divine hammer in hand approached this almost willful degeneration and atrophy of the human being that is the Christian European (Pascal for example), would he not have to cry out with rage, compassion, and horror: "Oh you clumsy oafs, you presumptuous pitiful oafs, what have you

done! Was this a job for your hands! Look how you've battered and botched my beautiful stone! How could *you* presume!"—What I meant to say: Christianity has been the most disastrous kind of arrogance to date. People not high and hard enough to shape *human beings* as artists; people not strong and far-sighted enough to stand with a sublime self-discipline and *allow* the foreground law of thousandfold failure and ruin to simply run its course; people not noble enough to see the abysmally different order of rank and chasm of rank between one human being and another:—*such* people with their "equal before God" have so far ruled over Europe's fate, until finally a shrunken, almost laughable species, a herd animal, something well-meaning, sickly and mediocre has been bred, the European of today . . . .

Epigrams and Interludes

63[1]

Whoever is a teacher through and through takes all things seriously only in relation to his pupils—even himself.

64[2]

"Knowledge for its own sake"—this is the last snare set by morality: with it we again become completely entangled in morality.

65[3]

The charm of knowledge would be meager if there were not so much shame to overcome on the way to it.

65a[4,5]

People are most unfair toward their God: he is not *allowed* to sin!

66[6]

The tendency to let ourselves be disparaged, robbed, lied to and exploited could be the shame of a god among human beings.

67[7]

Love of one person is a barbarism: since it is practiced at the expense of all others. Love of God also.

68[8]

"I did that" says my memory. I could not have done that—says my pride, and refuses to yield. Finally—memory gives in.

69[9]

You've only been a poor observer of life if you haven't also seen the hand that indulgently—kills.

70[10]

If you've got character, then you also have your typical experience that always recurs.

71[11]

The sage as an astronomer.—As long as you still feel the stars as something "above you," you lack the vision of a knower.

72[12]

It is not the strength but the duration of a lofty sentiment that makes for higher human beings.

73[13]

Whoever reaches their ideal surpasses it for the very same reason.

73a[14]

Many a peacock hides his tail from all eyes—and calls that his pride.

74[15]

Someone endowed with genius is unbearable without at least two more things: gratitude and cleanliness.

75[16]

The degree and kind of a person's sexuality reaches up into the ultimate pinnacle of their spirit.

76[17]

Under peaceful conditions warlike human beings will attack themselves.

77[18]

With our principles we want to tyrannize or justify or honor or insult or hide our habits: — two people with the same principles probably want something fundamentally different with them.

78[19]

Whoever despises himself still respects himself as a despiser.

79[20]

A soul that knows it is loved but does not itself love reveals its sediment: — its lowermost rises to the top.

80[21]

An issue that is clarified ceases to concern us. — What did that god mean who counseled: "Know thyself!"[22] Was it perhaps: "stop being of concern to yourself! become objective!" — And Socrates? — And the "scientific human being"? —

81[23]

It is terrible to die of thirst in the ocean. So do you have to go and salt your truth so much that it no longer even — quenches a thirst?

82[24]

"Compassion for all" — would be harshness and tyranny for *you*, my dear neighbor! —

83[25]

Instinct. — When the house is burning you even forget about lunch. — Yes: but you make up for it in the ashes.

84

Woman learns to hate to the extent that she unlearns — how to charm.

85[26]

The same affects have a different tempo in men and women: this is why men and women do not cease to misunderstand one another.

86[27]

Women themselves still have in the background of all personal vanity their impersonal contempt — for "woman."

87

Bound heart, free spirit. — If someone harshly binds their heart and makes it a captive, he can give his spirit many freedoms: I have said this once before. But no one believes me, unless they already know it themselves. . . . .

88[28]

You begin to mistrust very clever people when they become embarrassed.

89[29]

Terrible experiences invite speculation on whether the one who has them is not something terrible.

90[30]

Heavy, heavy-hearted people are made lighter by the very things that make others heavy, by hate and love, and they temporarily rise to their surface.

91[31]

He's so cold, so icy that you burn your fingers on him! Any hand that touches him is shocked!—And that's exactly why many people consider him red hot.

92[32]

Who for the sake of his own good reputation has never once—sacrificed himself?—

93[33]

In affability there is no misanthropy, but for this very reason all too much contempt for human beings.

94[34]

Maturity in a man: this means rediscovering the seriousness we had as children, when we played.

95[35]

Being ashamed of your immorality: that is one step on the stairway, at the end of which you are ashamed of your morality too.

96[36]

We should depart life the way Odysseus departed Nausicaa[37]—more blessing than in love.

97[38]

What? A great man? All I ever see is the actor of his own ideal.

98[39]

When we break in our conscience, it kisses at the same time it bites us.

99[40]

The disappointed one speaks.—"I listened for an echo and heard only praise— "

100[41]

Before ourselves we all pose as more naïve than we are: this is how we rest from our peers.

101[42]

A knowing one today could easily feel like God become animal.

102[43]

Discovering that love is requited should really disenchant the lover about the beloved. "What? someone is modest enough to love even me? Or stupid enough? Or—or— "

103[44]

The danger in happiness.—"Now everything turns out best for me, now I love every fate:—who wants to be my fate?"

104[45]

It is not their love of human beings, but rather the impotence of their love of human beings that prevents Christians of today from—burning us.

105[46]

For the free spirit, the "pious man of knowledge"—the *pia fraus*[47] offends taste (offends *his* "piety") even more than the *impia fraus*.[48] Hence his deep lack of understanding for the church, as befits the type "free spirit"—as *his* unfreedom.

106[49]

By virtue of music even the passions enjoy themselves.

107[50]

Once the decision has been made, close your ears to even the best counterargument: sign of strong character. Therefore an occasional will to stupidity.

108[51]

There are no moral phenomena at all, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena. . . . .

109[52]

The criminal is often enough not equal to his deed: he diminishes and slanders it.

110

The attorneys of a criminal are rarely artist enough to turn the beautiful horror of the deed to the perpetrator's advantage.

111[53]

Our vanity is hardest to wound just when our pride has been wounded.

112[54]

Whoever feels predestined to see and not to believe finds all believers too noisy and obtrusive: he will fight them off.

113[55]

"You want to win him over? Then pretend to be embarrassed in front of him—"

114[56]

For women the enormous expectation regarding sexual love and the shame involved with this expectation ruin all perspective from the start.

115

Where neither love nor hate play a role, a woman's playing is mediocre.

116[57]

The great epochs of our life are to be found where we summon the courage to rechristen our evils as our best.

117[58]

The will to overcome an affect is still in the end only the will of another or of several different affects.

118[59]

There is an innocence of admiration: it is possessed by those who have not yet realized that they too could be admired someday.

119[60]

Disgust at filth can be so great that it prevents us from cleaning ourselves—from "justifying" ourselves.

120[61]

Sensuality often hastens the growth of love so that the root stays weak and is easy to tear out.

121[62]

There was subtlety in God learning Greek when he wanted to become a writer—and in his not having learned it better.

122[63]

For some people the enjoyment of praise is only a courtesy of the heart—and the very opposite of vanity of the spirit.

123[64]

Even concubinage has been corrupted:—by marriage.

124

Whoever rejoices even while burning at the stake is not triumphing over pain but over not feeling pain where he expected it. A parable.

125[65]

When we have to change our mind about someone, we hold it against him that he has caused us such an inconvenience.

126[66]

A people is nature's detour to arrive at six or seven great men.—Indeed: and then to get around them.

127

Science makes all real women feel ashamed. To them it seems as if someone were trying to peek under their skin—even worse! under their dress and finery.

128[67]

The more abstract the truth you want to teach, the more you must seduce the senses to it.

129[68]

The devil has the broadest perspectives for God, which is why he keeps so far away from God:—the devil, that is, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

130[69]

What someone *is* begins to reveal itself when his talent diminishes—when he ceases to show what he *can do*. Talent is also finery; finery is also a hiding place.

131

The sexes deceive themselves about one another: this is because at bottom they honor and love only themselves (or their

own ideal, to put it more politely—). Thus man wants woman peaceful—but it is precisely woman who is *essentially* unpeaceful, like a cat, however much she has trained herself to appear peaceful.

132[70]

People are punished best for their virtues.

133[71]

Whoever does not know the way to *his* ideal lives more carelessly and impudently than someone without an ideal.

134

All credibility, all good conscience, all appearance of truth come only from the senses.

135[72]

Pharisaism is not a degeneration in a good human being: rather, a good part of it is the condition of being good at all.

136[73]

One seeks a midwife for his thoughts, the other someone whom he can help: and so a good conversation arises.

137[74]

In dealing with scholars and artists we easily miscalculate in the opposite direction: behind a remarkable scholar we will not infrequently find a mediocre human being, and behind a mediocre artist often—a very remarkable human being.

138[75]

Even when we're awake we do things as in dreams: we first invent and create the person with whom we are dealing—and forget it right away.

139[76]

In revenge and in love[77] woman is more barbaric than man.

140[78]

Counsel as conundrum.[79]—"If the bond won't burst—you must bite on it first."

141[80]

The lower body[81] is the reason why human beings do not so easily take themselves for gods.

142

The chastest words I have ever heard: "*Dans le véritable amour c'est l'âme, qui enveloppe le corps.*"[82]

143[83]

Our vanity wants to regard what we do best as the very thing that is hardest for us. On the origin of many a morality.

144

When a woman has scholarly inclinations, then usually something is wrong with her sexuality. Even infertility predisposes us to a certain masculinity of taste; for it is the man, if I may say so, who is "the sterile animal."

145

Comparing man and woman on the whole, one may say: woman would not have the genius for finery if she did not have the instinct for a *secondary* role.

146

Whoever battles monsters should take care that he doesn't become one in the process. And if you stare for a long time into an abyss, the abyss looks into you, too.

147[84]

From old Florentine novellas, moreover—from life: *buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone*.[85] Sacchetti, Nov. 86.[86]

148[87]

To seduce your neighbor into a good opinion and afterward believing piously in this opinion of your neighbor's: who is the equal of women in this trick?—

149[88]

What an age perceives as evil is usually an untimely afternote of what was formerly perceived as good—the atavism of an older ideal.

150[89]

Around the hero everything becomes tragedy, around the demigod everything becomes a satyr play; and around God everything becomes—what? maybe the "world"?—

151[90]

Having a talent is not enough: we must also have your permission for it—right? my friends?

152[91]

"Where the tree of knowledge stands, paradise is always found": that is what the oldest and the youngest serpents say.

153

What is done out of love always happens beyond good and evil.

154[92]

Objections, wayward strokes, cheerful mistrust, and delight in mockery are signs of health: everything unconditional belongs to pathology.

155[93]

Our sense for the tragic declines and grows with our sensuality.

156[94]

Insanity is something rare in individuals — but in groups, parties, peoples, and ages it is the rule.

157[95]

The thought of suicide is a strong consolation: it's a good way to survive many an evil night.

158[96]

Not only our reason, but also our conscience subjects itself to our strongest drive, to the tyrant in us.

159[97]

We *have to* repay good and ill: but why specifically to the person who did us good or ill?

160[98]

We no longer love our knowledge enough as soon as we communicate it.

161[99]

Poets are shameless toward their experiences: they exploit them.

162[100]

"Our fellow-man[101] is not our neighbor, but someone else's neighbor" — this is how all peoples think.

163[102]

Love brings to light the lofty and hidden qualities of a lover — what is rare and exceptional in him: to this extent it easily deceives concerning what is the rule in him.

164[103]

Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants—love God as I love him, as his son! What do we sons of God care about morality!"—

165[104]

Regarding all parties.—A shepherd always needs a bell-wether too—or he must occasionally be a wether himself.

166[105]

We may lie through the mouth, but with the face we make when doing it, we end up telling the truth.

167[106]

In harsh people intimacy is a shameful thing—and something precious.

168[107]

Christianity gave Eros poison to drink:—although he didn't die from it, he degenerated into a vice.

169[108]

Talking a lot about yourself can also be a means of hiding.

170[109]

There is more obtrusiveness in praise than in reproach.

171[110]

In a knowledgeable human being compassion seems almost laughable, like delicate hands on a cyclops.

172[111]

Love of human beings occasionally inspires us to randomly embrace someone (because we cannot embrace everyone): but

that is precisely what we must not reveal to the random someone. . . . .

173[112]

We do not hate as long as we still disdain, but only when we regard someone to be equal or higher.

174[113]

You utilitarians, even you love everything utile only as a *vehicle* for your inclinations—even you really find the noise of its wheels unbearable?

175[114]

Ultimately we love our desire, and not the desired.

176[115]

The vanity of others offends our taste only when it offends our vanity.

177

Perhaps no one yet has been truthful enough about what "truthfulness" is.

178[116]

We don't believe that clever people commit follies: what a loss of human rights!

179[117]

The consequences of our actions grab us by the scruff, quite indifferent to the fact that we have "improved" ourselves in the meantime.

180[118]

There is an innocence in lying that is the sign of good faith in a cause.

181[119]

It is inhuman to bless where you are being cursed.[120]

182[121]

We are embittered when a superior confides in us, because it cannot be reciprocated. —

183[122]

"I am shaken not by the fact that you lied to me, but that I no longer believe you." —

184[123]

There is a spirited kind of goodness that resembles malice.

185[124]

"I don't like him." — Why? — "I am not his equal." — Has anyone ever answered this way?

Part Five

On the Natural History of Morality

186

Moral sentiment in Europe now is just as refined, late, multifarious, irritable, and cunning as the "science of morality" that belongs to it is still young, neophyte, clumsy and ham-fisted: — an attractive contrast that occasionally becomes visible and incarnate in the person of the moralist himself. Considering what they refer to, even the words "science of morality" are much too arrogant and offensive to *good* taste: which always tends to prefer more modest words. We should admit to ourselves here with complete discipline *what* will be necessary for a long time to come, and *what* alone is correct for the time being: namely collecting material, conceptual formulation and arrangement of an immense realm of tender value-emotions and value-differences that live, grow, beget and perish — and, perhaps, attempts to make clear the returning and more frequent forms of these living crystallizations — as preparation for a *typology* of morals. Of course: so far we have not been this modest. With a stiff seriousness that is comical, all the philosophers demanded of themselves something much more exalted, pretentious, solemn, as soon as they took up morality as a science: they wanted the *foundation* of morality — and up till now every philosopher has believed he has founded morality; but morality itself was regarded as "given." How distant from their clumsy pride was that seemingly improbable

task of a description, left behind in the dust and mold, even though the finest hands and senses could scarcely be fine enough for it! Precisely because moral philosophers only knew the moral *facta*[1] crudely from arbitrary excerpts and random abbreviations, for instance as the morality of their environment, their class, their church, their spirit of the age, their climate and region — precisely because they were poorly informed and even minimally curious about peoples, ages, and the past, they never got to see the real problems of morality: — that only surface in a comparison of *many* moralities. As strange as it may sound, in all previous "science of morality" the problem of morality itself was *missing*: the suspicion was lacking that there was anything problematic here. What the philosophers called "foundation of morality" and demanded of themselves was, viewed in the proper light, only a scholarly form of good *faith* in the prevailing morality, a new means of its *expression*, thus a fact itself within a certain morality, indeed, in the final analysis a kind of denial that this morality *could* be considered a problem: — and in any case it was the opposite of an examination, dissection, interrogation, vivisection of this very faith. For instance, let us listen to the almost venerable innocence with which even Schopenhauer presents his own task, and then make our conclusions about the scientific standing of a "science" whose ultimate masters still talk like children and little old ladies: — "the principle," he says (p. 136 of *Prize Essay on the Basis of Morals*[2]), "the basic proposition about whose content all ethicists *really* are united: *neminen laede, immo omnes, quantum potes, juva*[3] — this is *really* the claim all ethical theorists labor to ground . . . . . the *proper* foundation of ethics, which people have been seeking like the philosopher's stone, for millennia."[4] — The difficulty of grounding the cited claim may of course be great — it is well known that Schopenhauer himself did not succeed — : and whoever has thoroughly sensed how insipidly false and sentimental this claim is, in a world whose essence is will to power — might allow

himself to be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, *actually*—played the flute. . . . Daily, after dinner: just read his biographer on this point. And incidentally: a pessimist, a denier of God and the world who *stops* before morality—who says Yes to morality, to the morality of *laede neminem* and plays the flute: what? is this really—a pessimist?

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Aside from the value of such claims as "there is in us a categorical imperative," we can still ask: what does such a claim say about the one who claims it? There are moralities that are supposed to justify their creator before others; other moralities are supposed to calm him and put him at peace with himself; with others he wants to nail himself to a cross and humiliate himself; with others he wants to exact revenge, with others hide, with others transfigure himself and position himself way out into the heights and distance; one morality is used by its creator to forget, another to let him or something about him be forgotten; many a moralist wants to impose his power and creative whim on humanity; many others, perhaps Kant in particular, use their morality to indicate: "what is respectable in me is that I can obey—and for you it *should not* be any different than for me!"—in short, even moralities are only a *sign language of the affects.*

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Every morality, as opposed to *laisser aller*,[5] is a piece of tyranny against "nature," also against "reason": but this is still not an objection to it, since we ourselves would have to decree again from the standpoint of some morality that every manner of tyranny and unreason is forbidden. What is essential and inestimable in every morality is that it is a long compulsion: in order to understand Stoicism or Port-Royal or Puritanism, we need to recall the compulsion under which so far every language has achieved strength and freedom—the compulsion of meter, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble the poets and

orators of every people have been through!—including a few prose writers of today, in whose ear an unrelenting conscience dwells—"for the sake of foolishness," as utilitarian dolts say, who think they're being smart—"out of submissiveness to arbitrary laws," as the anarchists[6] say, imagining themselves to be "free," even free-spirited. The odd fact, however, is that everything there is or has been on earth by way of freedom, refinement, boldness, dance and masterly assurance, whether in thinking itself, or in ruling, rhetoric or persuasion, in the arts as well as in ethics, only developed by virtue of the "tyranny of such arbitrary laws"; and in all seriousness, the probability is not small that precisely this is "nature" and "natural"—and *not* that *laisser aller*! Every artist knows how distant the feeling of letting go is from his "most natural" state, the free ordering, positing, disposing and shaping in moments of "inspiration"—and how strictly and subtly he obeys thousandfold laws at this very time, which defy all formulation through concepts precisely on the basis of their harshness and exactitude (even the firmest concept, by contrast, has something floating, multifarious and ambiguous about it—). I will repeat: what is essential "in heaven and on earth," as it seems, is that *obedience* exists for a long time in one direction: this way in the long term something was and is produced for whose sake it is worthwhile to live on earth, for instance virtue, art, music, dance, reason, spirituality—something transfiguring, refined, mad and divine. The long unfreedom of the spirit, the mistrustful constraint in the communicability of thoughts, the discipline a thinker imposed upon himself in order to think within ecclesiastical and courtly guidelines or under Aristotelian presuppositions, the long spiritual will to interpret everything that happens according to a Christian scheme and to rediscover and justify the Christian God in every chance event—all these violent, arbitrary, harsh, grisly, anti-rational things have turned out to be the means by which strength, ruthless curiosity and subtle mobility have been cultivated in the European spirit: admittedly, in the process much energy

and spirit were likewise irreplaceably crushed, stifled and ruined (for here as everywhere "nature" reveals itself as it is, in all its wasteful and *indifferent* magnificence, which is outrageous but noble). That for thousands of years European thinkers only thought in order to prove something—today conversely we suspect every thinker who "wants to prove something"—that the results that were *supposed* to be produced by their most rigorous meditating were always firmly established beforehand, perhaps as formerly in Asian astrology, or even like today's harmless Christian-moral interpretation of the closest personal events "to the glory of God" and "for the salvation of the soul":—this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this strict and grandiose stupidity has *trained* the spirit; slavery, it seems, in the cruder and finer sense of the word, is also an indispensable means of spiritual discipline and cultivation.[7] We should regard every morality with this in mind: it is the "nature" in it that teaches us to hate the *laisser aller,* the all-too-great freedom, and sows our need for limited horizons and the closest tasks—and that teaches the *narrowing* of *perspective*, and thus in a certain sense stupidity, as a condition for life and growth. "Thou shalt obey, anybody at all, and for a long time: *otherwise* you will perish and lose all respect for yourself"—this seems to me to be nature's moral imperative, which of course is neither "categorical," as the old Kant demanded (hence the "otherwise"—), nor addressed to the individual (what does it care about individuals!), but rather to peoples, races, ages, classes, but primarily to the whole animal "human," to *the* human being.

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The industrious races find it extremely troubling to tolerate idleness: it was a masterpiece of *English* instinct to render Sunday so holy and boring that the English would unconsciously lust for their week- and workdays:—as a kind of cleverly invented and cleverly inserted *fasting*, the like of which is also abundantly visible in the world of antiquity (even though not exactly with respect to work, in fairness to the southern peoples—). There must be fasting of many kinds; and

wherever powerful drives and habits prevail, the lawmakers must see to it that leap days are added, on which such a drive is put in chains and learns again how to hunger. Viewed from a higher vantage point, entire generations and ages, emerging with the infection of some kind of moral fanaticism, seem like such interposed periods of compulsion and fasting during which a drive learns to cower and submit, but also to *purify* and *sharpen* itself; even some philosophical sects permit such an interpretation (for instance the Stoa in the midst of Hellenic culture, whose atmosphere had become lascivious and overcharged with aphrodisiac fragrances).—Here we also have a clue for explaining the paradox of why it was precisely in Europe's Christian period and generally only under the pressure of Christian value-judgments that the sex drive sublimated itself into love (*amour-passion*[8]).

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There is something in Plato's morality that does not really belong to Plato, but only exists[10] in his philosophy despite Plato, so to speak: namely Socratism, for which he was really too noble. "No one wants to do harm to himself, therefore everything bad happens involuntarily. For the bad man inflicts harm on himself: he would not do this if he knew that the bad is bad. Accordingly the bad man is only bad through error; if we remove his error, then we necessarily make him—good."—This kind of inference stinks of the *rabble*, who only focus on the unpleasant consequences of bad actions and in fact judge "it is *stupid* to act badly"; whereas they blithely take "good" and "useful and pleasant" to be identical. We can surmise from the start that this is the same origin of every utilitarianism of morality, and follow our nose: we will seldom go astray.—Plato did everything to interpret something subtle and noble into the proposition of his teacher, above all himself—he, the most daring of all interpreters, who took the whole Socrates like a popular theme and folksong from the streets in order to vary it infinitely and impossibly, specifically into all his own masks and

multiplicities. Spoken in jest, and moreover Homerically: just what is the Platonic Socrates if not

> πρόσΘε Πλάτων ὄπιΘέν τε Πλάτων μέσση τε Χίμαιρα.[11]

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The old theological problem of "faith" and "knowledge"—or, more clearly, of instinct and reason—thus the question of whether with respect to the valuation of things instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants us to evaluate and act according to grounds, according to a "why?", and on the basis of expediency and utility—this is still that old moral problem as it first appeared in the person of Socrates and already divided minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself of course, with the taste of his talent—that of a superior dialectician—at first took the side of reason; and in truth, what else did he do his whole life long than laugh at the clumsy ineptitude of his noble Athenians, who were men of instinct like all noble human beings and could never provide sufficient information about the reasons for their actions? Ultimately, however, silently and secretly he laughed about himself too: faced with his more refined conscience and self-interrogation, he found the same difficulty and ineptitude in himself. But why for this reason, he told himself, should we let go of the instincts! We must help them and reason *also* to get their fair share—we must follow the instincts but persuade reason to support them with good grounds. This was the actual *falseness* of that great secretive ironist; he managed to satisfy his conscience with a kind of self-deception, while at bottom he had seen through the irrationality in moral judgments.—Plato, much more innocent in these matters and lacking the craftiness of a plebeian, wanted to apply all his strength—the greatest strength a philosopher so far has had available!—to prove to himself that reason and instinct by themselves head for a single goal, for the good, for

"God"; and since Plato all theologians and philosophers have been on the same track—that is, in matters of morality so far either instinct, or "faith" as Christians call it, or "the herd" as I call it, has triumphed. But Descartes would have to be an exception, this father of rationalism (and consequently the grandfather of the Revolution), who granted authority to reason alone: but reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

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Whoever has investigated the history of a single science discovers in its development a clue to understanding the most ancient and common processes of all "knowing and cognition": there as here the hasty hypotheses, fictions, the good stupid will to "believe," and lack of mistrust and patience develop first—our senses only learn late, and never entirely, to be subtle, faithful, and careful organs of knowledge. In response to a given stimulus our eyes find it more comfortable to reproduce an image they have frequently produced before, as opposed to registering what differs and is new in an impression: the latter requires more energy, more "morality." It is awkward and difficult to the ears to hear something new; we are bad at listening to foreign music. When listening to a different language, we involuntarily try to form the sounds we hear into words that sound more familiar and at home to us: so for instance Germans long ago devised the word *Armbrust* when they heard *arcubalista*.[13] What is novel is also greeted with hostility and reluctance by our senses; and generally speaking even the "simplest" processes of sensation are *ruled* by affects like fear, love and hate, including the passive affects of laziness.—Just as little as a reader today completely reads off the individual words (let alone syllables) on a page—instead randomly taking about five words out of twenty and "guessing" the probable meaning of these five words— just as little do we see a tree accurately and completely with respect to its leaves, branches, color, and shape; it is so much easier for us to fantasize an approximation of a tree. Even in the middle of the strangest

experiences we do the same thing: we make up the bigger part of the experience and can barely be forced *not* to observe some event as its "inventor." All this is to say: from the ground up and from time immemorial we are—*in the habit of lying.* Or, to say it more virtuously and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly: we are much more artist than we know.—In an animated conversation I often see the face of the person with whom I am talking with such clarity and detail, adapting to each thought he expresses or which I have produced in him, that this degree of clarity far exceeds the *power* of my capacity to see:—the subtlety of muscle movement and the expression of the eyes *must* therefore have been made up by me. The person probably made quite a different face or none at all.

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Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit:[14] but also vice versa. What we experience in dreams, provided that we experience it often, belongs in the end just as much to the total economy of our soul as anything we "really" experienced: by virtue of it we are richer or poorer, have one need more or less, and finally in broad daylight and even in the most cheerful moments of our waking spirit we are led by the hand somewhat by the habits of our dreams. Supposing someone has often flown in their dreams and finally, as soon as he starts dreaming, becomes aware of a power and art of flying as his privilege, even as his very own enviable happiness: such a person, who believes he is able to realize every manner of curve and angle with the slightest impulse, who knows the feeling of a certain divine levity, an "upward" without tension and compulsion, a "downward" without condescension and degradation—without *gravity!*—how could a human being of such dream experiences and dream habits in the end not find that the word "happiness" is differently colored and defined even for his waking day! how could he not demand—a *different* kind of happiness? "Soaring inspiration," as described by poets, would have to be too earthly, muscular, violent, too "heavy" for him compared to this "flying."[15]

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The diversity of mankind is demonstrated not only in the diversity of their tablets of goods, hence in the fact that they consider different goods to be worth striving for and also disagree on the more and less of a value, and on the order of rank of the goods they recognize in common: — it is demonstrated even more in what they regard to be really *having* and *possessing* a good. With respect to a woman, for instance, to a more modest man disposing over her body and sexual pleasure already qualifies as an adequate and satisfying sign of having and possessing; another man with his more suspicious and demanding thirst for possession sees the "question mark," the mere semblance of such having, and wants more subtle tests, above all in order to know whether the woman not only gives herself to him, but also for his sake gives up what she has or would like to have —: only *this* will he regard as "possessing." A third man, however, is not at the end of his suspicion and possessiveness even here: he asks whether the woman who gives up everything for him is not perhaps doing so for the sake of a phantom of him, he wants to be known deep down, indeed abysmally deep down before he can be loved at all, he dares to let himself be figured out —. He only feels his beloved to be fully in his possession when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for the sake of his devilishness and hidden insatiability as for his goodness, patience and spirituality. One type would like to possess an entire people: and all the higher Cagliostro and Catiline[17] arts are fine with him. Another with a more refined thirst for possession tells himself "it's not right to deceive when you want to possess" — he is irritated and impatient at the idea that a mask of him commands the hearts of the people: "therefore I must *allow* myself to be known and above all know myself!" Among helpful and benevolent people we almost routinely find that clumsy ruse that gets someone ready to be helped: as if for instance he "deserved" help, or was in need of precisely *their* help,

and would prove to be deeply grateful, obliged, and obsequious for all help—with these conceits they dispose of the needy as if of property, since they are generally benevolent and helpful people out of a craving for property. We find them jealous if we cross them or beat them to it when they are being helpful. Parents involuntarily make their children into something like themselves—they call it "upbringing"—no mother doubts at the bottom of her heart that the child she has borne is her property, and no father disputes his right to subject the child to *his* notions and value-judgments. Indeed, there was a time when it seemed fair to a father to decide on the life or death of a newborn as he saw fit (as among the ancient Germans). And like the father, today the teacher, the social class, the priest and the ruler still see in every new human being an unobjectionable opportunity for a new possession. From which follows. . . . .

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The Jews—a people "born to slavery," as Tacitus[19] and the entire ancient world say, "the chosen people among peoples," as they themselves say and believe—the Jews have succeeded in that miraculous feat of inversion of values thanks to which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millennia:—their prophets fused together "rich," "godless," "evil," "violent," and "sensual" and for the first time used the word "world" as an opprobrium. In this inversion of values (which includes using the word for "poor" as synonymous with "holy" and "friend") lies the significance of the Jewish people: with them begins the *slave revolt in morality*.

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There are countless dark bodies to be *inferred* near the sun—those we will never see.[20] This is, between you and me, a parable; and[21] a psychologist of morality reads the whole astral text only as a parable- and sign-language, with which much can be left unsaid.[22]

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We thoroughly misunderstand predatory animals and predatory human beings (for instance Cesare Borgia), we misunderstand "nature" as long as we look for a "pathology" at the bottom of these most healthy of all tropical monsters and growths, or even for some "hell" innate to them—: as almost all moralists so far have done. It seems that among the moralists there is a hatred for the primeval forest and the tropics? And that the "tropical human being" has to be discredited at any cost, whether as disease and degeneration of the human being, or as his own hell and self-torture? But why? In favor of the "temperate zones"? In favor of temperate human beings? Of "moral people"? Of mediocre people?—This for the chapter "Morality as Timidity."—

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All these moralities that address themselves to the individual person with the aim of his "happiness"—what else are they but recommendations for behavior in relation to the degree of *danger* in which the individual person lives with himself; recipes against his passions, his good and bad inclinations insofar as they have the will to power and wish to play the master; small and large acts of cleverness and artifices that carry the musty odor of old household remedies and the wisdom of old wives; all of them are baroque in form and unreasonable—because they address themselves to "everyone," because they generalize where there should be no generalizing—all of them speaking unconditionally, taking themselves unconditionally, all of them flavored with not only one grain of salt but tolerable only and sometimes even seductive when they learn to be over-spiced and to smell dangerous, and above all to smell "like the other world": measured intellectually all of this has little value and is not "science" by a long shot, let alone "wisdom," but instead, to say it once more and three more times, cleverness, cleverness, cleverness mixed with stupidity, stupidity,

stupidity—whether as that indifference and statue coldness against the overheated foolishness of the affects, that the Stoics prescribed and administered; or as that no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, his so naïvely championed destruction of the affects through analysis and vivisection; or as that tuning down of the affects to a harmless mean with which they could be satisfied, the Aristotelianism[23] of morality; even morality as enjoyment of the affects in a deliberate dilution and spiritualization through the symbolism of art, for instance as music, or as love for God and for human beings for the sake of God—since in religion the passions have their citizens' rights again, provided that. . . . .; finally even that accommodating and mischievous surrender to the affects taught by Hafiz and Goethe,[24] that bold dropping of the reins, that spiritual-physical *licentia morum*[25] in the exceptional case of old wise eccentrics and drunkards, in whom it "has little danger anymore." This too for the chapter "Morality as Timidity."

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Inasmuch as at all times, since there have been human beings, there have also been human herds (clans, communities, tribes, peoples, countries, churches) and always many more who obey in relation to the small number of those who command—hence in light of the fact that among human beings obedience has so far been practiced and cultivated best and longest, it is fair to assume that the need for obedience is now innate in the average person as a kind of *formal conscience* that commands: "Thou shalt unconditionally do something, and unconditionally not do something," in short, "thou shalt." This need seeks to satisfy itself and to fill its form with content; proportionate to its strength, impatience and tension, it therefore indiscriminately latches onto and adopts like a crude appetite whatever kind of commands—by parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, public opinion—are screamed into its ears. The strange limitation of human evolution, its hesitating,

long-lasting, and often backsliding and self-reversing nature is based on the fact that the herd instinct of obedience is inherited best and at the expense of the art of commanding. If we imagine this instinct ever advancing to its ultimate excesses, then in the end the commanders and those who are independent are the very ones who will be lacking; or they will suffer inwardly from bad conscience and first need to deceive themselves in order to command, that is, by pretending as if they too were merely obeying. This is in fact the situation that exists in Europe today: I call it the moral hypocrisy of those who command. The only way they know to protect themselves from their own bad conscience is to act as though they were the executors of more ancient or higher commands (of their forefathers, the constitution, justice, laws or even God), or even to borrow herd maxims from the herd's way of thinking, for instance "first servants of the people" or "instruments of the common weal." On the other side, the herd man in Europe today gives himself the appearance of being the only permissible kind of human being and glorifies his qualities, by virtue of which he is tame, peaceable and useful to the herd, as the authentically human virtues: hence communal spirit, benevolence, consideration, industriousness, moderation, modesty, indulgence, and compassion. For those cases, however, in which we believe we cannot get by without leaders and bellwethers, today we launch experiment upon experiment to replace commanders by adding together clever herd people instead: all representative constitutions share this origin, for example. What a boon, what[26] a relief was provided for these herd-animal Europeans from a pressure that was becoming unbearable, when despite everything an unconditional commander did make his appearance, for which the effect of Napoleon's emergence was the last great testimony: — the history of Napoleon's impact is nearly the history of the higher happiness achieved by this entire century in its most worthwhile human beings and moments!

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Someone from an age of disintegration, in which races are mixed together, who as such embodies the heritage of multiple origins,[27] that is, conflicting and often not only conflicting drives and value-standards that fight one another and rarely give each other any peace—such a human being of late cultures and refracted lights will on average be a weaker human being: his most basic longing is that the war that he *is* simply come to an end; to him happiness, in keeping with a tranquilizing medicine and way of thinking (for instance the Epicurean or Christian), seems primarily the happiness of resting, of being undisturbed, of satiety, of unity finally attained, as the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," to use an expression of the rhetorician Augustine, who was himself such a human being.—But if opposition and war in such a nature function as one *more* stimulus and spur to life—and if on the other hand the genuine mastery and subtlety of waging war with oneself, in other words, self-mastery and outwitting oneself are added through inheritance and cultivation to their powerful and irreconcilable drives, then those magically incomprehensible and unthinkable human enigmas develop, those who are predestined for victories and for seduction, whose most beautiful expression are Alcibiades and Caesar (—to whose company I would like to add that *first* European after my taste, the Hohenstaufen Frederick II), and among artists perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear in exactly the same ages when that weaker type with his longing for peace steps to the fore: both types belong together and stem from the same causes.[28]

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As long as the only utility that governs in moral value judgments is the utility of the herd, as long as our gaze is directed solely at the preservation of the community, and what is immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in whatever seems

dangerous to the survival of the community: there cannot yet be a "morality of neighbor love." Supposing that even here there was a consistent minor exercising of consideration, compassion, fairness, mildness, reciprocity of rendering assistance; supposing that even in this state of society all those drives were active that later will be distinguished with honorable names, as "virtues," and in the end practically coincide with the concept of "morality": in that period they still do not at all belong to the realm of moral valuations—they are still *extra-moral*. In the finest period of Rome, for instance, an act of pity was not called either good or evil, moral or immoral; and if it was praised in its own right, then the praise was perfectly compatible with a kind of annoyed disdain as soon as it was compared to any kind of action that served to promote the whole, the *res publica*.[29] Ultimately "love of the neighbor" is always something incidental, partly conventional and willfully specious in relation to *fear of the neighbor*. After the structure of society on the whole has been established and appears secure against external dangers, it is this fear of the neighbor that again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous drives, such as an enterprising nature, recklessness, vindictiveness, cunning, rapacity, and lust to rule, which up till now had to be not only honored in a communally useful sense—under different names than those used here, of course—but even nurtured and cultivated to greatness (because given the danger to the whole they were constantly needed against the enemies of the whole), now are perceived as twice as dangerous—now that they lack channeling mechanisms—and step by step they are branded as immoral and exposed to slander. Now the opposite drives and inclinations receive moral honors; the herd instinct draws its conclusions, step by step. Now the moral perspective is how much or how little danger there is to the community, danger to equality in an opinion, in a condition and affect, in a will, in a talent: here too fear is the mother of morality. It is the

highest and strongest drives, when they passionately break out and drive the individual far beyond and above the average and the lowlands of the herd conscience, that bring about the destruction of the community's sense of self, their belief in themselves, breaking their spine, so to speak: consequently these very drives will be branded and slandered most. High, independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, even superior reason are perceived as danger; everything that elevates the individual beyond the herd and causes fear in neighbors is called *evil* from now on; the fair, modest, conforming, leveling mentality, the *mediocrity* of desires acquires moral names and honors. Finally, under very peaceful conditions, the opportunity and need continually decrease for training one's emotions to be severe and harsh, and now every kind of severity, even in just circumstances, troubles the conscience; a high and harsh nobility and self-reliance is almost offensive and arouses suspicion, the "lamb," or even more "the sheep" gains in stature. There is a point of pathological softening and tenderizing in the history of a society, where it even sides with those who do harm to it, the *criminals*, and does so quite seriously and honestly. Punishment: somehow that seems unfair to it—and it is certain that the concept "punishment" and "should punish" hurts it and causes fear. "Does it not suffice to render him *no longer dangerous*? Why still punish? Punishment itself is terrible!"—with this question herd morality, the morality of timidity, draws its ultimate consequence. Supposing we could eliminate danger itself, the reason for fear, then we would have eliminated this morality as well: it would no longer be necessary, it would no longer *consider itself* to be necessary!—Whoever examines the conscience of today's European will always have to pull the same imperative from a thousand moral folds and hiding places, the imperative of herd timidity: "we want that some day there should be *nothing more to fear*!" Some day—everywhere in today's Europe the will and way *there* is called "progress."

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Let us immediately say once more what we already have said a hundred times: since today the ears for such truths—for *our* truths—are not well disposed. We know well enough how offensive it sounds when someone dares openly and without metaphor to count human beings among the animals; but we will almost be charged with a *crime* for constantly using expressions like "herd," "herd instinct" and so on with respect to people of "modern ideas." What good is it! We cannot do otherwise: since this is precisely where our new insight lies. We found that in all major moral judgments[30] Europe has become unanimous, including those countries where Europe's influence dominates: in Europe they clearly *know* what Socrates believed he did not know, and what that famous old snake once promised to teach—they "know" today what good and evil is. Now it has to sound harsh and grate on the ears when we repeatedly insist: what thinks it knows here, what glorifies itself here with its praise and blame, and pronounces itself good, is the instinct of the herd-animal human: which has achieved a breakthrough, a preponderance, a supremacy over other instincts and increasingly does so according to the growing physiological approximation and assimilation whose symptom it is. *Morality in Europe today is herd-animal morality*:—thus as we understand matters only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, after which many other, above all *higher* moralities are possible or should be. But this morality resists such a "possibility," such a "should be" with all its might: it says stubbornly and ruthlessly "I am morality itself, and nothing besides is morality!"—indeed, with the help of a religion that indulged and flattered the most sublime herd-animal desires, it has gotten to the point where we find an ever more visible expression of this morality even in political and social institutions: the *democratic* movement is the heir of the Christian movement.[31] But that its tempo is much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient, for the sick and those addicted

to the instinct in question, is dramatized by the increasingly rabid howling and the increasingly open snarling of the anarchist dogs who now roam the streets of European culture: apparently in contrast to the peaceful, industrious democrats and ideologists of revolution, even more to the clumsy philosophasters[32] and brotherhood zealots who call themselves socialists and want a "free society," but in truth they are all one and the same with their thorough and instinctive hostility toward every form of society other than that of the *autonomous* herd (even to the point of rejecting the concepts "master" and "servant"—*ni dieu ni maître*[33] reads a socialist formula—); they are all one and the same in their tough resistance to every special claim, special right and privilege (that means in the final analysis they are opposed to *any* right: because when all are equal, no one needs "rights" anymore—); one and the same in their mistrust of punitive justice (as if it were a violation of the weaker, an injustice to the *necessary* consequences of all earlier society—); but likewise united in the religion of compassion, in sympathy, wherever there is feeling, experiencing, suffering (down to animals and up to "God":—the excess that is "compassion for God" belongs in a democratic age—); all one and the same in their cries and impatience of compassion, in lethal hatred for suffering generally, in their almost feminine inability to remain spectators and to *let* suffering be; united in embracing the involuntary gloom and tenderness under whose spell Europe seems to be threatened by a new Buddhism;[34] united in their faith in the morality of *shared* compassion, as if it were morality in itself,[35] the height, the *achieved* height of humanity, the sole hope of the future, the solace of the present, the great absolution of all guilt from times past:[36]—all one and the same in their faith in community as the *redeemer*, thus in the herd, in "themselves"[37]. . . . .

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We who are of a different faith—we who consider the democratic movement not merely as a declining form of political

organization, but as a declining, moreover diminishing form of the human being,[39] as his mediocritization and debasement in value: where do *we* have to reach with our hopes? — For *new philosophers*, there is no choice; for spirits who are strong and original enough to stimulate opposing valuations and to revalue "eternal values"; for forerunners, for human beings of the future who in the present will forge the ties and tie the knot that forces the will of millennia onto *new* rails. To teach human beings the future of humanity as its *will*, as dependent on a human will to prepare great risks and overall experiments of culture and cultivation,[40] in order to make an end to that grisly reign of nonsense and accident that has been known as "history" so far — the nonsense of the "greatest number" being only its latest form —: for this some day a new kind of philosopher and commander will be needed, whose image will make pale and dwarf everything that has ever existed on earth in the form of concealed, terrible and benevolent spirits. It is the image of such leaders that hovers before *our* eyes: — may I say it out loud, you free spirits? The conditions that we would have to partly create and partly exploit for their emergence; the probable ways and tests whereby a soul would grow high and powerful enough to perceive the *compulsion* to assume these tasks; a revaluation of values under whose new pressure and hammer a conscience could be steeled and a heart transformed to bronze, so that it could withstand the weight of such responsibility; on the other hand the necessity of such leaders, the terrible danger that they could fail to appear or turn out badly and degenerate — these are *our* genuine worries and dark thoughts, you know this, you free spirits? these are the heavy distant thoughts and thunder that pass over the sky of *our* lives. Few pains are as poignant as having once seen, realized, and sympathized with how an extraordinary human being went off track and degenerated: but whoever has a rare eye for the overall danger that "the human" itself *degenerates*, whoever like us has recognized the monstrous fortuity that has so far played its game with respect to the future of humanity — a

game in which no hand and not even a "finger of God" played along!—whoever fathoms the disaster that lies in the dimwitted guilelessness and blissful credulity of "modern ideas," still more in the whole Christian-European morality: *he* suffers from an anxiety with which no other can be compared—he sees at a single glance everything that could yet *be cultivated in human beings* given a favorable accumulation and intensification of strengths and tasks, he knows with all the science of his conscience how humanity is still unexhausted for the greatest possibilities, and how often the type human being has already faced mysterious decisions and new paths:—he knows even better from his own most painful recollection what kind of pitiful things have so far generally contributed to the crushing, breaking, sinking and pitiful downfall of a developing spirit of the highest rank. The *total degeneration of human beings* down to what appears to the socialist clowns and flatheads of today as their "human of the future"—as their ideal!—this degeneration and diminution of the human to the perfect herd animal (or, as they say, to the humans of "free society"), this animalization of human beings to dwarf animals of equal rights and claims is *possible*, there is no doubt! Anyone who has ever thought this possibility through to the end knows one more nausea than other human beings—and perhaps also a new *task*! . . . .

We Scholars

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At the risk that here too moralizing turns out to be what it always was — namely an undaunted *montrer ses plaies*,[1] according to Balzac — I would like to venture to speak out against an indecent and harmful shift in rank that today threatens to establish itself, completely unnoticed and with the best conscience, between science and philosophy. In my opinion we need to speak from our *experience* — experience it seems to me always means bad experience? — to have the right to speak out on such a higher question of rank: or else we speak like the blind about colors or like women and artists *against* science ("oh, this nasty science!" their instinct and their shame sighs, "it always *finds out*!" —). The declaration of independence of the scientific person, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the more subtle aftereffects of democratic doings and undoings: the self-glorification and self-aggrandizing of scholars stand in full bloom everywhere today and in their finest spring — by which I do not mean to say that in this case self-praise smells lovely. "Free of all masters!" — this is how the rabble man's instinct wants it here too: and now that science has been so utterly successful in warding off theology, whose "handmaid" it was for too long, it is now aiming with complete overconfidence and lack of understanding to dictate laws to philosophy and for its part to play the "master" for once — what am I saying! to play the *philosopher*. My memory — the memory

of a scientific human, if I may!—is bristling with naïvetés of arrogance about philosophy that I have heard from the mouths of young natural scientists and old physicians (not to mention the most studious and snootiest of all scholars, the philologists and schoolmen who are both these things only by profession—). Sometimes it was the specialist and the loafer who instinctively resisted all synthetic tasks and abilities generally: sometimes the industrious worker who caught a whiff of the otiosity and noble opulence in the psychic economy of the philosopher and so felt hampered and belittled. Sometimes it was that color blindness of the utilitarian person who sees nothing in philosophy but a series of *refuted* systems and a wasteful expenditure that does no one "any good." Sometimes fear arose of disguised mysticism and corrections to the limits of knowledge: sometimes disdain for certain philosophers, which involuntarily became generalized into disdain for philosophy. In the end, what I found most often behind the arrogant contempt of young scholars for philosophy was the nasty aftereffect of a philosopher himself, although he had been denied allegiance on the whole, people failed to step clear of the spell of his dismissive valuations of other philosophers:—with the result being an overall souring against all philosophy. (Schopenhauer's aftereffect on our most recent German past strikes me as an example:—with his unintelligent rage against Hegel he managed to break away the whole last generation of Germans from the context of German culture, a culture which, all things considered, was a[2] high point and divinatory refinement of the *historical sense*: but Schopenhauer himself was poor, unreceptive, and un-German on this very issue.) On the whole, it may have been primarily the human, all-too-human nature, in short, the wretchedness of our more recent philosophy itself that most thoroughly damaged respect for philosophy generally and opened the gates to the rabble man's instinct. We should just admit the extent to which our modern world is lacking any kind of Heraclitus, Plato, Empedocles, and whatever else all these royal and magnificent

hermits of the spirit might have been called; and how it is quite justifiable that, given the kind of representatives of philosophy who are as done-up as they are done-in today thanks to fashion—in Germany for instance the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann[3]—a solid man of science *should* feel himself to be of a better kind and lineage—. Especially the sight of those mish-mash philosophers who call themselves "philosophers of reality" or "positivists" is capable of planting a dangerous mistrust into the soul of a young, ambitious scholar: those are at best scholars and specialists themselves, it is palpable!—those are all defeated spirits *brought back* under the dominion of science, who at some remote time wanted *more* of themselves without having had a right to this "more" and its responsibility—and who now honorably, angrily, and vengefully represent in word and deed their *unbelief* in the ruler-task and the notion that philosophy should rule. In the end: how could it be otherwise! Today science is blossoming and its good conscience is written all over its face, whereas the depths to which all recent philosophy has gradually sunk, this leftover philosophy of today, arouses mistrust and displeasure, if not mockery and pity.[4] Philosophy reduced to "epistemology," in fact nothing more than a timid epochism and doctrine of abstinence; a philosophy that does not even cross the threshold and scrupulously *denies* itself the right to enter—this is philosophy in its last throes, an end, an agony, something that arouses compassion. How could such a philosophy—*rule*!

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Today the dangers to the development of a philosopher are in truth so manifold that we could doubt whether this fruit can even ripen anymore. The circumference and the height of the tower of science have grown colossally, with them the probability that a philosopher will already grow weary at the learning stage or allow himself to be held back somewhere and "specialize": and so he no longer reaches his full height, from

which he looks over, looks around, and *looks down*. Or he arrives too late at the top, after his best time and strength are already gone; or damaged, coarsened, degenerated, so that his gaze, his overall value-judgment means little anymore. Precisely the fineness of his intellectual conscience perhaps has him hesitating along the way and slowing down; he fears the seduction of becoming a dilettante, a millipede and a milliantennae, he knows too well that someone who has lost respect for himself no longer commands and no longer *leads* in matters of knowledge either: unless he wanted to become a great actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and pied piper of spirits, in short a seducer. Ultimately this is a question of taste: if it were not even a question of conscience. In addition, to double again the difficulty of the philosopher, he demands a judgment of himself, a Yes or a No, not on the sciences but on life and the value of life—he reluctantly learns to believe that he has a right or even a duty to have this judgment, and so he must seek his way to that right and that belief, often hesitating, doubting and falling silent, drawing only from the most extensive—perhaps most disruptive and most destructive—experiences. Indeed, the masses have misjudged and mistaken the philosopher for a long time, whether for the scientific human and ideal scholar, whether for the religiously elevated, desensualized, "desecularized" zealot and drunkard of God; if we even hear someone praised today for living "wisely" or "as a philosopher," then it practically means nothing more than "cleverly and off to the side." Wisdom: to the rabble this seems like a kind of escape, a means and a trick to effectively extricate themselves from a dicey game; but the real philosopher—so it seems to *us*, my friends?—lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," above all *uncleverly*, and feels the burden and duty of a hundred experiments and temptations of life:—he constantly risks *himself*; he plays *the* dicey game. . . . .

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Compared to a genius, that is to a being that either *begets* or *bears*, both words taken in their highest sense—the scholar, the

scientific average human being always has something of the old maid about him: since like her he has no expertise in the two most valuable functions of human beings. Indeed, as compensation to both of them, so to speak, to scholars and to old maids, we concede respectability—in these cases we underscore respectability—and yet under the pressure of this concession we have the same admixture of annoyance. When we look closer: what is the scientific human? First of all an ignoble kind of human, with the virtues of someone who is not dominating, not authoritative and not even self-sufficient: he has industriousness, patient compliance with his rank and file, evenness and moderation in his capabilities and needs, the instinct for his kind and for what his kind needs, for instance that patch of independence and green pasture without which there is no quiet for working, that claim to honor and acknowledgment (which presupposes recognition and being recognizable first and foremost—), that sunshine of a good name, that constant reaffirmation of his value and his utility with which he must overcome again and again the inner *mistrust* lying at the bottom of the hearts of all dependent people and herd animals. The scholar also has, as is only fair, the illnesses and bad habits of an ignoble type: he[5] is rich in petty jealousies and has lynx eyes for what is lowly in the natures of those whose heights he cannot reach. He is trusting, but only like someone who lets himself go without letting himself *flow*; and it is right here, in the presence of someone who flows greatly that he stands there all the more cold and reserved—then his eyes are like a smooth and unwilling lake in which no delight, no sympathy ripples anymore. The worst and most dangerous thing of which a scholar is capable comes from the instinct of mediocrity of his type, from that Jesuitism of mediocrity that instinctively works on the annihilation of the extraordinary human being and tries to break or—better yet!—slacken every taut bow. Slackening after all, with a merciful hand of course—*slackening* with intimate compassion: that is the genuine art of Jesuitism, which has always known how to introduce itself as a religion of compassion.—

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However gratefully we might approach the *objective* spirit—and who has not been sick to death at least once of everything subjective and its damned *ipsissimosity*![6]—in the end we still have to learn to be cautious of our gratitude and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the de-selfing and de-personalizing of the spirit is being celebrated recently as if it were a goal in itself, as redemption and transfiguration: this is what tends to happen, for example, within the pessimists' school, which also has good reasons of its own to give highest honors to "disinterested knowledge." The objective human who no longer curses and scolds like the pessimist, the *ideal* scholar in whom the scientific instinct suddenly blossoms and blooms out after things have failed entirely or partially a thousand times, is surely one of the most precious tools there is: but he belongs in the hands of someone more powerful. He is only a tool, or let us say: he is only a *mirror*—he is not an "end in itself." In fact the objective human is a mirror: in the face of everything that wants to be known, accustomed to subservience, without any other desire than that provided by knowing, by "mirroring"—he waits until something comes along, and then he gently spreads himself out so that even the light footsteps and the slipping by of ghostly beings are not lost on his surface and skin. Whatever remains of "person" in him seems accidental to him, often arbitrary, even more often disturbing: that is how much he has become a passage and reflection to himself of strange shapes and events. With effort he recollects "himself," often mistakenly; he easily confuses himself with others, he errs in relation to his own basic needs and only here is he crude and negligent. Perhaps he is tormented by his health or the pettiness and stale air of wife and friend, or the lack of companions and companionship—indeed, he forces himself to reflect on his torments: in vain! Already his thoughts are wandering off, to some more *general* case, and tomorrow he will know as little as he knew yesterday how to help himself.

He has lost the ability to take himself seriously, and the time as well: he is cheerful *not* from an absence of distress but from a lack of fingertips and handiness for *his* distress. The accommodating manner he has for every thing and experience, the sunny and impartial hospitality with which he adopts everything that bumps into him, his kind of reckless benevolence, of dangerous indifference about Yes and No: oh, there are enough cases where he has to pay for these virtues of his!—and as a human anyway he all too easily becomes the *caput mortuum*[7] of these virtues. If someone wants love and hate from him, I mean love and hate as God, woman and animal understand them—: he will do what he can and give what he can. But we should not be surprised if it is not much—if precisely here he shows how fake, fragile, questionable and brittle he is. His love is forced, his hate artificial and more *un tour de force*,[8] a small vanity and exaggeration. He is indeed only genuine to the extent he can be objective: only in his cheerful totality is he still "nature" and "natural." His mirroring soul, forever smoothing itself out, no longer knows how to affirm, how to deny; he does not command, neither does he destroy. "*Je ne méprise presque rien*"[9]—he says along with Leibniz: we should not overlook and underestimate the *presque*! Nor is he a model human; he is neither out in front of anyone, nor behind; he positions himself too far away to have any reason for taking sides between good and evil. If people have mistaken him all this time for a *philosopher*, for the Caesarian cultivator and brute of culture: then he has been given too much honor and what is essential in him has been overlooked—he is a tool, a piece of slave, even if certainly the most sublime kind of slave, but in himself he is nothing—*presque rien*! The objective human is a tool, a costly, easily damaged and clouded measuring tool and mirroring work of art, that we should protect and honor; but it is no goal, no exit and ascent, no complementary human in whom the *rest* of existence justifies itself, no conclusion—and even less a beginning, a begetting and first cause, he is nothing sturdy, powerful, self-reliant who wants to rule: rather only a cleaned-up, delicate, fine,

flexible pot of forms who first has to wait for some kind of content and substance in order "to shape" himself accordingly—ordinarily a human without content and substance, a "selfless" human. Consequently nothing for women either, *in parenthesi.*—

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When today a philosopher makes it known that he is not a skeptic—I hope this was heard clearly enough in the account of the objective spirit just given?—then nobody likes to hear it; they look at him with a certain apprehension, there is so much they would like to ask, to ask . . . indeed, among the fearful eavesdroppers who now exist in droves, from now on he will be known as dangerous. To them it is as if they had heard some evil threatening sound from the distance when he rejected skepticism, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian *nihilin*,[11] a pessimism *bonae voluntatis*,[12] that does not only say No, and want No, but—horrible to think!—*does* No. Against this kind of "good will"—a will to the actual, active denial of life—it is well known today that there is no better soporific and tranquilizer than skepticism, the gentle, lovely, lulling poppy of skepticism; and *Hamlet* itself is prescribed by physicians of the day as a remedy for "spirit" and its underground rumblings. "Aren't everybody's ears full enough as it is with wicked noises?" says the skeptic, as a friend of quiet and nearly as a kind of security police: "This underground No is horrible! Be quiet already, you pessimistic moles!" The skeptic, you see, this delicate creature, startles all too easily; his conscience has been trained to twitch with every No, indeed even with a decisively firm Yes, and to feel it as some kind of bite. Yes! and No!—that goes against morality for him; conversely he loves to treat his virtues to a feast of noble abstinence, perhaps by quoting Montaigne: "what do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "I don't trust myself here, there is no door open to me here."

Or: "supposing it were open, why enter right away!" Or: "what good are all hasty hypotheses? Making no hypotheses at all could easily belong to good taste. Do you absolutely have to straighten right away whatever is crooked? Absolutely plug every hole with some kind of putty? Isn't there time for that? Doesn't time have time? Oh you devilish rogues, can't you just *wait* a bit? What is uncertain also has its charms, the Sphinx too is a Circe, even Circe was a philosopher." — Thus a skeptic consoles himself; and it is true that he needs some consolation. Skepticism, after all, is the most spiritual expression of a certain complex physiological condition that in common language is called weakness of the nerves and sickliness; it emerges every time races or classes that have long been separated interbreed decisively and suddenly. In the new generation, whose blood inherits as it were different standards and values, everything is unrest, disruption, doubt, experiment; the best powers have an inhibiting effect, the virtues themselves do not let one another grow and become strong, in body and soul balance, center of gravity, and perpendicular stability are lacking. But what gets sickest and degenerates most in such hybrids is the *will*: independence in decisions is no longer known to them at all, nor the valiant sense of joy in willing—they doubt in the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams. Our Europe of today, the showplace of an absurdly sudden experiment of radical class mixing and *consequently* race mixing, is therefore skeptical high and low, sometimes with that mobile skepticism that leaps impatiently and lasciviously from one branch to another, sometimes gloomy as a cloud overloaded with question marks—and often sick to death of its will! Paralysis of the will: where do we not find this cripple sitting today! And often even all dressed up! How seductively dressed up! This illness has the prettiest pomp outfits and liars' clothes; and most of what displays itself today in the shop windows as for instance "objectivity," "scientism," "*l'art pour l'art*,"[13] "pure will-less knowing" is only dressed-up

skepticism and paralysis of the will—I will vouch for this diagnosis of the European disease.—The disease of the will is unevenly spread across Europe: it reveals itself to be strongest and most multifaceted where culture has been at home for a long time, and it disappears to the extent that "the barbarian" still—or again—asserts his rights under the loose garments of Western culture. Accordingly, in contemporary France, we can conclude just as easily as we can grasp with our own two hands that the will is sickest of all; and France, which has always had a masterful talent for reversing even the most disastrous turns of its spirit into something charming and seductive, today really demonstrates its cultural superiority over Europe by being the school and showcase of all the magic of skepticism. The strength to will, and indeed to will for the span of a will, is somewhat stronger in Germany, and in the German north stronger again than in the center; it is considerably stronger in England, Spain and Corsica, there bound up with apathy, here with hard heads—not to mention Italy, which is too young to know what it wants and first has to prove whether it can will—but strongest of all and most amazing in that vast empire in-between, where Europe flows back into Asia, as it were, in Russia. There the strength to will has long been set aside and stored up, there the will is waiting—uncertain whether as the will of denial or affirmation—poised menacingly to be discharged, to borrow a favorite expression from today's physicists. It may require not only Indian wars and entanglements in Asia to relieve Europe of its greatest danger, but internal upheavals, the bursting of the empire into small bodies and above all the introduction of parliamentary nonsense, including the obligation for everyone to read his newspaper at breakfast. I do not say this as someone who wishes it: the opposite would be more to my liking—I mean such an increase in the menace of Russia that Europe would have to resolve to become menacing to the same extent, that is, *to acquire one will* by means of a new caste that

would rule over Europe, a long, terrible will of its own, which could establish goals for millennia: — that way finally the drawn-out comedy of its small scattered states and likewise its dynastic as well as democratic practice of scattered willing would come to an end. The time for petty politics is over: already the next century will bring the struggle to rule the earth — the *compulsion* to grand politics.

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For the time being, I would like to express myself only in a parable as to the extent to which the new warlike age that we Europeans have obviously entered might be favorable for the development of a different and stronger kind of skepticism, and friends of German history will already understand it. That unscrupulous enthusiast for handsome, tall grenadiers, who as king of Prussia called into existence a military and skeptical genius — and thus in the deepest sense that new type of German that has just arrived triumphantly — the questionable, mad father of Frederick the Great, on one point himself had the knack and the lucky claw of a genius: he knew what Germany was lacking back then, and which lack was a hundred times more frightening and urgent than perhaps the lack of education and social decorum — his aversion to the young Frederick stemmed from the fear of a deep instinct. *Men were lacking*; and he suspected to his most bitter dismay that his own son was not man enough. In this he deceived himself: but who in his place would not have deceived himself? He saw his son fall victim to the atheism, the *esprit*, the hedonistic high-life of witty Frenchmen: — in the background he saw the great bloodsucker, the spider of skepticism, he suspected the incurable misery of a heart that is no longer hard enough for good or evil, a broken will that no longer commands, no longer *can* command. But meanwhile in his son that more dangerous and harsher kind of skepticism grew tall — who knows *how much* it was aided by precisely the hate of the father and by the

icy melancholy of a will rendered solitary? — the skepticism of audacious manliness that is closely related to the genius of war and to conquest, and first entered Germany in the shape of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless lays hold of things; it undermines and takes into possession; it does not believe, but it does not lose itself on that account; it gives the spirit a dangerous freedom, but it keeps the heart severe; it is the *German* form of skepticism that, as the continuation and most spiritual intensification of Frederickianism, for a long time brought Europe under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical mistrust. Thanks to the indomitably strong and tough masculine character of the great German philologists and critical historians (who, properly viewed, were all artists of destruction and disintegration as well), gradually and despite all romanticism in music and philosophy a *new* concept of the German spirit established itself, in which the tendency toward manly skepticism prominently emerged: whether for instance as an intrepid gaze, as the courage and hardness of the dissecting hand, as the tenacious will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritual North Pole expeditions under desolate and dangerous skies. It may be with good reasons that warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians make the sign of the cross before this very spirit: *cet esprit fataliste, ironique, méphistophélique*[15] as Michelet[16] calls it, not without shuddering. But if we really want to empathize with how distinctive is this fear of the "man" in the German spirit, whereby Europe was awakened from its "dogmatic slumber,"[17] then we would have to recall the former conception that it had to overcome — and how it has not been that long since a masculinized woman[18] dared with unbridled presumption to commend Germans to the sympathies of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed and poetic oafs. Finally we should be able to grasp deeply enough the astonishment of Napoleon when he caught sight of Goethe: it reveals what people had thought about "German spirit" for centuries. "*Voilà un homme!*" — meaning: "Now that's a *man!* And I had only expected a German!" —[19,20]

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Supposing then, that in the image of the philosophers of the future some trait were to suggest whether perhaps they might not be skeptics in the sense just mentioned, then it would only characterize something about them—and *not* who they themselves are. With the same right they could be called critics; and certainly they will be experimenting people. Using the name with which I dared to christen them, I have already expressly underscored attempting and the joy of attempting: did this happen because, as critics in body and soul, they love to partake of experiments in a new, perhaps broader, perhaps more dangerous sense? Must they, in their passion for knowledge, go further in audacious and painful experiments than the fainthearted and pampered taste of a democratic century can condone?—There is no doubt: these coming philosophers will be least able to dispense with those serious and not harmless qualities that distinguish the critic from the skeptic, I mean the certainty of value-standards, the conscious application of a unity of method, shrewd courage, the ability to stand alone and answer to oneself; indeed, to themselves they confess a *delight* in saying No, and to dissecting, and to a certain level-headed cruelty that knows how to wield the knife surely and subtly, even when the heart is bleeding. They will be *harder* (and maybe not always toward themselves only) than humane people might wish, they will not deal with "truth" in such a way that it "pleases" or "elevates" or "inspires" them:—instead, their faith will be small that precisely *truth* entails any such amusements for the feelings. They will smile, these severe spirits, if someone were to say in front of them "that idea elevates me: how could it not be true?" Or: "that work delights me: how could it not be beautiful?" Or: "that artist makes me greater: how could he not be great?"—and perhaps they are ready with not only a smile, but a genuine disgust for everything that is fanatical, idealistic, feminine, and hermaphroditic, and whoever was able to follow them into their secret

heart chambers would hardly discover there any intention to reconcile "Christian feelings" with "antiquity's taste" or even "modern parliamentarianism" (though such reconciliation is said to occur even among philosophers in our very insecure and consequently very conciliatory century). These philosophers of the future will not only demand of themselves critical discipline and every habit that leads to cleanliness and rigor in matters of the spirit: they could even wear them as their kind of jewelry—nevertheless they still do not want to be called critics. To them it seems no minor disgrace to philosophy when people decree, as they are so fond of doing today: "Philosophy itself is criticism and critical science—and nothing at all besides!" This evaluation of philosophy may enjoy the approbation of all the positivists in France and Germany (—and it is possible that it might even have flattered the heart and taste *of Kant*: recall the titles of his major works—): nevertheless our new philosophers will say: critics are tools of the philosopher and for that very reason, as tools, are by no means philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinese of Königsberg[22] was only a great critic.—

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I insist that we finally stop mistaking the philosophical laborers and scientific people generally for philosophers—that precisely here we strictly give "to each his own" and not too much to the former, and much too little to the latter. It may be necessary for the education of the genuine philosopher that he himself has once stood on all these steps where his servants, the scientific laborers of philosophy, remain standing—*must* remain standing; he himself will have to have been a critic and skeptic and dogmatist and historian and moreover poet and collector and traveler and riddle-guesser and moralist and seer and "free spirit" and nearly everything, in order to traverse the circumference of human values and value-feelings and in order to *be able* to gaze with many kinds of eyes and consciences

from the heights into every distance, from the depths into every height, and from the corner into every expanse. But all these are only preconditions of his task: this task itself wills something else—it demands that he *create values*. Those philosophical laborers after the noble model of Kant and Hegel have to establish and press into formulas a huge body of valuations—that is, former value-*positings* and value-creations that have become dominant and are called "truth" for a time—whether in the realm of *logic* or *politics* (morality) or *art*.[23] It is up to these researchers to make everything that has so far happened, everything that has been esteemed surveyable, ponderable, graspable and manageable, to abbreviate everything long, even "time" itself, and to *overwhelm* the whole past: a tremendous and wonderful task in whose service every fine pride, every tenacious will can certainly be satisfied. *But the genuine philosophers are commanders and legislators*: they say "thus it *shall* be!", they first determine the where to? and what for? of humanity and in so doing deploy the preliminary labor of all philosophical laborers, all who overwhelm the past—they reach with creative hands for the future, and so everything that is and was becomes for them a means, a tool, a hammer. Their "knowing" is *creating*, their creating is a legislation, their will to truth is—*will to power*.—Are there such philosophers today? Have there ever been such philosophers? *Must* there not be such philosophers? . . . .

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It seems more and more to me that the philosopher as *necessarily* a human of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow has always found himself to be in contradiction to his today and *must* be: his enemy has always been the ideal of today. So far all these extraordinary promoters of humanity who are called philosophers, and who rarely felt themselves to be friends of wisdom so much as disagreeable fools and dangerous question marks—have found their task, their hard, unwanted,

unavoidable task, but in the end the greatness of their task in being the bad conscience of their time. Insofar as they applied their vivisecting knife to the very chest of the *virtues of the age*, they revealed what their own secret was: to know of a *new* greatness of humanity, of a new, untrodden path to making it greater. Each time they uncovered how much hypocrisy, indolence, letting oneself go, letting oneself fall, how much lying was hidden beneath the most revered exemplar of their contemporary morality, how much virtue was *outdated*; each time they said: "we have to go there, out there, where *you* are least at home today." In the face of a world of "modern ideas" that wishes to banish everyone to a corner and "specialty," a philosopher, if there could be philosophers today, would be forced to posit the greatness of humanity, the concept of "greatness" precisely in its extensiveness and multiplicity, in its wholeness in plurality: he would even determine value and rank according to how much and how many different things someone could carry and take upon himself, how *far* someone could extend his responsibility. Today the taste and virtue of the age weaken and dilute the will, nothing is more timely than weakness of the will: this is why the ideal of the philosopher must include precisely this strength of will, and the hardness and ability for long-range decisions in its concept of "greatness"; with the same legitimacy as the opposite doctrine and the ideal of an idiotic, renunciatory, humble, and selfless humanity was suitable for an opposite age, one that suffered like the sixteenth century from its accumulated energy of the will and from the most savage floods and storm tides of selfishness. At the time of Socrates, surrounded entirely by people of exhausted instincts, by conservative, ancient Athenians who let themselves go—"for happiness," as they said, for pleasure as they did—and who still mouthed the old pompous words to which their lifestyle long ago gave them no more right, perhaps *irony* was necessary for greatness of the soul: that Socratic, malicious certainty of the old physi-

cian and rabble man who mercilessly cut into his own flesh, as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a gaze that said clearly enough: "don't pretend in front of me! Here—we are all equal!" Today conversely, when in Europe only the herd animal receives and dispenses honors, when the "equality of rights" could all too easily turn into the equality of being wrong: I mean into waging war in common on all that is rare, foreign, privileged, the higher humans, the higher souls, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative abundance of power and masterfulness—belonging to the concept of "greatness" today are being noble, wanting to be for oneself, being able to be different, standing alone and having to make it on one's own; the philosopher will reveal something about his own ideal when he posits: "the greatest should be the one who can be most solitary, most hidden, most deviating, the human who is beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, the one whose will is superabundant; precisely this should be called *greatness*: being able to be just as manifold as whole, just as broad as full." And to ask again: today is—greatness *possible*?[24]

213[25]

It is hard to learn what a philosopher is because it cannot be taught: one has to "know" it, from experience—or one should have the pride *not* to know it. But that the whole world these days talks about things of which they *can* have no experience, applies most and worst to philosophers and philosophical circumstances:—a rare few know them, are allowed to know them, and all popular opinions about them are false. So for instance that genuine philosophical pairing of a bold, exuberant spirituality that runs *presto*[26] and a dialectical rigor and necessity that take no false steps is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their experience, and therefore unbelievable to them if someone were to bring it up in their presence. They imagine every necessity as a need, as a painstaking having-to-follow and

being-forced; and they regard thinking itself as something slow, hesitating, almost as a drudgery and often enough as "worthy of the *sweat* of the noble"—but not at all as something light, divine and most closely related to dance and high spirits! "Thinking" and "taking it seriously" or "treating it gravely"—to them it is all the same: only then have they "experienced" it.—Artists may have a finer nose here: they who know all too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "voluntarily" and everything necessarily, their feeling of freedom, subtlety, full power, of creative positing, disposing, and shaping reaches its height—in short, that necessity and "freedom of the will" become one in them. In the end there is an order of rank to states of the soul, which corresponds with the order of rank of problems; and the highest problems mercilessly repel anyone who gets too close to them without being predestined for their solution by the height and power of their spirituality. What good does it do when nimble but ordinary minds or clumsy but sturdy mechanics and empiricists crowd around them, as happens so often these days, trying with their plebeian ambition to get close to them and into the proverbial "court of courts"! But crude feet should never be allowed to tread such carpets: this is already taken care of by the primordial law of things; the doors remain closed to these obtrusive ones, even if they pound and pulverize their heads against them! For every high world one must be born; or spoken more clearly, one must be *cultivated* for it: the right to philosophy—this word taken in its broad sense—is conferred only by one's origins, and ancestors and "bloodlines" are decisive here. Many generations must have done the preliminary work for the origin of a philosopher; each of his virtues has to have been individually acquired, nurtured, passed on, embodied, and not only the bold, light, delicate gait and course of his thoughts, but above all his willingness for great responsibilities, the elevation of his ruling gazes and gazing down, the feeling of being separate from the crowd and

its duties and virtues, the affable protection and defense of what is misunderstood and slandered, whether god or devil, the joy and exercise of great justice, the art of commanding, the broadness of the will, the slow eye that rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves . . . .

Our Virtues

214

Our virtues? — It is probable that we too still have our virtues, though it is only fair that they will not be those ingenuous and foursquare virtues for whose sake we hold our grandfathers in honor but also a bit at arm's length. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we first-born of the twentieth century — with all our dangerous curiosities, our multiplicity and art of disguise, our mellow and as it were sweetened cruelty in spirit and in senses — presumably we, *if* we are to have virtues, will have only those that learned to get along best with our most secret and cordial inclinations, with our most fervent needs: well then, let us look for them in our labyrinths! — where, as is well known, so many different things lose themselves, so many different things get totally lost. And is there anything more beautiful than *looking for* one's own virtues? Does this not practically mean: *believing* in one's own virtue? But this "believing in one's virtue" — is this not at bottom the same as what we used to call one's "good conscience," that venerable, long-tailed pigtail of a concept that our grandfathers would hang behind their heads, and often enough behind their understanding too? Accordingly it seems that however little we might otherwise regard ourselves to be old-fashioned and grandfatherly honorable, in one sense we are still the worthy grandchildren of these grandfathers, we last Europeans with a good conscience: we too still wear their pigtail. — Oh! If

only you knew how soon, how very soon—it will be different! . . .

215

Just as in the realm of stars sometimes two suns determine the orbit of one planet, as in certain cases suns of a different color shine near a single planet, sometimes with red light, sometimes with green light, and then again striking it simultaneously and flooding it with color: so we modern human beings, thanks to the complicated mechanics of our "astral sky"—are determined by *different* moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colors, they are rarely unequivocal—and there are enough cases in which we perform *multi-colored* acts.

216

Love one's enemies? I believe this has been well taught: it happens today thousands of times, on a small and a large scale; indeed, occasionally something higher and more sublime happens—we learn to *despise* when we love, and precisely when we love best:—but all this unconsciously, without noise, without pomp, with that modesty and concealed goodness that forbids the mouth solemn words and virtuous formulas. Morality as posing—offends our taste today. This too is progress: just as it was the progress of our fathers when finally religion as posing offended their taste, including the hostility and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and whatever else formerly belonged to the sign-language of free thinkers). It is the music in our conscience, and the dance in our spirit with which all puritanical litany, all moral homilies and bourgeois respectability fail to accord.

217

We should watch out for those who place a high value on being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral distinctions! They never forgive us if they ever make a mistake in front of us (or even *against* us)—they instinctively become

our slanderers and detractors, even when they remain our "friends."—Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get over" even their stupidities.

218

The psychologists of France—and where else today are there psychologists?—still have not exhausted their bitter and manifold delight in the *bêtise bourgeoise*,[1] just as if . . . enough, this reveals something about them. Flaubert, for instance, the solid citizen of Rouen, saw, heard and tasted in the end nothing else: it was his brand of self-torment and subtler cruelty. Now for variety's sake—since this gets boring—I recommend something different for our amusement: this is the unconscious craftiness with which all good, fat, solid spirits of mediocrity relate to higher spirits and their tasks, that subtle interwoven Jesuit craftiness, that is a thousand times subtler than the understanding and taste of this middle class in its best moments—even than the understanding of its victims—: this once more as proof that "instinct" is the most intelligent of all the different kinds of intelligence discovered so far. In short, you psychologists should study the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle good enough for gods and godlike malice! Or, spoken more contemporarily: practice vivisection on the "good man," on "*homo bonae voluntatis*"[2] . . . . . on *yourselves!*

219[3]

Moral judgment and condemnation is the favorite revenge of the intellectually limited on those who are less so, also a kind of compensation for the fact that they were poorly endowed by nature, and finally an opportunity to acquire spirit and to *become* refined:—malice spiritualizes. At the bottom of their hearts it does them good that there is a standard before which even those who are overflowing with the abundance and privileges of spirit are on equal footing with them:—they fight for "equality of all before God" and for this practically *need* to

believe in God. Among them we find the strongest opponents of atheism. Anyone who said to them "high spirituality is beyond comparison with any kind of proper behavior and respectability of a person who is merely moral" would drive them mad: — I will beware of doing so myself. I would rather like to flatter them with my proposition that high spirituality itself exists only as the last spawn of moral qualities; that it is a synthesis of all those states attributed to "merely moral" human beings after they have been acquired individually, through long cultivation and practice, perhaps over entire series of generations; that high spirituality is simply the spiritualization of justice and of that kindly severity that knows it is charged with preserving the *order of rank* in the world among things themselves — and not only among human beings.[4]

220

With praise of the "disinterested" being so popular now, we must bring to consciousness, perhaps not without a certain danger, *what* exactly the people do take an interest in, and generally what are the things about which the common man is thoroughly and deeply concerned: including the educated, even the scholars, and unless all appearances are deceiving, well-nigh the philosophers as well. Then the fact emerges that most of what interests and attracts finer and more pampered tastes as well as every higher nature seems totally "uninteresting" to the average person: — if he nevertheless notices a devotion to it, then he calls it "*désintéressé*" and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who even knew how to impart a seductive and mystical-transcendental expression to this popular wonder (— perhaps because they did not know the higher nature from experience?) — instead of positing the naked and abundantly plain truth that the "disinterested" action is a *very* interesting and interested action, assuming . . . . . "And love?" — What! Even an action out of love is supposed to be "unegoistic"? But you oafs — ! "And the praise of someone who sacrifices?" — But

anyone who really made sacrifices knows that he wanted and received something for it—maybe something of himself in exchange for something of himself—that he gave up something here in order to have more there, maybe even in order to be more or to feel himself to be "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more pampered spirit is reluctant to dwell: even truth finds it necessary here to suppress a yawn when she's called upon to answer. After all she is a woman: we should not do violence to her.

221

It happens, said a moral pedant and purveyor of trivia, that I honor and distinguish a selfless man: but not because he is selfless, but because to me he seems to have a right to be helpful to someone else at his own expense. Enough, the question is always who is *he* and who is *that other*. For instance, in someone who was destined and made for commanding, self-denial and modest stepping aside would not be a virtue but the waste of a virtue: so it seems to me. Every unegoistic morality that takes itself unconditionally and addresses itself to everyone sins not only against taste: it is a provocation to sins of omission, one *more* seduction under the mask of philanthropy—and precisely a seduction and injury of the higher, rarer, more privileged. The moralities must be forced to bow first of all to the *rank order*, their presumption must be imposed on their consciousness—until they finally agree with one another that it is *immoral* to say: "what is right for one is fair for another."—Thus my moral pedant and *bonhomme*:[5] did he deserve to be laughed at when he admonished morals to be moral like this? But one should not be too right if he wants to have the laughers on *his* side; a grain of wrong belongs even to good taste.

222

Where compassion is preached today—and if you listen properly, no other religion is preached now—psychologists should

open their ears: through all the vanity, through all the noise that characterizes these preachers (like all preachers) they will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine sound of *self-contempt*. It belongs to that darkening and turning ugly in Europe that has been growing now for a hundred years (and whose first symptoms were already documented in a thoughtful letter from Galiani to Madame d'Epinay): *if they are not its cause!* The human being of "modern ideas," this proud ape, is boundlessly satisfied with himself: this much is certain. He suffers: and his vanity wants him only to "show compassion" . . . . .[6]

223

The European hybrid human—all in all a fairly ugly plebeian—simply needs a costume: he needs history as the storage room of costumes. Of course he notices that nothing quite fits him—he changes and changes. Just look at the nineteenth century for these rapid preferences and changes of the style masquerade; also for the moments of despair when "nothing becomes" us—. It is useless to parade as romantic or classical or Christian or Florentine or baroque or "national" *in moribus et artibus*:[7] it "doesn't look good"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," sees its advantage even in this despair: time and again a new piece of antiquity and foreign country is tried on, put on, taken off, packed away and above all *studied*:—we are the first studied period *in puncto*[8] "costumes," by which I mean moralities, articles of faith, tastes for art and religion, prepared as no period before us for the carnival of great style, for spiritual carnival laughter and high spirits, for transcendental heights of the highest nonsense and Aristophanean mockery of the world. Perhaps we will discover right here the realm of our *invention*, that realm where even we can still be original, perhaps as parodists of world history and buffoons of God—perhaps, even if nothing else of today has a future, our *laughter* still has a future!

224[9]

The *historical sense* (or the ability to quickly guess the rank order of valuations according to which a people, a society, an individual has lived, the "divinatory instinct" for the relations of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of values to the authority of active forces): this historical sense, to which we Europeans lay claim as our specialty, has come to us as a result of the enchanting and crazy *semi-barbarism* into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races—only the nineteenth century knows this sense, as its sixth sense. The past of every form and lifestyle, of cultures that earlier lay right next to each other, on top of each other, flows into us "modern souls" thanks to that mixture, our instincts now run back everywhere and we ourselves are a kind of chaos—: finally "the spirit," as mentioned earlier, sees its advantage in this. Through our semi-barbarism in body and desires we have secret passages everywhere, as a noble age has never possessed them, especially passages to the labyrinth of unfinished cultures and to every semi-barbarism that ever existed on earth; and insofar as the most considerable part of human culture so far was semi-barbarism, this "historical sense" almost means the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves to be an *ignoble* sense. For instance we enjoy Homer again: perhaps it is our most fortunate advantage that we know how to taste Homer, whom people of a noble culture (say the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Évremond,[10] who reproaches him for *esprit vaste*,[11] and even its conclusion, Voltaire) do not and did not easily assimilate—whom they scarcely allowed themselves to enjoy. The very definite Yes and No of their palate, their ever-ready nausea, their hesitating reserve toward everything foreign, their fear of the poor taste of even a lively curiosity, and generally that unwillingness of every noble and self-sufficient culture to admit to itself a new desire,

a dissatisfaction with its own, an admiration of something foreign: all this positions and disposes them unfavorably toward even the best things in the world that are not their property or *could* not become their spoils—and no sense is less incomprehensible to such people than just this historical sense and its obsequious plebeian curiosity. It is no different with Shakespeare, this amazing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of tastes at whom an ancient Athenian friend of Aeschylus would have laughed or angered himself half to death: but we—embrace precisely this wild profusion of colors, this confusion of what is most delicate, most crude and most artificial with a secret familiarity and cordiality, we enjoy him as the artistic refinement saved up just for us, and so we do not allow the repulsive odors and the proximity of the English rabble in which Shakespeare's art and taste dwell to bother us any more than on the Chiaja of Naples: where we make our way with all our senses, enchanted and willing, however much the sewer stench of the rabble neighborhoods is in the air.[12] We human beings of "historical sense": we also have our virtues as such, it cannot be denied—we are unpretentious, selfless, modest, courageous, full of self-overcoming, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very accommodating:—for all that perhaps we are not very "tasteful." Let us finally admit to ourselves: what is hardest for us human beings of the "historical sense" to grasp, to feel, to taste again and love again: what at bottom finds us prejudiced and almost hostile is precisely that perfection and recent ripening of every culture and art, that which is genuinely noble in works and human beings, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the gold and coldness shown by all things that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is necessarily opposed to *good* taste, at least to the very best taste, and we are able to reproduce in ourselves only poorly, only haltingly, only by force these small, brief and highest serendipities and transfigurations of human life, as they light up occasionally here and there:

those moments and marvels when a great force voluntarily halted in front of the immeasurable and the boundless—when a superabundance of subtle delight in sudden restraint and petrifaction, in standing still and placing oneself firmly on still trembling ground was enjoyed. *Moderation* is foreign to us, let us admit it to ourselves; our thrill is this very thrill of the infinite, the unmeasured. Like the rider on a steed champing to move on, we drop the reins before the infinite, we modern human beings, we semi-barbarians—and are only in *our* bliss, where we also most of all—*are in danger*.

225

Whether hedonism, or pessimism, or utilitarianism, or eudaimonism: all these ways of thinking that measure the value of things according to *pleasure* and *pain*, that is according to concomitant states and secondary factors, are foreground ways of thinking and naïvetés on which anyone who is conscious of *formative* forces and an artist's conscience will look down not without scorn, nor without compassion. Compassion for *you!* of course that is not compassion as you mean it: this is not compassion for social "plight," for "society" and its sick and injured, for the depraved and the broken from the start as they lie on the ground around us; still less is it compassion for the grumbling, oppressed, rebellious slave strata who yearn for dominance—which they call "freedom." *Our* compassion is a higher, more farsighted compassion:—we see how *the human* is becoming smaller, how *you* are making it smaller!—and there are moments when we regard precisely *your* compassion with an indescribable anxiety, when we resist this compassion—when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any kind of frivolity. You want, if possible—and there is no "if possible" more insane than this—*to abolish suffering*; and we?—it seems as though *we* would prefer to have it even higher and worse than it ever was! Well-being as you understand it—that is not a goal, to us it seems like the *end!* A state that immediately makes humans ridiculous and contemptible—that makes

their destruction *desirable!* The discipline of suffering, of *great* suffering — do you not know that only *this* discipline so far has created all the enhancements of humans? That strength-cultivating tension of the soul in misfortune, its shudder at the sight of great ruin, its inventiveness and courage in enduring, surviving, interpreting, exploiting misfortune, and whatever it was granted in terms of profundity, mystery, mask, spirit, cunning and greatness: — has all this not been granted through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In humans *creature* and *creator* are one: in humans there is material, fragment, excess, clay, mud, nonsense, chaos; but in humans there is also creator, shaper, hammer-hardness, spectator-divinity and seventh day: — do you understand this contrast? And that *your* compassion targets the "creature in humans," that which must be formed, broken, forged, torn, burned, melted and purified — that which must necessarily *suffer* and *should* suffer? Whereas *our* compassion — do you not grasp whom our inverse compassion targets, when it resists your compassion as the worst of all pamperings and weaknesses? — So it's compassion *against* compassion! — But to say it again, there are higher problems than all problems of pleasure and pain and compassion: and every philosophy that ends up only with these is a naïveté. —

226[13]

We immoralists! — This world that concerns *us*, in which *we* have to fear and to love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of subtle commanding, subtle obeying, a world of "almost" in every respect, intricate, tricky, barbed, delicate: indeed, it is well defended against clumsy spectators and intimate curiosity! We are spun into a harsh yarn and shirt of duties and *cannot* get out — in this we are "human beings of duty," we too! Occasionally, it is true, we dance in our "chains" and between our "swords"; more often, no less true, we gnash our teeth and feel impatient about all the mysterious harshness of our fate. But do what we will: the oafs and appearances speak against

us, "those are human beings *without* duty"—we always have the oafs and appearances against us!

227[14]

Honesty, supposing that this is our virtue from which we cannot get away, we free spirits—well then, we want to work on it with all our malice and love and never tire of "perfecting" ourselves in *our* virtue, the one that is left us: may its glow someday lie upon this aging culture and its dull, dismal seriousness like a gilded blue mocking evening light! And if someday our honesty grows tired and sighs and stretches her limbs and finds us to be too hard and wants to have it better, lighter, tenderer, like a pleasant vice: we will stay *hard*, we last Stoics! and to help we will send her every manner of devilry we have in us—our disgust with clumsiness and what is not-quite, our "*nitimur in vetitum*,"[15] our adventurer's courage, our sly and pampered curiosity, our finest, stealthiest, most spiritual will to power and world-overcoming that greedily roams and revels throughout all the realms of the future—let us come to the aid of our "God" with all our "devils"! It is probable that in doing so we will be misjudged and mistaken: what does it matter! People will say: "their 'honesty'—that is their devilry and nothing more!" what does it matter! And even if they were right! Were not all gods hitherto rechristened devils who were later pronounced holy in this way? And ultimately what do we know about ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants to be *called*? (it is a matter of names.) And how many spirits we harbor? Our honesty, we free spirits—let us make sure it does not become our vanity, our finery and pomp, our limit, our stupidity! Every virtue tends toward stupidity, every stupidity toward virtue; "stupid to the point of holiness" they say in Russia—let us make sure that in the end we do not turn into saints and bores out of honesty! Is life not a hundred times too short—to be bored with it? We would have to believe in eternal life in order to . . .

228

I will have to be forgiven for discovering that all moral philosophy so far has been boring and belongs among the soporifics—and that "virtue" for me has been hampered by nothing so much as by this *boringness* of its advocates; although I do not mean to deny their general utility. It matters much that as few people as possible think about morality—consequently it matters *very* much that morality not become interesting someday! But no need to worry! Today things are still the same as always: I see no one in Europe who would have (or *give*) the sense that thinking about morality could be done in a way that is dangerous, tricky, and seductive—that *disaster* could be involved! Just look, for example, at the indefatigable, unavoidable English utilitarians as they clumsily and honorably wander around here and there in the footsteps of Bentham (a Homeric simile says it more clearly), even as he himself had wandered in the footsteps of the honorable Helvétius (no, this was not a dangerous man, this Helvétius![16]). No new thought, nothing by way of a subtle version and wrinkle of an old thought, not even a real history of what had been thought before: an *impossible* literature on the whole, unless one knew how to sour the dough with a bit of malice. You see, that old English vice called *cant*,[17] which is *moral tartuffery*, crept into these moralists as well (they simply have to be read with ulterior thoughts, if they even *have* to be read—), this time in the new form of scientism; nor is there any lack of secret resistance to bites of conscience, from which, as is only fair, a race of former Puritans will suffer whenever it engages scientifically with morality. (Is a moralist not the opposite of a Puritan? That is, a thinker who treats morality as questionable, as worthy of question marks, in short as a problem? Shouldn't moralizing be—immoral?) In the end they all want *English* morality to be right: insofar as then humanity, or "the general utility" or "the happiness of the majority," no! the happiness *of England* is best served; they want to prove to themselves with

all their might that the striving for *English* happiness, I mean for *comfort* and *fashion* (and in the highest instance a seat in Parliament) is simultaneously also the right path of virtue, indeed that whatever virtue has existed in the world so far, it has consisted in precisely such a striving. None of all these ponderous herd animals with their upset consciences (who undertake to champion the cause of egoism as the cause of the general welfare—) wants to know or smell anything of the fact that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no in any way graspable concept, but only an emetic—that what is fair for one absolutely *cannot* be fair for another, that the demand for one morality for everyone is an impairment of precisely the higher human beings, that there is a *rank order* between human beings and consequently between moralities as well. This is a modest and thoroughly mediocre kind of human being, this Englishman, and as I said: insofar as they are boring we cannot think highly enough of their utility. We should even *encourage* them: as has been attempted in part by the following rhymes.

Hail you sturdy push-cart drivers,
"Give us more, we like it" strivers,
Ever stiff in mind and knee,
Uninspired, all humor lacking,
Mediocre beyond tracking,
Sans genie et sans esprit![18,19]

229[20]

In those late ages that have a right to be proud of their humanity there is so much fear, so much *superstition* remaining of the "wild cruel beast" whose conquest constitutes the very pride of that more humane age, that even palpable truths go unspoken for centuries, as if by conspiracy, because they have the appearance of helping to bring back to life that wild beast that was finally killed off. Maybe I am risking something when I allow such a truth to escape me: may others recapture it and

give it enough "milk of the pious way of thinking"[21] that it lies still and forgotten in its old corner.—We should rethink cruelty and open our eyes; we should finally learn to be impatient, so that such immodest, fat errors no longer wander around virtuously and impudently, like those for instance that have been nurtured about tragedy by ancient and modern philosophers. Almost everything we call "higher culture" is based on the spiritualization and deepening of *cruelty*—this is my proposition; that "wild beast" has not been killed off at all, it lives, it thrives, it has merely—deified itself. What constitutes the painful lust of tragedy is cruelty; what has a pleasing effect in so-called tragic pity,[22] and at bottom even in everything sublime all the way up to the highest and most tender shudders of metaphysics, gets its sweetness only when the ingredient of cruelty is mixed in. The Roman in the arena, the Christian in the raptures of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of auto-da-fés and bullfights, today's Japanese who flock to tragedy, the Parisian suburban laborer who is homesick for bloody revolutions, the lady Wagnerian who abandons her will and lets *Tristan and Isolde* "wash over her"—what they all enjoy and are eager to drink up with mysterious ardor are the spicy potions of the great Circe "cruelty." Here of course we must chase away the clumsy psychology of days gone by, that knew nothing better to teach about cruelty than that it originated at the sight of *another's* suffering: there is an abundant, superabundant pleasure also in one's own suffering, in making oneself suffer—and wherever someone lets himself be persuaded to self-denial in the *religious* sense or to self-mutilation, as among Phoenicians and ascetics, or generally to desensualization, decarnalization, contrition, to Puritanical spasms of penitence, to vivisections of the conscience and to Pascalian *sacrifizio dell'intelletto*,[23] then he is secretly lured and pushed forward by his cruelty, by that dangerous awe of cruelty directed *against oneself*. Finally let us consider that even the knowing one, by forcing his spirit to know *against* the inclination of his spirit and often enough also against the wishes of his heart—namely by saying No

when he would like to affirm, love, adore—is reigning as an artist and a transfigurer of cruelty; indeed, every time we take something deeply and thoroughly it is a violation, a wanting-to-hurt the fundamental will of the spirit, that incessantly strives for appearances and surfaces—even in every wanting-to-know there is a drop of cruelty.

230[24]

Perhaps what I mean here by a "fundamental will of the spirit" is not readily understood: permit me an explanation.—The commanding something that is called "the spirit" by the people wants to be master in and around itself and to feel like the master: it has the will to simplicity out of multiplicity, a binding, subduing, dominating and truly masterful will. Its needs and capacities here are the same as those physiologists posit for everything that lives, grows and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate the foreign reveals itself in a strong inclination to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, and to overlook or repulse whatever is utterly contradictory: just as it arbitrarily stresses, selects and forges into shape certain features and lines of the foreign, of every piece of "external world." Its intention in all this is to incorporate new "experience," to classify new things under old classifications—thus growth itself; more specifically, the *feeling* of growth, the feeling of increased power. An apparently opposite drive serves this same will, a suddenly erupting resolution to ignorance, to arbitrary locking up, a closing of its windows, an inner No-saying to this or any thing, a do-not-approach-me, a kind of defensive state against much that is knowable, a complacency with darkness, with the closed-in horizon, a Yes-saying and approval of ignorance: as all this is necessary depending on the degree of its appropriating force, its "digestive force" to speak metaphorically—and indeed "the spirit" most resembles a stomach. What belongs here likewise is the occasional will of the spirit to deceive itself, perhaps with a bold hunch to the effect that things are thus and *not* thus, that people just accept

things to be this way or that, a pleasure in all uncertainty and ambiguity, a jubilating self-enjoyment of the arbitrary narrowness and secrecy of a corner, of what is all too close, of the foreground, of things magnified and made smaller, of things shifted and embellished, a self-enjoyment of the arbitrariness of all these expressions of power. Finally what belongs here is that not inconsiderable readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and to pretend in front of them, that constant pressure and stress of a creating, shaping, and malleable force: in this the spirit enjoys its multiplicity of masks and craftiness, it also enjoys the feeling of its security in them—it is in fact best defended and hidden by precisely these Protean arts!—*This* will to appearance, to simplification, to masks, to cloaks, in short to the surface—since every surface is a cloak—is *countered* by that sublime inclination of the knowing one who treats and *wants* to treat things profoundly, manifoldly, thoroughly: as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste that every brave thinker will recognize in himself assuming, as it should be, that he has hardened and sharpened his eye for himself long enough, and that he is also accustomed to harsh discipline and harsh words. He will say "there is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit":—just let the virtuous and the kindly try to talk him out of it! In fact, it would sound nicer if instead of cruelty people would just accuse us of "extravagant honesty," and whisper about us and eulogize us for that instead—we free, *very* free spirits:—and maybe someday *this* will be our—posthumous fame? Meanwhile—for this will still take some time—we ourselves surely are least inclined to don such moral word tinsel and tassels: our entire work so far spoils precisely this taste and its merry opulence for us. These are beautiful, gleaming, clinking, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of truthfulness—there is something in them that makes a person swell with pride. But we hermits and marmots have long ago persuaded ourselves in the complete secrecy of our hermit conscience that even this worthy word-pomp belongs to the

old finery, flotsam and gold dust of lies of unconscious human vanity, and that even beneath such flattering colors and painting-over, the terrible basic text of *homo natura*[25] must be recognized again. To translate humankind back into nature; to master the many vain and gushing interpretations and connotations that have so far been scribbled and painted over that eternal basic text *homo natura*; to ensure that the human being henceforth stands before human beings even as it stands today, hardened by the discipline of science, before the *other* nature, with undaunted Oedipus eyes and sealed Oedipus ears, deaf to the luring songs of old metaphysical bird-catchers who have all too long fluted in their ears: "you are more! you are higher! you are of a different descent!"—that may be a strange and insane task, but it is a *task*—who would deny it! Why did we choose it, this insane task? Or to ask differently: "why knowledge at all?"—Everyone will ask us about that. And we, pressed in this manner, we who have already asked ourselves the same question hundreds of times—we have found and find no better answer . . . .

231[26]

Learning transforms us, it does what all nourishment does that also does not merely "preserve"—: as physiologists know. But at the bottom of us, way "down there," there is indeed something unteachable, a granite of spiritual *fatum*,[27] of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined selected questions. In every cardinal problem an immutable "this is I" can be heard; about man and woman, for instance, a thinker cannot relearn but only finish learning—only discover to the end what about this is "established" in him already. At times we find certain solutions to problems that inspire strong faith even in *us*; perhaps henceforth we call them our "convictions." Later on—we see in them only the footsteps of our self-knowledge, signposts to the problem that we *are*—more correctly to the great stupidity that we are, to our spiritual *fatum*, to what is *unteachable* way "down there."—After the abundant

niceness I have just extended to myself, perhaps I will more easily be permitted to announce a few truths about "woman in itself,"[28] assuming that it is known from the outset now how very much these are only—*my* truths.—

232[29]

Women want to become independent: and so they are beginning to enlighten men about "woman in itself"—*this* belongs among the worst advances in the general increasing *ugliness* of Europe. After all, who knows what all these clumsy attempts of female scientism and self-exposure will have to bring to light! Woman has so much reason for shame; in woman there is hidden so much that is pedantic, superficial, schoolmarmish, such petty arrogance, petty licentiousness and immodesty—just study her interaction with children!—and so far this was at bottom best repressed and restrained by her *fear* of man. Woe to us when the "eternally-boring in woman"[30]—she has a wealth of it!—finally ventures forth! when she thoroughly and fundamentally begins to unlearn her prudence and art, that of grace, play, chasing away worries, lightening burdens and taking things lightly, and her subtle talent for pleasant desires! Even now female voices are being heard that, holy Aristophanes! are frightening, threatening with medical explicitness what first and last women *want* from men. Is it not in the worst taste when women embark on being scientific in this manner? We were fortunate that so far enlightenment has been a man's concern, a man's talent—we remained "among ourselves" in this; and whatever women have written about "woman," in the end we should reserve a healthy suspicion as to whether they actually *want* enlightenment about themselves—and *can* want it . . . . When a woman does this, if she is not looking for some new *finery* for herself—I do think that dressing up is part of the Eternal Feminine?—well then, she is trying to arouse fear of herself:—perhaps she wants to dominate. But she does not *want* truth: what do women care about truth! From the start nothing is more foreign, repulsive,

and hostile to woman than truth—her great art is the lie, her highest concern is appearance and beauty. Let us admit it, we men: we honor and love precisely *this* art and *this* instinct in women: we who have it hard like to get some relief by associating with beings under whose hands, looks and tender follies our own seriousness, our gravity and profundity almost seem like foolishness to us. Finally I pose the question: has a woman herself ever acknowledged the profundity of a female mind, or the justice of a female heart? And is it not true on the whole that "woman" so far has been despised most by women themselves—and not in the least by us?—We men wish that woman would not continue to compromise herself by enlightenment: just as it was male care and consideration of women when the Church decreed: *mulier taceat in ecclesia!*[31] It happened for the good of women when Napoleon made it clear to the all-too-eloquent Madame de Staël: *mulier taceat in politicis!*[32] —and I think it is a real friend of women who today calls out to women:[33] *mulier taceat de muliere!*[34]

233[35]

It betrays corruption of the instincts—not to mention that it betrays bad taste—when a woman falls back on Madame Roland or Madame de Staël or Monsieur George Sand, as if this proved anything in *favor* of "woman in itself." Among men the aforementioned are the three *comical* women in themselves—nothing more!—and precisely the best involuntary *counter-arguments* against emancipation and female self-aggrandizement.

234[36]

Stupidity in the kitchen: woman as cook: the horrifying thoughtlessness that accompanies the feeding of the family and the master of the house! Woman does not understand what food *means*: and yet she wants to be the cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then as cook for thousands of years she would have had to discover the greatest physiological facts, as

well as gain possession of the art of healing! Because of bad cooks—and the complete lack of reason in the kitchen, the development of human beings has been delayed longest and impaired most: even today things are scarcely better. A speech for young ladies.

235

There are locutions and coups of the spirit, there are epigrams, a small handful of words in which an entire culture, an entire society is suddenly crystallized. Madame de Lambert's[37] casual remark to her son is one of these: "*mon ami, ne vous permettez jamais que de folies, qui vous feront grand plaisir*":[38] —incidentally the most maternal and prudent word ever addressed to a son.

236

What Dante and Goethe believed about woman—the former when he sang "*ella guardava suso, ed io in lei*,"[39] the latter when he translated it "the Eternal Feminine lifts us *on high*"[40] —: I do not doubt that any nobler woman would resist this belief, for *this* is exactly what she believes about the Eternal Masculine . . .

237

SEVEN LITTLE MAXIMS ABOUT WOMEN[41]

Deepest boredom too takes flight, once a man crawls to our side!

* *

Age, alas! and science give weaker virtue strength to live.

* *

Dress in black and say no word makes a woman seem —assured.

* *

Whom to thank for my success? God!—and tailoring finesse.

* *

Young: a blossom-covered lair. Old: you'll find a dragon there.

* *

Noble name, upright carriage, man as well: *there's* my[42] marriage!

* *

Where meaning's rich, words are poor—she-mule walks a slippery floor!

237{a}[43]

Women have so far been treated by men like birds that strayed down to them from some height: like something finer, more vulnerable, wilder, stranger, sweeter and more soulful—but like something that has to be locked up so that it does not fly away.

238

To be mistaken about the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny the most abysmal antagonism and the necessity of an eternally hostile tension between them, to perhaps dream here of equal rights, equal education, equal claims and obligations: this is a *typical* sign of shallow-mindedness, and a thinker who[44] has proven to be shallow in this dangerous place—shallow in instinct!—deserves to be seen as altogether suspicious, even more, as exposed, as revealed: he will probably be too "short" for all the fundamental questions of life, future life as well, and not be able to achieve *any* depths. On the other hand, a man of depth in his spirit and in his desires, who also has that depth of benevolence that is capable of strictness and harshness and that is easily mistaken for them, can only ever think about woman in an *oriental* manner: he must conceive of woman as possession, as property that can be locked up, as something predestined for service and fulfilling itself as such—for this he must base himself on Asia's tremendous reason, on Asia's superiority of instinct: just as the Greeks

did in the past, these best heirs and disciples of Asia who, as is well known, during a period of *increasing* culture and expansiveness of power from Homer to the time of Pericles became gradually *stricter* toward woman, in brief, more oriental. *How* necessary, *how* logical, even *how* humanly desirable this was: we should privately reflect on this!

239[45]

In no age more than our age has the weaker sex been treated with such respect on the part of men—this belongs to our democratic tendency and basic taste, just like disrespect for the elderly—: is it any wonder that this respect is immediately abused? People want more, they learn to make demands, in the end they find that obligatory modicum of respect nearly insulting, and they would prefer competition for rights, indeed even an all-out fight: enough, woman is losing her shame. Let us immediately add that she is also losing her taste. She is unlearning her *fear* of man: but the woman who "unlearns fearing" sacrifices her most feminine instincts. Fair enough that woman dares to step up when the fear-inspiring quality of man or, more precisely, the *man* in man is no longer wanted and cultivated, and also understandable enough; what is harder to grasp is that precisely in so doing—woman degenerates. This is happening today: make no mistake about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman now strives for the economic and legal self-sufficiency of a clerk: "woman as clerk" is inscribed on the gate of emerging modern society. By seizing new rights, striving to be "master" and writing "progress" for woman on her flags and banners in this way, she succeeds with terrifying clarity in the opposite: *woman is regressing*. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has *decreased* in proportion to the increase in her rights and claims; and the "emancipation[46] of woman," to the extent that it is demanded and promoted by women themselves (and not by shallow-minded males) turns out to be an odd symptom of the increased

weakening and blunting of the most feminine instincts. There is *stupidity* in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity of which a well-adjusted woman—who is always a prudent woman—should be thoroughly ashamed. To lose one's sense for the ground on which becoming victorious is most certain; to neglect practicing one's genuine skill in weaponry; letting oneself go in front of men, perhaps even "to the point of writing books," when earlier one acted with discipline and subtle, cunning humility; to work with virtuous audacity against a man's belief in a *hidden*, fundamentally different ideal in woman, in some kind of Eternal-and-Necessary-Feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously talk men out of the fact that woman should be kept, maintained, protected, and indulged like a delicate, strangely wild and often pleasant pet; the clumsy and indignant gathering together of everything slave-like and serf-like that the position of woman has had so far in the order of society, and still has (as if slavery were a counter-argument and not instead a condition of every higher culture, every elevation of culture):—what does all this mean if not a disintegration of feminine instincts, a defeminization? Of course there are enough idiotic friends of females and corrupters of women among the scholarly asses of the male sex, who advise women to defeminize themselves in this manner and to imitate all the stupidities that afflict the "man" in Europe, and European "manliness"—those who would bring woman down to the level of "universal education," perhaps even to reading newspapers and to politicking. Here and there people even want to make freethinkers and literati out of women: as if a woman without piety were not something totally repugnant or ridiculous to a profound and godless man—; almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most pathological and dangerous of all kinds of music (our most recent German music), and every day she is being made more hysterical and less capable of her first and ultimate calling, that of bearing strong children. Generally speaking people want to "cultivate" her more and, as they say, make the "weaker sex" *strong* through

culture: as if history did not teach us as urgently as possible that "cultivation" of humanity and weakening—that is weakening, splintering, afflicting of the *strength of will* always go hand in hand, and that the most powerful and most influential women in the world (most recently even the mother of Napoleon) owed their power and ascendancy over men to their strength of will—and not to their school teachers!—What inspires respect and often enough fear of woman is her *nature*, which is "more natural" than that of man, her genuine predatory, cunning suppleness, her tiger claws beneath the glove, her naïveté in egoism, her ineducability and inner savageness, the incomprehensibility, vastness, and roaming of her desires and virtues . . . . . Despite all fear, what arouses compassion for this dangerous and beautiful cat "woman" is that she seems to be more suffering, more vulnerable, more in need of love and more doomed to disappointment than any animal. Fear and compassion: so far men have stood before women with these emotions, always with one foot in tragedy that tears to pieces while it delights—. What? And this is now supposed to come to an end? And the *disenchanting* of woman is in the works? Rendering woman boring is slowly coming to pass? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the animal with horns that has always been most attractive to you, that threatens you with danger again and again![47] Your old fable could one day become "history"—one day a tremendous stupidity could assume mastery over you and carry you away! And beneath it no god is concealed, no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"! . . . . .

Part Eight

Peoples and Fatherlands

240[1]

I heard it again for the first time—Richard Wagner's overture to the *Meistersinger*: this is a magnificent, ornate, heavy and late art that has the pride of presupposing two centuries of music as still living in order to be understood:—it does honor to the Germans that such pride did not miscalculate! What morsels and forces, what seasons and climates are not mixed together here! First it strikes us as old-fashioned, then foreign, harsh and overly young, it is just as capricious as pompously traditional, it is not seldom roguish, and more often rude and crude—it has fire and bravado and at the same time the loose, dun skin of fruits that ripen too late. Broad and full it flows: and suddenly a moment of inexplicable hesitation, like a gap springing up between cause and effect, a pressure that makes us dreamy, almost a nightmarish pressure—but already the old stream of contentment spreads itself wide once more, contentment of every kind, with happiness old and new, *very much* including the happiness of the artist with himself, that he does not wish to conceal, his astonished, happy sharing of his knowledge of the mastery of the methods he applies here, new and newly acquired, untested artistic methods, as he seems to reveal to us. All in all no beauty, no south, nothing of the southern refined brightness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, scarcely a will to logic; even a certain clumsiness that is underscored as if the artist wanted to say to us: "that is part of

my intention"; a clumsy costume, something arbitrarily barbarian and solemn, a flurry of scholarly and venerable treasures and lace; something German in the best and worst sense of the word, something manifold, amorphous and inexhaustible in a German way; a certain German powerfulness and superabundance of the soul which is not afraid to conceal itself beneath the refinement of decline—that perhaps only feels most comfortable there; a real, genuine token of the German soul, that is simultaneously young and outdated, over-ripe and still overly rich in future. This kind of music best expresses what I think of the Germans: they are of the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow—*they still have no today*.

241

We "good Europeans": even we have hours when we permit ourselves a hearty dose of fatherlandishness, a stumble and relapse into old favorites and parochialisms—I just provided a sample of this—hours of national flushes,[2] patriotic palpitations and all manner of other old-fashioned emotional overflows. Clumsier spirits than we might take longer periods of time to finish what for us is limited to hours and plays out in hours, it might take some a half year, others half a lifetime depending on the speed and power with which they digest and "metabolize." Indeed, I could imagine dull, sluggish races that even in our speedy Europe would require a half century to overcome such atavistic attacks of fatherlandishness and sod-hugging and return to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism." And while I am digressing on this possibility, it so happens that I become an ear-witness to a conversation between two old "patriots"—apparently they were both hard of hearing and therefore spoke all the louder. "*That one* thinks and knows as much about philosophy as a farmer or a fraternity student"—said the first—: "he's still innocent. But what does it matter today! This is the age of the masses: they lie on their bellies before everything that's massive. And the same

goes *in politicis*.[3] To them a statesman is 'great' if he builds them a new Tower of Babel, or some monstrosity of empire and power:—what does it matter that those of us who are more cautious and reserved won't let go yet of the old belief that it's the great thought alone that gives greatness to a deed and a cause. Suppose a statesman put his people in the position of having to conduct 'great politics'[4] from now on, for which they are by nature poorly equipped and prepared: so that for the sake of a new dubious mediocrity they had to sacrifice their old and secure virtues—suppose a statesman condemned his people generally to 'politicizing,' whereas up until now they had better things to do and think about, and deep down in their souls they couldn't rid themselves of a cautious disgust for the unrest, emptiness and noisy, infernal quarreling of the genuinely politicizing peoples:[5]—suppose such a statesman were to goad the slumbering passions and cravings of his people, to make their former shyness and enjoyment of standing aside into a stain, to make their cosmopolitanism and secret infinity into a fault, devalue their most heartfelt inclinations, turn their conscience inside out, make their spirit narrow, their taste 'national'—what! a statesman who would do all this, for whom his people would have to atone for all future time, if they had any future, such a statesman is supposed to be *great*?" "Without a doubt!" replied the other old patriot emphatically: "otherwise he would not have been *able to do it*! Maybe it was madness to want something like this? But maybe everything great was only madness in the beginning!"—"Abuse of words!" his interlocutor shouted back at him:—"strong! strong! strong and mad! *Not* great!"—The old men had become visibly heated as they yelled their "truths" into each other's faces; but I, in my happiness and Beyond, considered how someone stronger will soon become master over the strong; and also that there is a compensation for the spiritual flattening of one people, namely in the deepening of another.—[6]

242[7]

Call it "civilization"[8] or "humanization" or "progress," with which we try today to identify what is distinctive about Europeans; or without praising or blaming call it simply by a political formula and say the *democratic* movement of Europe: behind all the moral and political foregrounds to which such formulas point a tremendous *physiological* process is taking place and increasingly gaining momentum—the process whereby Europeans are becoming similar, their growing detachment from the conditions under which climate- and class-bound races originate, their increasing independence from every *determinate* milieu, that for centuries has attempted to inscribe itself with the same demands into souls and bodies—hence the slow rise of an essentially supra-national and nomadic type of human being that, physiologically speaking, possesses a maximum of skill and power for adaptation as its typical distinction. This process of the *developing European*, which can be retarded by great relapses in tempo but perhaps for the same reason gains and grows in terms of vehemence—the storm and stress[9,10] of the "national feeling" that is still raging today belongs here, likewise the anarchism that is just coming up—: this process probably leads to results that its naïve supporters and eulogists, the apostles of "modern ideas," would have least expected. The same new conditions under which on average a leveling and mediocritization of humanity will emerge—a useful, industrious, multi-purpose and skillful herd animal human—are suited in the highest degree to give rise to exceptional humans of the most dangerous and charismatic quality. That is, whereas the power of adaptation that tries out ever-changing conditions and begins a new work with each generation, almost with each decade, does not at all make possible the *powerfulness* of the type; whereas the overall impression of such future Europeans will be that of diverse, garrulous, weak-willed and extremely deployable workers who *require* a master and a commander as much as

their daily bread; whereas therefore the democratization of Europe is leading to the production of a type that is prepared in the subtlest sense for *slavery*: therefore in individual and exceptional cases the *strong* human being will have to turn out stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever turned out—thanks to the absence of prejudice in his schooling, and thanks to the tremendous variety of practice, art and mask. What I mean is: the democratization of Europe is simultaneously an involuntary arrangement for the cultivation of *tyrants*—that word understood in every sense, including the most spiritual.

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I hear with pleasure that our sun has embarked on a rapid course toward the constellation of *Hercules*: and I hope that the human beings on this earth will do the same as the sun. And we at the forefront, we good Europeans!—

244[11]

There was a time when people were accustomed to calling the Germans "profound" as a distinction: now, when the most successful type of the new Germanity lusts after quite different honors and perhaps misses the "dashingness" of everything that has profundity, the doubt is almost timely and patriotic as to whether people may have deceived themselves in the past with that praise: specifically, whether German profundity at bottom is not something different and worse—something that, thank God, we are on the verge of successfully getting rid of. So let us make an attempt to rethink German profundity: we need nothing more for this than a bit of vivisection of the German soul.—Above all the German soul is manifold, of different origins, more pieced together and piled on than actually built: this is because of its descent. A German who had the temerity to exclaim "two souls, alas! are dwelling in my breast"[12] would seriously violate the truth or, more correctly, would fall short of the truth by many souls. As a people

of the most monstrous mixing and blending of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as "people of the middle" in every sense of the word, the Germans are more incomprehensible, comprehensive, contradictory, unknown, unpredictable, surprising, even more horrifying than other peoples are to themselves: — they elude *definition* and already for that reason are the despair of the French. It characterizes the Germans that the question "what is German?" never dies out for them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "we've been recognized!" they cried out to him jubilantly — but *Sand* also thought he knew them.[13] Jean Paul[14] knew what he was doing when he angrily denounced Fichte's mendacious but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations — but it is probable that Goethe[15] thought otherwise about the Germans than Jean Paul[16] did, even if he acknowledged that he was right with respect to Fichte.[17] What did Goethe really think about the Germans?[18] — But there were many things around him that he never spoke to clearly, and his life long he knew how to maintain a subtle silence: — he probably had good reasons to do so. What is certain is that it was not the "Wars of Liberation" that caused him to perk up, no more so than the French Revolution — no, the event for whose sake he *rethought* his *Faust* and in fact the whole problem of being human was the appearance of Napoleon. There are words of Goethe in which he denounces as if from abroad, with impatient harshness, what Germans embrace with pride: the famous German *Gemüt*[19] he once defined as "indulgence toward the weaknesses of others and oneself."[20] Was he wrong? — what distinguishes Germans is that people are seldom completely wrong about them. The German soul contains passages and inter-passages, there are caves, hideouts and dungeons in it; its disorder has much of the charm of mystery about it; and Germans know the secret paths to chaos. And just as every thing loves its likeness, so too Germans love the clouds and all that is unclear, becoming, twilit, damp and overcast: whatever is uncertain, unformed, shifting, growing

in any way they feel to be "profound." Germans themselves *are* not, they *become*, they "develop." "Development" is therefore the real German find and coup in the great realm of philosophical formulas: — a ruling concept that, allied with German beer and German music, is working on Germanizing all of Europe. Foreigners stand amazed and enthralled before the riddles posed to them by the contradictory nature at the bottom of the German soul (which Hegel put into systematic form and Richard Wagner ultimately even set to music). "Good-natured and devious" — such a pairing, though nonsensical applied to any other people, is unfortunately too often justified in Germany: just try living for a time among Swabians! The ponderousness of the German scholar, his social boorishness corresponds alarmingly well with an inner tightrope-walking and easy boldness that all gods have learned to fear by now. Anyone who wants a demonstration of the "German soul" *ad oculos*[21] need only look into German taste, German arts and customs: what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the vilest stand next to each other there! How disorderly and rich is this entire household of the soul! The German *drags* his soul; he drags everything he experiences. He digests his events badly, he is never "finished" with them; German profundity is often only a hard and sluggish "digestion." And just as all the chronically ill, all dyspeptics have a tendency to seek comfort, Germans love "frankness" and "uprightness": how *comfortable* it is to be frank and upright! — Today it is possibly the most dangerous and successful disguise known by Germans, this confiding, accommodating, cards-on-the-table aspect of German *honesty*: it is their actual Mephistophelian art, and with it they can "still go far"![22] The German lets himself go, looks at you with those true, blue, vacant German eyes — and right away foreigners mistake him for his dressing gown! — What I mean is: let "German profundity" be what it may — entirely between us we perhaps allow ourselves to laugh about it? — we do well to honor its appearance and good name into the future, and not

trade our old reputation as a people of profundity too cheaply for Prussian "dashingness" and Berlin wit and sand. It is prudent for a people to make themselves seem profound, awkward, good-natured, honest and imprudent, to *allow* themselves to seem so: it could even be—profound! Finally: one should live up to one's name—we are not for nothing called the "*tiusche*" folk, the *Täusche*-folk . . .[23]

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The "good old" days are gone, they sang themselves out with Mozart:—how fortunate are *we* that his rococo still speaks to us, that his "good company," his tender enthusiasms, his childish delight in things Chinese and in frills, his courtesy of the heart, his longing for delicate, enamored, dancing and blissfully tearful people, his faith in the south may still appeal to some *vestige* in us! Oh, this too will be gone someday!—but who could doubt that our understanding and taste for Beethoven will be gone even sooner!—he who was after all only the fading of a transitional style and a stylistic breech and *not*, like Mozart, the fading of a great centuries-long European taste. Beethoven is the interim episode of an old brittle soul that is constantly breaking and a future overly young soul that is constantly *arriving*; that twilight of eternal loss and eternally extravagant hope lies on his music—the same light in which Europe was bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced around the freedom tree of the Revolution and finally almost came to worship Napoleon. But how quickly now precisely *this* feeling pales, how difficult even *knowledge* of this feeling is today—how foreign to our ears sounds the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, Byron, in whom *together* the same destiny of Europe found its way into words that in Beethoven knew how to sing!—Whatever German music came afterward belongs in Romanticism, that is, measured historically, in an even briefer, more fleeting, more superficial movement than was that great interlude, that transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon and to the

rise of democracy. Weber[24]: but today what are *Freischütz* and *Oberon to us*! Or Marschner's[25] *Hans Heiling* and *Vampyr*! Or even Wagner's *Tannhäuser*! That is music that has died out, even if it is not yet forgotten music. This entire music of Romanticism incidentally was not noble enough to assert itself anywhere except in the theater and before crowds; from the start it was second-class music of little regard among real musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyonic master who was quickly revered and just as quickly forgotten on account of his lighter, purer, more favored soul: as a beautiful *interlude* of German music. But as concerns Robert Schumann, who took things seriously and from the start also was taken seriously—he was the last to found a school—: is it not a good fortune among us today, and a relief and a liberation, that precisely this Schumann romanticism has been overcome? Schumann, who fled into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, half Wertherish, half Jean Paulish in disposition, certainly not Beethovenish! certainly not Byronish!—his *Manfred* music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the point of being an injustice—Schumann with his taste, that was at bottom a *small* taste (namely a dangerous tendency, doubly so among Germans, toward quiet lyricism and drunkardliness of feeling), always off to one side, shyly withdrawing and retreating, a noble sissy who wallowed in all kinds of anonymous happiness and pain, a kind of girl and *noli me tangere*[26] from the start: this Schumann was already a mere *German* event in music, no longer a European one, as Beethoven was, as Mozart had been to an even more encompassing extent—with him German music was threatened by its greatest danger, that of losing *the voice for the soul of Europe* and sinking to a mere fatherlandishness.—

246

—What torture are books written in German for someone who has a *third* ear! How reluctantly he stands beside the slowly revolving swamp of sounds that do not sound, of rhythms

without dance that pass for a "book" among Germans! And especially the German who *reads* books! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know and demand it of themselves to know that there is *art* in every good sentence—art that wants to be figured out insofar as the sentence wants to be understood! A misunderstanding about its tempo, for instance: and the sentence itself is misunderstood! To not be in doubt about the rhythmically decisive syllables, to feel the break with the all-too-rigid symmetry as deliberate and attractive, to hold up a subtle and patient ear to every *staccato* and *rubato*,[27] to guess the meaning in the sequence of vowels and diphthongs and how tenderly and richly they can color and recolor each other in succession: who among book-reading Germans has enough good will to acknowledge duties and demands such as these and to listen carefully for so much art and intention in language? In the end people simply do not "have the ear for it": and so the strongest contrasts of style go unheard and the finest artistry is *wasted* as if on the deaf.—These were my thoughts as I noticed how clumsily and cluelessly two masters in the art of prose were mistaken for one another, one whose faltering words dripped down coldly as if from the ceiling of a damp cave—he is counting on their dull sound and resounding—and another who wields his language like a flexible rapier, and from his arm to his toes feels the dangerous joy of a quivering super-sharp blade that wants to bite, hiss and slice.—

247[28]

How little German style has to do with sound and with the ears is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians write poorly. Germans do not read aloud, for the ear, but merely for the eyes: meanwhile they have put their ears away in a drawer. Ancient people read, if they read—it happened rarely enough—aloud to themselves, and even in a loud voice; people would be surprised if someone read softly and they

would secretly look for reasons. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swells, inflections and reversals of tone and changes in tempo in which the ancient *public* world took delight. Back then the rules of written style were the same as those of spoken style; and its rules depended in part on the amazing development and the refined requirements of the ear and the larynx, partly on the strength, endurance and power of the ancient lung. A period in the sense of the ancients is above all a physiological whole, insofar as it is encompassed in a single breath. Such periods as are found in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and subsiding twice and all within a single breath: those were pleasures for *ancient* people who knew from their own training to appreciate the rare and difficult virtue of performing such a period: — *we* really have no right to the *great* period, we moderns who are short of breath in every sense! Indeed, all of these ancients were themselves dilettantes in rhetoric, hence connoisseurs, hence critics — that is how they spurred their orators to their utmost; in the same way, in the previous century when all Italian men and women knew how to sing, virtuosity in singing (and therewith also the art of the melodic —) reached its zenith among them. In Germany, however, there was really (until quite recently, when a kind of rostrum eloquence timidly and clumsily stirred its young wings) only one genre of public and *approximately* artistic rhetoric: that which came down from the pulpit. In Germany the preacher alone knew the weight of a syllable and a word, and to what extent a sentence kept time, leapt, plunged, ran and ran out, he alone had conscience in his ears, and often enough a bad conscience: for there is no lack of reasons why Germans in particular rarely achieve excellence in rhetoric, and almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore, viewed fairly, the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the *Bible* has so far been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible almost everything else is mere "literature" — a thing that did not grow up in Germany and therefore also did not and does not grow into German hearts: the way the Bible did.

248

There are two kinds of genius: one that primarily begets and wants to beget, and another that likes to get impregnated and to give birth. And likewise there are among the peoples of genius those to whom has fallen the woman's problem of pregnancy and the secret task of forming, ripening, and completing—the Greeks for instance were a people of this kind, as were the French—; then there are others who must fertilize and become the cause of new orders of life—like the Jews, the Romans and, asking in all modesty, the Germans?—Peoples tormented and thrilled by unknown fevers and irresistibly pressed beyond themselves, enamored of and lusting after foreign races (after those that "allow" themselves "to be fertilized"—) and in the process domineering like everything that knows itself to be full of procreative forces and consequently knows "of God's grace." These two kinds of genius seek each other like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other—like man and woman.

249

Every people has its own tartuffery and calls it its virtues.—The best that we are we do not know—we cannot[29] know.

250

What does Europe owe to the Jews?—Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing that is simultaneously of the best and worst: the grand style in morality, the terribleness and majesty of infinite demands, infinite interpretations, the whole romanticism and sublimity of what is morally questionable—and so precisely the most appealing, insidious and choicest part of those plays of color and seductions to life in whose afterglow the sky of our European culture today, its evening sky, smolders—perhaps smolders out. For this we artists among the spectators and philosophers owe the Jews our—gratitude.[30]

251[31]

We have to take it in our stride if various clouds and disturbances, in brief, small fits of stupidity—drift over the spirit of a people that suffers and *wants* to suffer from nationalistic nervous fever and political ambition: for instance with the Germans of today there is now the anti-French stupidity, now the anti-Jewish, now the anti-Polish, now the Christian-romantic, now the Wagnerian, now the Teutonic, now the Prussian (just *look* at these poor historians, these Sybels[32] and Treitzschkes[33] with their thickly bandaged heads—), and whatever else they might be called, these little befoggings of the German spirit. It might be forgiven that I too was not completely spared of this illness during a brief risky sojourn on very infected turf, and like everyone else I started to have thoughts about things that do not concern me: the first symptom of the political infection. For example about the Jews: listen now.—I have yet to meet a German who was well disposed toward Jews; and though the rejection of actual anti-Semitism on the part of all who are cautious and political is unconditional, still this caution and politics is not directed against the species of the feeling itself, but only against its dangerous immoderation, particularly against the insipid and disgraceful expression of this immoderate feeling—there is no deceiving ourselves about this. That Germany has abundantly *enough* Jews, that the German stomach and German blood have problems (and will have problems for a long time) even digesting this existing quantum of "Jew"—as the Italians, French and English have already done as a result of their stronger digestion—: this is the clear testimony and language of a general instinct to which we should listen and according to which we must act. "Admit no more Jews! And bar the doors especially to the East (Austria too)!"—thus commands the instinct of a people whose type is still weak and indeterminate, so that it could be easily blurred and easily extinguished. But the Jews are without a doubt the strongest, most tenacious and

purest race[34] now living in Europe; they know how to assert themselves even under the worst conditions (better even than under favorable ones), by means of some kinds of virtues that people today would like to label as vices—thanks above all to a resolute faith that need not be ashamed before "modern ideas"; they change, *if* they change, always only as the Russian empire makes its conquests—as an empire that has time and is not of yesterday—: namely according to the principle "as slowly as possible!" A thinker who has the future of Europe on his conscience will reckon with the Jews as with the Russians for every scenario he drafts of this future, as the most certain and probable factors in the great play and struggle of forces at this time. What is today called a "nation" in Europe and is really more a *res facta* than *nata* (indeed sometimes looks indistinguishable from a *res ficta et picta*—)[35] is in any case something becoming, young, easily displaced, and still not a race, let alone such an *aere perennius*[36] as is the Jewish type: these "nations" should really beware of any hot-headed rivalry and hostility! That the Jews if they wanted—or if they were forced, as the anti-Semites seem to want—even now *could* have the upper hand, indeed quite literally mastery over Europe, is certain: that they are *not* working toward it and planning for it is likewise certain. For the time being they want and desire on the contrary, even with some importunity, to be absorbed and assimilated into and by Europe, they thirst to finally be stable, permitted, respected and to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "Wandering Jew"—; and we should note well and accommodate this urge and impulse (which itself possibly expresses a mitigation of Jewish instincts): for which it would perhaps be useful and fair to expel the anti-Semitic screamers from the country. Accommodate with every caution, selectively; more or less as the English nobility does.[37] It is plain as day that the easiest involvement with them could be undertaken by the stronger and already more firmly defined types of the new Germanity, for instance the officers of the nobility of the Mark:[38] it would be of manifold

interest to see whether the genius of money and patience (and above all some spirit and spirituality, in which the place in question is seriously lacking—) could not be added and cultivated into the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—the region in question is classical today in both.[39] But here it behooves me to break off my cheerful Germanifications and banquet speech: since I am already touching on what is *serious* to me, on the "European problem," as I understand it, on the cultivation of a new caste that will rule over Europe.—

252[40]

This is no philosophical race—these English: Bacon signifies an *attack* on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume and Locke a debasement and decline in value of the concept "philosopher" for more than a century. Kant arose and rose up *against* Hume; it was Locke of whom Schelling *was able* to say: "*je méprise Locke*";[41] Hegel and Schopenhauer (with Goethe) were of one mind in the struggle against the English-mechanistic nitwitization of the world, those two hostile brother geniuses in philosophy who strove apart along the opposite poles of the German spirit and in doing so wronged each other as only brothers do.—What is lacking and has always been lacking in England was known well enough by that half actor and rhetorician, that insipid muddle-head Carlyle, who tried to conceal beneath passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely what was *lacking* in Carlyle—real *power* of spirituality, real *depth* of intellectual vision, in short, philosophy.—It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race that it adheres rigidly to Christianity: it *needs* Christianity's discipline in order to become "moralized" and more humanized. The English: gloomier, more sensual, more strong-willed and brutal than the Germans—are for precisely that reason, as the meaner of the two, also more pious than the Germans: they simply *need* Christianity more. To finer nostrils even this English Christianity still has a genuinely English odor of spleen and alcoholic

dissipation, against which it is used as a remedy, for good reasons—the subtler poison against the cruder: a subtler poisoning is indeed already progress among clumsy peoples, a step toward spiritualization. English clumsiness and peasant earnestness are most tolerably dressed up, or more correctly explained and reinterpreted, by Christian gestures, by praying and by singing psalms; and for those cattle-like drunkards and dissipaters who formerly learned to grunt morally under the sway of Methodism and recently once more as the "Salvation Army," a spasm of penitence might actually be the relatively highest achievement of "humanity" to which they can be elevated: this much we should in fairness confess. But what is offensive in even the most humane Englishman is his lack of music, to speak metaphorically (and without metaphors—): he has no rhythm and dance in the movements of his soul and his body, indeed not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Just listen to him speak; watch the most beautiful Englishwomen *walk*—in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans—finally: listen to them sing! But I am asking for too much . . . . .[42]

253[43]

There are truths known best by mediocre minds, because they are best suited for such minds: there are truths that have charm and seductive power only for mediocre spirits:—we are just now bumping up against this perhaps unpleasant proposition, since the spirit of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I will name Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer—is on the verge of becoming predominant in the middle regions of European taste. Indeed, who would question the utility of *such* spirits occasionally ruling? It would be a mistake to regard the highly developed and solo-flying spirits as particularly skilled in determining, collecting and drawing conclusions from many common little facts:—on the contrary as exceptions they are from the outset in no favorable position vis-à-vis "rules." Ultimately they have more to do than merely to

know—namely to *be* something new, to *mean* something new, to *represent* new values! The chasm between knowing and being able to do something is perhaps greater, and also uncannier than we think: the capable man of the grand style, the creative one, will possibly have to be ignorant—whereas on the other hand a certain narrowness, dryness and industrious attention to detail, in short something English might not be a bad thing to have at our disposal for discoveries like those of Darwin.—In the end we should not forget about the English that already once before they caused an overall depression of the European spirit with their deep ordinariness: what people call "modern ideas" or "the ideas of the eighteenth century" or also "French ideas"—hence that against which the *German* spirit rose up in profound disgust—that was of English origin, of this there is no doubt. The French have only been the apes and actors of these ideas, also their best soldiers, and likewise unfortunately their first and most thorough *victims*: for on this damnable Anglomania of "modern ideas" the *âme française*[44] has become so skinny and emaciated that today we recall its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its deep, passionate power, its inventive nobility almost with disbelief. But we must hang on to this proposition of historical fairness with our teeth, and defend it against the moment and appearances: European *noblesse*—of feeling, of taste, of custom, in short, taking the word in every elevated sense—is *France's* work and invention, while European vulgarity, the plebeianism of modern ideas—is *England's*.—

254

Even now France is still the seat of the most spiritual and sophisticated culture in Europe and the preeminent school of taste: but one has to know where to find this "France of taste." Whoever belongs to it keeps himself well hidden:—it may be a small number in whom it actually lives, and what's more, these are perhaps people who do not stand on the strongest

of legs, some are fatalists, dark souls, and the sick, some are pampered and affected, those who have the *ambition* to hide. All of them have something in common: they close their ears to the raving stupidity and the noisy gab of the democratic bourgeois. Indeed it is a dumbed-down and coarsened France that wallows in the foreground today—recently at the funeral of Victor Hugo[45] it celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste and self-admiration at the same time. There is something else they have in common: the good will to resist spiritual Germanization—and an even better inability to do so! Perhaps Schopenhauer even now is more at home and familiar in this France of the spirit, which is also a France of pessimism, than he ever was in Germany; not to mention Heinrich Heine, who long ago was adopted into the flesh and blood of the subtler and more demanding lyric poets of Paris, or Hegel, who in the form of Taine—that is, the *foremost* living historian—exerts a nearly tyrannical influence. But as concerns Richard Wagner: the more French music learns to shape itself according to the real needs of the *âme moderne*,[46] the more it will "Wagnerize," this is predictable—it is already doing it enough! Still there are three things that the French even today can point to with pride as their heritage and their property, and as the enduring mark of an old cultural superiority over Europe, despite all voluntary or involuntary Germanization and vulgarizing of taste: the first is their capacity for artistic passions, for the devotion to "form" for which the term *l'art pour l'art*[47] was invented, along with a thousand others:—things like this have not been missing in France for three centuries, and thanks to their respect for the "small number" they have repeatedly made possible a kind of chamber music of literature that is not to be found in the rest of Europe—.[48] The second thing, on which the French can ground their superiority over Europe, is their old diverse *moralistic* culture, which allows on average that even in the case of little *romanciers*[49] of newspapers and chance *boulevardiers de Paris*[50] we find a psychological

irritability and curiosity of which Germans for instance have no idea (let alone the thing itself!). For this the Germans are lacking a couple of centuries of a moralistic kind, which as I have said France did not spare itself; whoever calls the Germans "naïve" for this would be praising them for a defect. (As the opposite of German inexperience and innocence *in voluptate psychologica*,[51] which is not too distantly related to the tedium of German company—and as the most successful expression of a genuine French curiosity and inventiveness for this realm of delicate awe there is Henri Beyle,[52] that remarkable, anticipatory forerunner who ran with Napoleonic speed through *his* Europe, through several centuries of the European soul, as a pathfinder and discoverer of this soul:—it took two generations to halfway *catch up* with him, to figure out a few of the riddles that tormented and delighted this odd epicurean and question mark of a human being who was France's last great psychologist—.) There is still a third claim to superiority: in the nature of the French there is a halfway successful synthesis of north and south which allows them to comprehend many things and enables them to do others that the English never will comprehend; their temperament, periodically turning toward and away from the south, in which from time to time the Provençal and Ligurian blood foams over, protects them from the horrific northern gray on gray and the sunless conceptual spookiness and anemia[53]—our *German* sickness of the taste, against whose excesses people at the moment have with great resolve prescribed blood and iron:[54] that is, "great politics" (in keeping with a dangerous medical practice that teaches me to wait and wait but so far not to hope—). Even now in France there is still a predisposition and an accommodation for those rarer and rarely satisfied people who are too comprehensive to be content with any kind of fatherlandishness and in the north know how to love the south, in the south the north—for the born midlanders, the "good Europeans."—*Bizet* made his music for them, this last

genius who saw a new beauty and seduction—who discovered a piece of *music's southernness.*

255

I think it is necessary to be cautious of German music in many ways. Suppose someone who loves the south as I do, as a great school of convalescence in the most spiritual and sensual sense, as a boundless fullness and transfiguration of sun that spreads itself over an overbearing existence that believes in itself: well now, someone like this would have to learn to be a bit wary of German music, because as it ruins his taste it also ruins his health again. Such a southerner, not by birth but by *faith*, if he dreamed of the future of music would also have to have dreamed of a redemption from the music of the north, and in his ears he would have the prelude of a deeper, more powerful, perhaps more evil and mysterious music, a supra-German music that does not fade, yellow, and pale at the sight of the blue voluptuous sea and the Mediterranean brilliance of the sky, as all German music does, a supra-European music, that is justified even before the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is related to palm trees and knows how to be at home and to roam among big, beautiful, solitary predators . . . . . I could imagine a music whose rarest magic consisted in its no longer knowing anything of good and evil, only perhaps here and there some sailor's longing, some golden shadows and delicate weaknesses would pass over it: an art that would see fleeing toward it from a great distance the colors of a setting *moral* world that had become almost incomprehensible, and would be hospitable and profound enough to receive such late refugees.—

256[55]

Thanks to the pathological alienation that the insanity of nationality has thrown down between the peoples of Europe and is still throwing down, thanks likewise to the politicians of shortsightedness and the hasty hand, who are riding high today

with the help of this insanity and do not suspect at all how much the dissolution politics they practice can of necessity only be an entr'acte politics—thanks to all this and to some things that are completely unmentionable today, people are now overlooking or arbitrarily and mendaciously reinterpreting the most unequivocal signs expressing the view that *Europe wants to become one*.[56] In all the deeper and more comprehensive human beings of this century it was the real overall direction in the mysterious workings of their soul to prepare the way for this new *synthesis* and to experimentally anticipate the European of the future: only in their foregrounds or in weaker hours, perhaps in old age, did they belong to the "fatherlands"—they were only resting from themselves when they became "patriots." I am thinking of people like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: and do not hold it against me that I include Richard Wagner here too, for we should not allow ourselves to be led astray by his own misunderstandings—geniuses of his kind rarely have the right to understand themselves. Even less so should we be led astray by the loutish clamor with which Richard Wagner is now being blocked out and locked out in France:—the fact remains nonetheless that the *French late romanticism* of the forties and Richard Wagner belong together most closely and intimately. They are related in all the highs and lows of their needs, fundamentally related: it is Europe, the one Europe, whose soul surges and longs outward and upward from their multifarious and tempestuous art—where to? to a new light? to a new sun? But who could express accurately what all these masters of innovative linguistic methods did not know how to express clearly? What is certain is that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they *searched* in the same way, these last great seekers! All of them dominated up to their eyes and ears by literature—the first artists educated in world literature—most of them even themselves writers, poets, mediators and mixers of the arts and the senses (Wagner as a musician belongs among the painters, as poet among the

musicians, as an artist generally among the actors); all of them were fanatics of *expression* "at any cost"—I emphasize Delacroix, Wagner's closest kin—all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the hideous and the horrific, even greater discoverers in the realm of effects, in exhibition, in the art of window displays, all of them talents far beyond their genius—virtuosos through and through, with uncanny passages to everything that seduces, lures, compels, overthrows, born enemies of logic and straight lines, greedy for the foreign, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, and the self-contradictory; as human beings Tantaluses[57] of the will, plebeians who rose above, who in their lives and creativity knew themselves incapable of a noble tempo, a *lento*[58]—think for instance of Balzac—unbridled workers, nearly self-destroyers through work; antinomians and agitators toward customs, ambitious and insatiable without balance and enjoyment; all of them finally breaking down and sinking to their knees before the Christian cross (and this rightly so: for who among them would have been profound and original enough for a philosophy of the *Antichrist*?—) on the whole an audaciously daring, magnificently violent, high-flying and uplifting kind of higher[59] human being who first had to teach their century—and it is the century of the *masses*!—the concept of "higher human being"[60] . . . . . Let the friends of Wagner deliberate amongst themselves as to whether there is something absolutely German in Wagnerian music, or whether perhaps its distinction is not precisely that it derives from *supra-German* sources and impulses: here it should not be underestimated how Paris in particular was indispensable for the development of his type, how at the most decisive moment the depth of his instinct made him crave to be there, and finally how his entire manner of appearance and his self-apostolate could only perfect itself in the face of the French socialist model. Upon closer comparison, we will perhaps find, to the honor of the German nature of Richard Wagner, that he did everything in a stronger, more daring, harder, higher way than

a Frenchman of the nineteenth century could do—thanks to the circumstance that we Germans are still closer to barbarism than the French—; perhaps the most remarkable thing Richard Wagner created is inaccessible, incapable of being felt, and inimitable forever for the whole Latin race which is so mature, not just for today: it is the figure of Siegfried, that *very free* human being who may indeed be far too free, hard, cheerful, healthy, too *anti-Catholic* for the taste of old and decaying cultures. He may have even been a sin against romanticism, this anti-Romanic Siegfried: well now, Wagner abundantly discharged this sin in his old gloomy days when—anticipating a taste that has since become politics—he started to preach *the way to Rome*, if not to walk it, with his characteristic religious vehemence.[61]—So that these final words of mine are not misunderstood, I want to enlist the aid of a few energetic rhymes that will reveal even to less subtle ears what I want—what I have *against* the "late Wagner" and his *Parsifal*-music.

—Is this even German?—

From German hearts such steamy lamentation?
From German bodies this self-flagellation?
German these priestly outstretched arms,
These incense-reeking sensuous charms?
German this halting, plunging, reeling,
This inexplicit ding-dong-pealing?
This nunnish ogling midst *Ave*-tinkling knells,
This heaven over-heavened by phony rapture spells?
—Is this even German?—
Stop and think! You are still at the gate:—
For what you hear is *Rome*,—*without the words*[62] *Rome's faith*!

What Is Noble?

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Every enhancement so far in the type "human being" was the work of an aristocratic society—and it will be this way again and again: a society that believes in a long ladder of rank order and value-difference between one person and another and in some sense requires slavery. Without the *pathos of distance* as it grows out of the ingrained difference between classes, out of the constant looking out and looking down of the ruling caste on subordinates and instruments, and out of its likewise constant exercise of obeying and commanding, of keeping down and keeping apart, neither could that other more mysterious pathos grow at all, that craving in the soul for ever new expansion of distance, the development of ever higher, rarer, more remote, more widespread and comprehensive states, in brief, the enhancement of the type "human being," the ongoing "self-overcoming of humanity," to use a moral formula in a supra-moral sense. Of course: we must not succumb to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origins of an aristocratic society (hence of the prerequisite of that enhancement of the type "human being"—): the truth is harsh. Let us admit to ourselves unsparingly how so far every higher culture on earth has *begun*! Human beings with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, predatory men who still possessed unbroken strength of will and lust for power

hurled themselves on weaker, more civilized, more peaceful races, perhaps those who were traders, or keepers of livestock, or on old decaying cultures in whom the last signs of vitality were flaring out in brilliant fireworks of spirit and corruption. In the beginning the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: its superiority was not chiefly in physical but in psychical strength—they were *more whole* human beings (which at every stage also amounts to "more whole beasts"—).

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Corruption as the indication that anarchy is a threat among the instincts, and that the foundation of the affects, what we call "life," is shattered: corruption is something fundamentally different depending on the life-form in which it manifests itself. When for instance an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution throws away its privileges with a sublime disgust and sacrifices itself to an extravagance of its moral feeling, then this is corruption:—it was really only the final act of that centuries-long corruption by virtue of which it relinquished its authority to rule and demoted itself to being a *function* of the monarchy (ultimately even its pomp and showpiece). But what is essential in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it does *not* feel itself to be a function (be it of the monarchy or of the polity), but its *meaning* and highest justification—that it therefore accepts in good conscience the sacrifice of countless people who *for its sake* have to be oppressed and reduced to incomplete human beings, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must simply be that society *cannot* exist for society's sake, but only as the substructure and framework on which a choice kind of being is able to climb up to its highest task and generally to a higher level of *being*: comparable to those sun-addicted climbing plants on Java—they are called *Sipo Matador*—that wrap their arms around an oak tree for so long and so often that finally, high above it but still leaning on it, they unfold their leafy crown in the open light of day and are able to display their happiness.—

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To mutually refrain from injury, violence, and exploitation, and to place one's will on an equal footing with someone else's: this can in a certain crude sense become good manners between individuals if the conditions for it exist (namely their actual similarity in amounts of strength and value-standards and their shared membership in a single body). But as soon as anyone tried to take this principle further and possibly even as the *fundamental principle of society*, it would immediately be shown for what it is: the will to *denial* of life, the principle of disintegration and decline. Here we have to thoroughly think to the bottom and resist all sentimental weakness: life itself is *essentially* appropriation, injury, overpowering of what is foreign and weaker, oppression, harshness, imposition of one's own forms, incorporation and at least, at its mildest, exploitation—but why should we always have to use precisely those words on which from time immemorial a slanderous intention has been stamped? Even those bodies within which, as assumed earlier, individuals treat each other as equal—it happens in every healthy aristocracy—must, if it is a living and not a dying body, itself do to other bodies everything that the individuals within it refrain from doing to each other: it will have to be the incarnate will to power, it will grow, spread out, pull things in, try to gain the upper hand—not due to some morality or immorality, but because it *lives*, and because life simply *is* will to power. But in no point is the crude consciousness of Europeans more reluctant to learn than here; today people everywhere are raving, even under scientific pretexts, about future conditions of society from which "the exploitative character" will be removed:—to my ears this sounds as if one were promising to invent a life that would refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a spoiled or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the *essence* of what lives, as organic basic function, it is a consequence of the actual will to power, which is simply the will of

life.—Suppose this is in theory an innovation—as reality it is the *primordial fact* of all history: let us be honest with ourselves to this extent!—

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While wandering through the many subtler and cruder moralities that have prevailed so far on earth or still prevail, I found certain traits regularly recurring with one another and connected to each other: until finally two basic types revealed themselves to me and a fundamental difference leapt forth. There is *master-morality* and *slave-morality*;—I hasten to add that in all higher and more mixed cultures attempts at mediation of both moralities also appear, even more frequently the intermingling of the two and mutual misunderstanding, indeed on occasion their close coexistence—even in the same human being, within a single soul. Moral value-distinctions have arisen either under a dominating type, that became pleasantly aware of its difference vis-à-vis the dominated—or under the dominated, the slaves and those who are dependent to every degree. In the first case, when the ruling group determines the concept "good," it is the elevated, proud states of the soul that are perceived as distinguishing and determining the rank order. The noble human being sets apart from himself those in whom the opposite of such elevated, proud states expresses itself: he despises them. We note at once that in this first kind of morality the contrast between "good" and "bad" amounts to "noble" and "contemptible":—the contrast between "good" and "*evil*" is of a different origin.[3] Contempt is felt for the cowardly, the anxious, the petty, and the one who thinks about his own narrow utility; likewise the suspicious with their burdened glances, those who debase themselves, the dog-like people who allow themselves to be abused, the begging sycophants, and above all the liars:—it is a basic belief of all aristocrats that the common folk are mendacious. "We truthful ones"[4]—this is what the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is plain to see that moral

value-distinctions were first applied everywhere to *human beings* and only derivatively and later to *actions*: that is why it is a serious mistake when historians of morality proceed from such questions as "why are compassionate acts praised?" The noble kind of human being feels *itself* to be value-determining, does not need approval, judges "what is harmful to me is harmful in and of itself," knows itself to be that which imparts honor to things in the first place, is *value-creating*. Everything it recognizes in itself it honors: such a morality is self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of fullness, of power that wants to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of wealth that would bestow and give of itself:—the noble human being also helps the unfortunate, but not or almost not from compassion, but from an urge produced by an excess of power. The noble human being honors in itself the one who is powerful, also the one who has power over itself, who knows how to speak and to keep silent, who joyfully exercises discipline and harshness over itself and respects everything that is severe and harsh. "A hard heart Wotan has put into my breast" reads a line from an old Scandinavian saga: this is fitting poetry indeed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a human being is proud that it is *not made for compassion, which is why the hero of the saga adds* the warning "if someone's heart is not already hard in youth, his heart will never become hard." Noble and courageous human beings who think in this manner are furthest from that morality that sees the distinguishing feature of morality precisely in compassion or in acting on behalf of others or in *désintéressement*;[5] belief in oneself, pride in oneself, a fundamental hostility and irony toward "selflessness" belong just as surely to noble morality as a mild disdain and caution toward sympathy and a "warm heart."—It is the powerful who *understand* how to honor, it is their art, their realm of invention. Deep reverence for age and for one's background—all law is based on this double reverence—faith and prejudice in favor of one's forefathers and at the expense of future generations are

typical in the morality of the powerful; and conversely when people of "modern ideas" almost instinctively believe in "progress" and "the future" and increasingly lose their respect for age, this in itself suffices to expose the ignoble descent of these "ideas." But most of all a morality of ruling types is foreign and painful to contemporary taste in the severity of its principle that one has duties only to one's peers; that toward beings of a lower rank and toward everything alien one can behave as he pleases or "as the heart desires" and in any case "beyond good and evil"—: this is where compassion and so on might belong. The capacity and duty for long gratitude and long revenge—both only among peers—subtlety in retaliation, refinement of the concept of friendship, a certain necessity for having enemies (as it were as safety valves for the affects of envy, quarrelsomeness, impudence—basically in order to be a good *friend*): all of these are typical traits of noble morality which, as indicated above, is not a morality of "modern ideas" and is therefore difficult to empathize with today, also difficult to excavate and uncover.—Things are different with the second type of morality, *slave-morality*. Suppose the violated, oppressed, suffering, unfree, those who are unsure of themselves, and the weary were to moralize: what would their moral valuations have in common? Probably a pessimistic suspicion of the whole condition of humanity will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of humanity along with his condition. The slave's gaze is not favorable to the virtues of the powerful: he is skeptical and suspicious, he has a *subtle* mistrust of everything "good" that is honored there—he wants to convince himself that even their happiness is not genuine. Conversely those qualities are foregrounded and highlighted that serve to alleviate the existence of sufferers: here compassion, the obliging and helping hand, a warm heart, patience, industriousness, humility and friendliness are held in honor—since here these are the most useful qualities and practically the only means of enduring the pressure of existence. Slave-morality is essentially the morality of

utility. This is the cradle of the emergence of that famous opposition of "good" and "evil": — power and danger are sensed to belong to evil, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety and strength that prohibits the rise of contempt. According to slave-morality then, "evil" arouses fear; according to master-morality it is precisely the "good" who arouse and want to arouse fear, whereas the "bad" are perceived as contemptible. The opposition comes to a head when, following the logic of slave-morality, ultimately a tinge of disdain is also associated with the "good" of this morality — it may be mild and benevolent — because the good within the slave's way of thinking has to be the *undangerous human being* in any case: he is good-natured, easy to deceive, maybe a bit stupid, *un bonhomme*.[6] Wherever slave-morality gains the upper hand, language reveals a tendency to conflate the words "good" and "stupid." — One last fundamental difference: the longing for *freedom*, the instinct for happiness and the subtleties of feeling for freedom belong just as necessarily to slave-morals and slave-morality[7] as the art and fanaticism of reverence and devotion are regular symptoms of an aristocratic way of thinking and valuing. — From this we can readily understand why love *as passion* — it is our European specialty — absolutely has to be of noble lineage: as is well known its invention is traced to the knight-troubadours of Provence, those magnificent, inventive human beings of the "*gai saber*"[8] to whom Europe owes so much and nearly its very self. —

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Belonging to those things that are perhaps most difficult for a noble human being to understand is vanity: he is tempted to deny it even where a different kind of person believes he can grasp it in his hands. His problem is imagining beings who seek to inspire a good opinion about themselves that they do not themselves possess — and thus also do not "deserve" — and who afterward *believe* in this good opinion themselves. This seems to him half tasteless and disrespectful of oneself, and half so baroque and unreasonable that he would prefer to

interpret vanity as an exception and doubts its existence in most cases when it is spoken of. He would say for instance: "I can be mistaken about my value and still demand that my value be acknowledged by others exactly as I define it—but that is not vanity (but conceit or more frequently what is known as 'humility' or even 'modesty')." Or: "I can be pleased for many reasons about the good opinion of others, perhaps because I honor and love them and take pleasure in each of their joys, perhaps because the good opinion of others even in cases where I do not share it still is useful to me or promises to be of use—but all that is not vanity." The noble human being first has to force himself to grasp, with the aid of history, that since time immemorial in all strata of the population that were dependent to any extent, a common person *was* merely what people *considered* him to be:—not at all accustomed to positing values himself, he did not ascribe any other value to himself than what his masters ascribed to him (creating values is the true *right of masters*). We might understand it as the result of a tremendous atavism that the ordinary human being even now still *waits* for an opinion about himself and then instinctively subjects himself to it: but by no means only a "good" opinion, rather even a bad and unfair one (think for example of the majority of self-estimations and self-underestimations that devout women accept from their father confessors, and in general what a devout Christian accepts from his church). In fact now, in accordance with the slowly arising democratic order of things (and its cause, the blood-mixing of masters and slaves),[9] the originally noble and rare urge to attribute a value to oneself on one's own initiative, and to "think well" of oneself, is being increasingly encouraged and propagated: but it is always opposed by an urge that is older, broader and more fundamentally ingrained—and in the phenomenon of "envy" this older urge becomes master over the younger. The vain man is delighted by *every* good opinion he hears about himself (quite apart from all considerations of its utility and likewise indifferent to whether true or

false), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he subjects himself to both, he *feels* himself subjected to them on account of that oldest instinct of submission that breaks out in him. — It is "the slave" in the blood of the vain man, a residue of the cunning of the slave — and how much residual "slave" remains for example in woman! — who tries to *seduce* people to good opinions about her; it is also the slave who immediately afterward prostrates himself before these opinions as if he had not summoned them. — And to say it again: vanity is an atavism.[10]

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A *species* emerges, a type becomes fixed and strong under the long struggle with essentially constant *unfavorable* conditions. Conversely we know from the experience of breeders that species that are treated to overabundant nourishment and generally to an excess of protection and care soon tend most strongly toward variation of the type and are rich in oddities and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now look for a moment at an aristocratic community, say an ancient Greek city-state or Venice, as an arrangement, whether voluntary or involuntary, for the purpose of *breeding*: there we have people together and relying on each other who want their species to succeed, most often because they *must* succeed or they run the terrible risk of being exterminated. Lacking here is that benefit, that excess and protection under which variation is favored; the species needs itself as a species, as something that can succeed at all and make itself durable precisely by virtue of its harshness, uniformity and simplicity of form during constant struggle with its neighbors or with oppressed subjects who rebel or threaten rebellion. Experience of the most diverse kind teaches it which qualities it primarily has to thank for the fact that it still exists, despite all gods and human beings, that it still triumphs: these qualities it calls virtues, and it nurtures[11] these virtues alone. It does this with harshness, indeed it wants harshness; every aristocratic morality is intolerant in the education of youth, in disposing over women, in marriage

customs, in relationships between old and young, in its penal code (which focuses only on deviants):—it considers intolerance itself to be a virtue, under the rubric of "justice." In this manner a type with few but very strong traits, a kind of people who are austere, warlike, prudently silent, closed to the outside and closed-mouthed (and as such possessing the subtlest feeling for the charms and nuances of their society) becomes fixed beyond the changing of generations; the ongoing struggle with ever-constant *unfavorable* conditions is, as I said, what causes a type to become fixed and hard. Finally, however, a successful scenario arises and the tremendous tension eases up; perhaps there are no more enemies among their neighbors, and the means to life, even to enjoy life are abundantly present. With one stroke the bond and the constraint of the old discipline are torn: it no longer feels necessary, like a condition of existence—if it wanted to persist then it could only do so as a form of *luxury*, as an archaizing *taste*. Suddenly variation arrives on the scene in the greatest fullness and splendor, whether as deviation (into something higher, finer, rarer) or as degeneration and monstrosity, and the individual dares to be individual and to stand out. At these turning points of history a glorious, multifarious, jungle-like growth spurt and upward striving, a kind of *tropical* tempo in the competition for growth and a tremendous destruction and drive to self-destruction manifest themselves alongside one another and often interwoven and tangled together, thanks to the egoisms savagely turned against one another and exploding as it were, that wrestle each other "for sun and light" and can no longer extract any limit, any restraint or consideration from the previous morality. It was this very morality that had stockpiled energy so prodigiously, and bent the bow in such a threatening manner:—now it is and is being "outlived." The dangerous and uncanny moment has been reached when the greater, more diverse, more comprehensive life *lives over and beyond* the old morality; the "individual" now stands there, compelled to a legislating of his own, to his own arts and wiles of self-

preservation, self-enhancement, self-redemption. Now there is nothing but new whys, nothing but new hows, no more shared formulas, misunderstanding and disrespect are in league, decline, ruin and the highest cravings are horrifically entangled, the genius of the race is flooding over from all cornucopia of good and bad, a disastrous simultaneity of spring and autumn full of new charms and veils suited to the young and as yet unexhausted, as yet unwearied corruption. Once again danger is there, the mother of morality, great danger, this time displaced into the individual, into neighbors and friends, onto the street, into one's own child, into one's own heart, into all of one's most private and secret places of desire and will: what will the moral philosophers who are emerging around this time have to preach about now?[12] They are discovering, these keen observers and loafers, that everything around them is spoiled and spoils everything else, that nothing will remain standing after tomorrow except for one kind of human being, the incurably *mediocre*. The mediocre alone have the prospect of continuing themselves, of propagating—they are the people of the future, the only survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is now the only morality that still has meaning, that still finds listeners.—But it is hard to preach, this morality of mediocrity![13]—since it must never confess what it is and what it wants! it must speak of moderation and dignity and duty and love of one's neighbor—it will have a hard time *concealing the irony*!—

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There is an *instinct for rank* that more than anything is already the sign of a *high* rank; there is a *delight* in the nuances of respect that allows us to detect noble lineage and habits. The subtlety, goodness and height of a soul are dangerously put to the test when something that is of first rank passes it by but is not yet protected by the awe of authority against obtrusive grabbing and clumsiness: something that goes its way unmarked, undiscovered, tempting, perhaps voluntarily veiled

and disguised, like a living touchstone. Whoever possesses the task and practice of exploring souls will avail himself of this very art in many different forms, in order to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the unshakable, innate rank order to which it belongs: he will put it to the test regarding its *instinct of respect*. *Différence engendre haine*:[14] the crudeness of many natures suddenly spurts like dirty water when any sacred vessel, any precious thing from locked shrines, any book with markings of great destiny is carried past; and on the other hand there is an involuntary hush, a hesitant glance, a stillness of all gestures expressing that a soul *feels* the proximity of what is most venerable. The manner in which respect for the *Bible* has been maintained on the whole in Europe is perhaps the best piece of discipline and refinement of custom so far that Europe owes to Christianity: such books of profundity and ultimate meaning need an outside tyranny of authority for their protection, in order to gain those millennia of *duration* necessary for exhausting and deciphering them. Much has been accomplished if in the end the great masses (the shallow and speedy-boweled of every kind) have bred into them the feeling that they are not permitted to touch everything; that there are sacred experiences that require them to remove their shoes and refrain from touching with their dirty hands—such moments are practically their highest elevation to humanity. Conversely, perhaps nothing is more disgusting about so-called educated people, the believers in "modern ideas," as their lack of shame, the smug impudence in their eyes and hands that they use to touch, lick, and fondle everything; and it is possible that today among the common people, the simple folk, particularly among peasants, we will find more *relative* nobility of taste and tact for respect than among the newspaper-reading demimonde of the spirit, the educated.

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What one's forefathers liked to do most and most often cannot be expunged from the psyche of a human being: whether they

were perhaps thrifty savers and accessories of a desk and cash box, modest and bourgeois in their desires, modest also in their virtues: or whether they lived accustomed to giving orders from dawn till dusk, fond of rough pleasures and in addition perhaps even rougher duties and responsibilities; or whether finally at some time they sacrificed their old privileges of birth and property in order to live entirely for their faith—their "God"—as the people of an implacable and delicate conscience that blushes at any accommodation. It is not in the least possible that a human being might *not* have the qualities and preferences of his parents and ancestors in his body: whatever appearances may indicate to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Supposing we know something about the parents, an inference about the child is permitted: any repugnant indulgence, any secret envy, a clumsy need to be right—as these three together have constituted the real rabble-type throughout the ages—something of this kind has to transfer to the child as certainly as contaminated blood; and with the help of the best upbringing and education the most that can be achieved is to *deceive* people about such a heredity.—And what else do upbringing and education aim for today! In our very populist, that is to say rabble-like age "upbringing" and "education" *must* essentially be the art of deceiving—about our descent, the inherited rabble in our bodies and souls. An educator who today would preach truthfulness above all and constantly exhorted his students "be true! be natural! be what you are!"—even such a virtuous and true-hearted jackass would learn after a while to reach for that *furca* of Horace,[15] in order *naturam expellere*: but with what success? "Rabble" *usque recurret*.[16]—

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At the risk of offending innocent ears, I propose: egoism belongs to the essence of a noble soul, I mean that unshakable belief that other beings must by nature be subservient and sacrifice themselves to beings such as "we are." The noble soul accepts this fact of its egoism without any question mark,

without even a feeling of harshness, compulsion, or caprice, on the contrary as something that may be grounded in the primordial law of things: — if it were to look for a name for it, then it would say "it is justice itself." It admits under certain circumstances that cause it to hesitate at first that there are others with rights equal to its own; as soon as it has achieved clarity about this question of rank, it moves among these equals and equally entitled modestly and with tender respect, with the same confidence it shows in its behavior toward *itself* — in accordance with an innate, celestial mechanics familiar to all stars. It is just one *more* piece of its egoism, this subtlety and self-limitation in dealing with its equals — every star is such an egoist — : it honors *itself* in them and in the rights it cedes them, it does not doubt that the exchange of honors and rights, being the *nature* of all interaction, likewise belongs to the natural state of things. The noble soul gives as it takes, drawing on the passionate and irritable[17] instinct of retaliation that lies at its bottom. The concept "mercy" has no meaning and fragrance *inter pares*;[18] there might be a sublime way of letting gifts from above descend as it were upon oneself, and thirstily drinking them up: but for this art and gesture the noble soul has no talent. Its egoism hinders it here: in general it dislikes looking "upward" at all — but either *ahead*, horizontally and slowly, or down: — *it knows itself to be in the heights.* —

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"One can highly esteem only those who do not *seek* themselves." — Goethe to Councilor Schlosser.[20]

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There is a proverb among the Chinese that the mothers already teach their children: *siao-sin* — "make your heart *small*!"[21] This is the actual fundamental tendency in late civilizations: I do not doubt that the first thing an ancient Greek would recognize also in us Europeans of today is self-diminution — on that basis alone we would "offend his taste." —

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What in the end is baseness?[23]—Words are acoustical signs for concepts; but concepts are more or less specific visual signs for frequently recurring sensations that arrive together, for groups of sensations. It does not yet suffice for purposes of understanding one another to merely use the same words: we must also use the same words for the same species of inner experiences, we must ultimately have our experience *in common*. This is why representatives of a single people understand each other better than those who belong to different peoples even when they use the same language; or rather, when human beings have lived for a long time under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, needs, work), then something *emerges* that "understands itself," a people. In all souls an equal number of frequently recurring[24] experiences has gained the upper hand over those that come more rarely: people understand one another on the basis of them, quickly and ever more quickly—the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation—; and on the basis of this quick comprehension people are bound closer and closer together. The greater the danger, the greater the need to agree quickly and easily on what needs to be done; not to misunderstand one another in a time of danger is what people absolutely cannot do without when communicating. Even in every friendship or love affair people test this principle: nothing of the kind can endure as soon as one of them discovers that, despite using the same words, the other feels, thinks, intuits, wishes and fears differently. (Fear of "eternal misunderstanding": this is the benevolent genius that so often deters persons of the opposite sex from entering hasty relationships urged by their senses and their hearts—and *not* some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species"—!) Those groups of sensations within a soul that are aroused most quickly, speak up and give the command, decide the entire rank order of its values, and ultimately determine its table of goods. The valuations of a human being reveal something of

the *structure* of his soul, and where it sees its conditions of life, its real need.[25] Supposing now that from the start need has brought together only those people who could signify similar requirements and experiences with similar signs, then what results on the whole is that the easy *communicability* of needs, that is, in the final analysis the experiencing of only average and *common* experiences, must have been the most powerful force of all to have disposed over human beings so far.[26] People who are more similar and more ordinary were and always are at an advantage, while the more select, refined and difficult to understand easily remain alone, succumb to accidents in their isolation and rarely reproduce. Tremendous counterforces would have to be summoned to cross this natural, all-too-natural *progressus in simile*,[27] this continuing development of human beings toward the similar, ordinary, average, herd-like — toward what is *base*!

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The more a psychologist — a born, inevitable psychologist and diviner of souls — turns his attention to the more choice cases and human beings, the greater his danger becomes of choking on compassion: he *needs* hardness and cheerfulness more than other people do. For corruption and destruction of the higher human beings, of souls of a stranger type, is the rule: it is a terrible thing to constantly have this rule before one's eyes. The manifold torments of the psychologist who discovered this destruction, who first discovers and then *almost* always rediscovers throughout all history this whole inner "hopelessness" of the higher human being, this eternal "too late!" in every sense — it could possibly lead him someday to turn bitterly against his fate and attempt his own self-destruction — lead him to his own "corruption." With nearly every psychologist we will perceive a telling predisposition and pleasure in associating with ordinary and well-adjusted people: this reveals that he always needs a cure, that he needs a kind of escape and forgetting, away from what his insights and incisions, from what his "craft" has placed

on his conscience. He is characterized by fear of his memory. He is easily silenced by the judgment of others: he listens with a stony face as others venerate, admire, love and transfigure where he has actually *seen*—or he conceals even his silence by expressly agreeing with some foreground opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation grows horrible to the extent that the masses, the educated, and the fanatics develop their own great admiration precisely where he developed great compassion alongside great contempt—their admiration for "great men" and prodigies, for whose sake they bless and honor the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of humanity and themselves, who are held up as models for the education of youth . . . . And who knows whether in all great cases so far it has not been the same: that the masses worshipped a god—and the "god" was only a wretched sacrificial animal! Success has always been the biggest liar—and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer are disguised in their creations to the point of unrecognizability; the "work" of the artist and of the philosopher only invents the man who created it, who was supposed to have created it; the "great men" as they are venerated are small, paltry fictions after the fact; in the world of historical values counterfeiting is the *rule*. These great poets for instance, your Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol[28]—as they simply are and perhaps must be: human beings of the moment, inspired, sensual, childish, frivolous and precipitous in their mistrust and trust; with souls harboring some breach that needs repairing; often taking revenge in their works for an inner contamination, often trying to find forgetfulness in their high-flying from an all-too-faithful memory, often lost in the mud and in love with it, until they become like the will-o'-the-wisps around the swamps and *pretend* to be like stars—the people will probably call them idealists now—often struggling with a long nausea, with a recurring ghost of lost faith that chills them and forces them to pine for *gloria*[29] and to devour "faith in itself" from the hands of intoxicated sycophants:—what a *torment* these great artists and

higher human beings generally are for someone who has figured them out! It is so understandable that *they* so readily enjoy those eruptions of boundless, most devotional *compassion* from women—who are clairvoyant in the world of suffering and unfortunately also addicted to helping and rescuing far beyond their own powers—eruptions that the masses, especially the admiring masses, do not understand and on which they pile their curious and self-complacent interpretations. This compassion routinely deceives itself about its power; women want to believe that love can do *anything*—it is their true *faith*.[30] Oh, those who know hearts realize how poor, stupid,[31] helpless, presumptuous, mistake-prone, more likely to destroy than to rescue is even the best profoundest love!—It is possible that beneath the sacred fable and disguise of the life of Jesus lies hidden one of the most painful cases of martyrdom of *knowledge about love*:[32] the martyrdom of the most innocent and desiring heart, that could not get enough from any human love, that *demanded* love, to be loved and nothing else, with hardness, with madness, with terrible outbursts against those who denied him love; the story of a poor man unsated and insatiable in love, who had to invent hell in order to have a place to send those who did not *want* to love him—and who finally, after learning the truth about human love, had to invent a god who is all love, all *capacity* for love—who has mercy on human love because it is so utterly wretched, so ignorant![33] Whoever feels this way, whoever *knows* this much about love—*seeks* death.—But why dwell on such painful things?[34] Assuming that we do not have to.—

270

The spiritual arrogance and nausea of anyone who has suffered deeply—*how* deeply people can suffer practically determines rank order—his shuddering certainty, completely permeating and coloring him, of *knowing more* than the cleverest and wisest could know by virtue of his suffering, of being familiar with and once having been "at home" in many remote, ap-

palling worlds[35] of which "*you* know nothing!" . . . . . this spiritual, silent arrogance of the sufferer, this pride of the chosen one of knowledge, of the "initiate," of the one who was almost sacrificed finds it necessary to have all forms of disguise in order to protect itself from contact with obtrusive and compassionate hands and generally from everything that is not his peer in matters of pain. Deep suffering makes noble; it separates. One of the most subtle forms of disguise is Epicureanism and a certain openly displayed courageousness of taste that takes suffering lightly and resists everything sad and profound. There are "cheerful people" who use cheerfulness because on its account they are misunderstood: — they *want* to be misunderstood. There are "scientific people" who use science because it provides a cheerful appearance, and because scientific character lets others infer that someone is superficial: — they *want* to seduce others to a false conclusion. There are free impudent spirits who would like to conceal and deny that they are shattered, proud and incurable hearts;[36] and sometimes foolishness itself is the mask for an ill-fated, all-too-certain knowledge. — From which it follows that part of a more refined humanity is having respect "for the mask" and not practicing psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271

What separates two people most deeply is a different sense and degree of cleanliness. What good is all decency and mutual advantage, what good is all good will for each other: when in the end what it comes down to is — they "cannot stand the smell of one another!" The highest instinct of cleanliness places the one who is afflicted with it in the oddest and most dangerous isolation, like a saint: for that is exactly what saintliness is — the highest spiritualization of said instinct. Some kind of shared knowledge of an indescribable fullness in the happiness of bathing, some kind of ardor and thirstiness that constantly drives the soul out of the night into the morning, and out of the gloom, of "gloominess" into brightness,

brilliance, profundity and subtlety—: just as such a propensity *distinguishes*—it is a noble propensity—it also *separates*.—The compassion of a saint is compassion for the *dirt* in the human, all-too-human. And there are degrees and heights where even compassion is felt by him as something that pollutes, as dirt . . . . .

272

Signs of nobility: never thinking about downgrading our duties to duties for everyone; not wanting to delegate or to share our own responsibility; counting our privileges and their exercise among our *duties*.

273

Someone who strives for greatness regards everyone he meets on his way either as a means or as a delay and obstacle—or as a temporary place to rest. His unique and superior *graciousness* toward fellow human beings is only possible when he is at his height and he rules. Impatience and his consciousness that until such time he is always condemned to comedy—since even war is a comedy and conceals the end like every means—ruins any company for him: this kind of human being knows solitude and what is most poisonous about it.

274

The problem of those who wait.—Strokes of luck are needed and many incalculable things before a higher human being, in whom the solution to a problem lies dormant, is able to act at the right time—"to break out," as we might say. Ordinarily this does *not* happen, and in every corner of the earth sit men who scarcely know to what extent they are waiting, and even less that they are waiting in vain. Sometimes, too, the wake-up call comes too late, the accident that gives "permission" to act—when his best youth and strength to act have already been used up in sitting still; and how many discovered in hor-

ror, as they "sprang" to their feet, that their limbs had fallen asleep and their spirit was too heavy! "It's too late"—he says to himself, no longer believing in himself and henceforth forever useless.—In the realm of genius is "Raphael without hands,"[37] the phrase taken in the broadest sense, perhaps not the exception but the rule?—Perhaps genius is not so rare at all: but the five hundred *hands* it needs in order to tyrannize the καιρός, "the right time"—in order to grab chance by the hair!

275[38]

Whoever *wishes* not to see what is lofty in a man looks that much closer at what is low and foreground in him—and thereby reveals himself.

276

In all kinds of injury and loss the lower and cruder soul has it better than the noble: the dangers of the latter must be greater, and the probability that it will have an accident and be destroyed is tremendous, given the multiplicity of its conditions for life.—In lizards a finger grows back when it is lost: not so in human beings.—

277[39]

—Bad enough! The same old story! After we have finished building our house, we notice that in the process, we inadvertently learned something we really *should* have known, before we—started building. The eternal tedious "too late!"—The melancholy of all *finishing!* . . .

278[40]

—Wanderer, who are you? I see you going your way, without scorn, without love, with inscrutable eyes; wet and sad like a plumb line that returns from the depths unsated, back to the light of day—what did it seek down there?—with a breast

that does not sigh, with lips that conceal their disgust, with a hand that only slowly grasps: who are you? what did you do? Rest here: this spot is hospitable for everyone—recuperate! And whoever you might be: what would you like now? What would help you recuperate? Just name it: what I have I offer to you!—"To recuperate? To recuperate? Oh how inquisitive you are, and what are you saying! But give me, please——" What? What? just say it!—"Another mask! A second mask!" . . . .

279[41]

People of deep sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a way of seizing happiness, as if out of jealousy they wanted to crush or choke it—oh, they know too well that it will run away from them!

280

"Bad! Bad! What? isn't he going—backwards?"—Yes! But you understand him poorly if you complain about that. He is going backward, as does anyone, who wants to make a big leap.——

281

—"Will they believe me? but I demand that they believe me: I have always thought about myself badly, only in quite rare cases, only when forced, always without any joy 'in the matter,' ready to digress away from 'me,' always without faith in the result thanks to an indefatigable mistrust of the *possibility* of self-knowledge, that has led me to the point of perceiving a *contradictio in adjecto*[42] even in the concept of 'immediate knowledge' that the theorists allow themselves:—this whole fact is nearly the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be some kind of aversion in me to *believe* in anything definite about myself.—Is there a riddle in this? Probably; but fortunately none for my own teeth.—Perhaps it reveals the species to which I belong?—But not to me: and I'm happy enough with that.—"

282

"But what happened to you?" — "I don't know," he said, hesitantly; "maybe Harpies flew over my table." — Occasionally it happens these days that a mild-mannered, moderate, reserved person will suddenly start raving, smashing dishes, turn the table over, scream, go berserk, insult everyone — and finally he goes off to the side, embarrassed, furious at himself — where? why? In order to starve in some isolated place? In order to choke on his memory? — Whoever has the desires of a lofty, selective soul and only rarely finds his table set and his food ready will be in great danger at all times: but today it is extraordinary. Thrown into a noisy and rabble-like age, with whom he does not wish to eat from the same bowl, he could easily perish of hunger and thirst or, if he were to "dig in" at last — of sudden nausea. — Perhaps all of us at one time have sat at tables where we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual among us, those hardest to feed, know that dangerous dyspepsia that stems from a sudden insight and disappointment about our food and our table mates — the *nausea of dessert*.

283[43]

Assuming that anyone wants to give praise in the first place, it is a subtle and at the same time noble self-control that always wants to praise where we do *not* agree: — otherwise we would be praising ourselves, which is offensive to good taste — of course this is a kind of self-mastery that offers a perfect occasion and opportunity for constantly being *misunderstood*. In order to allow ourselves this real luxury of taste and morality we must not live among the oafs of the spirit, but instead among human beings whose misunderstandings and mistakes are still entertaining for their subtlety — or else we will pay dearly for it! — "He praises me: *therefore* he is saying I am right" — this asinine inference spoils half the life of us

hermits, since it brings asses into our neighborhood and friendship.

284[44]

To live with tremendous and proud composure; always beyond—. To arbitrarily have and not have our affects, our pros and cons, to condescend to them for hours; to *sit* on them as we would on a horse or an ass:—after all, we have to know how to use their stupidity as well as their fire. To reserve our three hundred foregrounds, also the dark glasses: because there are cases where no one is permitted to look into our eyes, and still less into our "grounds." And to choose as company that mischievous and cheerful vice, courtesy. And to remain master of our four virtues: courage, insight, sympathy, solitude. For solitude is a virtue for us, as a sublime yearning and urge for cleanliness[45] that realizes how whenever there is person-to-person contact—"in society"—there is unavoidable soiling. Community of any kind somehow, somewhere, some way makes us—"base."[46]

285

The greatest events and thoughts—but the greatest thoughts are the greatest[47] events—are the last to be comprehended: the generations that are contemporaneous with them do not *experience* such events—they live past them. Something happens here that is similar to the realm of the stars. The light of the most distant stars is the latest to reach human beings; and until it has arrived we even *deny*—that there are stars out there. "How many centuries are required for a spirit to be comprehended?"—this too is a standard, with this too we create a rank order and etiquette that are still needed: for spirit and star.—

286

"Here the view is clear, spirit[48] uplifting."[49]—But there is an opposite kind of human being who is also on a height and also has a free prospect—but looks *down*.

287[50]

—What is noble? What does the word "noble" mean to us today? What reveals and how do we recognize a noble human being under this heavily veiled sky of incipient rule by the rabble, which makes everything opaque and leaden?—His actions will not prove him—actions are always ambiguous, always unfathomable—; nor is it his "works." Today we find among artists and scholars plenty whose works reveal that they are motivated by a deep desire for nobility: but precisely this need *for* what is noble is fundamentally different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and it is precisely the eloquent and dangerous mark of its absence. It is not the works, it is *faith* that decides here, that determines the rank order here, to take up once more an old religious formula and use it in a new and deeper sense: some fundamental certainty that a noble soul has about itself, something that cannot be sought, cannot be found and perhaps cannot be lost either.—*The noble soul has respect for itself.*—

288

There are people who have spirit in an inevitable way, no matter how they twist and turn and put their hands up to cover their telltale eyes (—as if their hands did not betray them!—): ultimately it is always revealed that they have something they hide, namely spirit. One of the subtlest means for deceiving people as long as possible and successfully pretending to be more stupid than we are—which in ordinary life is often as desirable as an umbrella—is called *enthusiasm*: including what goes along with it, for example virtue. For as Galiani says, and he must have known—: *vertu est enthousiasme.*[51]

289[52]

In the writings of a hermit we can always hear something of the echo of the wasteland, something of whispered tones and the furtive looking around of solitude; even from his strongest

words, from his very shouts there is the sound of a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of keeping silent. If someone has sat year in, year out and day and night alone with his soul in intimate discord and dialogue, if he has sat in his cave—be it a labyrinth or even a gold mine—and turned into a cave bear or treasure hunter or treasure guardian and dragon: then even his concepts in the end take on a peculiar twilight color, an odor of mold just as much as of profundity, something incommunicable and distasteful that blows a chill on anyone who passes by. A hermit does not believe that a philosopher—assuming that a philosopher was always a hermit first—ever expressed his genuine and ultimate opinions in books: do people not write books precisely to conceal what they are keeping to themselves?—indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher *could* have "ultimate and genuine" opinions at all, whether behind every cave there does not lie, must not lie a still deeper cave—a more comprehensive, stranger, richer world above a surface, an abyss behind every ground, under every giving of "grounds."[53] Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy—this is a hermit judgment: "there is something arbitrary in *his* having stopped here, having looked back, having looked around, that *here* he did not dig any deeper and laid aside the shovel[54]—there is also something suspicious about it." Every philosophy also *conceals* a philosophy; every opinion is also a hiding place, every word also a mask.

290

Every deep thinker fears being understood more than being misunderstood. His vanity might be wounded by the latter; but by the former are wounded his heart and his sympathy, which always say: "Oh, why do *you* want to have it as difficult as I do?"

291

The human being, a manifold, mendacious, artificial and opaque animal, uncanny to other animals more by cunning

and cleverness than by strength, invented good conscience in order to just be able to enjoy his soul as *simple*; and the whole of morality is an intrepid, long forgery that enables us to take some kind of pleasure at the sight of the soul. From this standpoint there is perhaps much more to the concept of "art" than we generally believe.

292

A philosopher: that is a human being who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes and dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if from outside, from above and below, by *his* kind of events and lightning bolts; who is himself possibly a thunderhead pregnant with new lightning bolts; a fatal human being around whom there is always rumbling and growling, gaping chasms and uncanny activity. A philosopher: oh, a being that often runs away from himself, often is afraid of himself—but is too curious not to "come to himself" again and again . . . . .

293

A man who says: "I like this, I will take this and make it my own and protect it against anyone"; a man who can plead his case, carry out a resolution, keep faith with an idea, hold on to a woman, punish and vanquish the insolent; a man who has his wrath and his sword, and who attracts the weak, the suffering, the distressed and even animals, all of whom belong to him by nature, in short a man who is a *master* by nature—when such a man has compassion, well now! *this* compassion has value! But what good is the compassion of sufferers![55] Or for that matter of the preachers of compassion! Almost everywhere in Europe today there is a pathological sensitivity and irritability to pain, likewise a repulsive lack of restraint in whining, a tenderization that tries to dress itself up as something higher with religion and philosophical odds and ends—there is a veritable cult of suffering. The *unmanliness* of what is christened "compassion" in such circles of fanatics is

the first thing that meets the eye, in my opinion.—This latest style of bad taste has to be energetically and thoroughly excommunicated; and finally I wish that people would wear the good amulet "*gai saber*" around their hearts and necks to ward it off,—"joyful science," to put it in plain German.[56]

294[57]

The Olympian vice.—In defiance of that philosopher who as a genuine Englishman tried to give a bad reputation to laughter among all thinking minds—"laughter is a grave illness of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes[58])—I would even allow myself to propose a rank order of philosophers according to the rank of their laughter—all the way up to those who are capable of *golden* laughter. And supposing that gods, too, philosophize, something to which many a conclusion has driven me to believe—then I do not doubt that they also know how to laugh in a superhuman and innovative way—and at the expense of all serious things! Gods are fond of ridicule: it appears they can not refrain from laughing even during sacred rites.

295[59]

The genius of the heart, as possessed by that great hidden one, the tempter-god and born pied piper of consciences whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who does not say a word, does not glance a glance in which there is not a consideration and recess of temptation, whose mastery includes that he knows how to seem—and not what he is but whatever is one *more* compulsion for his followers to press ever closer to him, in order to follow him ever more inwardly and thoroughly:—the genius of the heart, that causes everything loud and self-satisfied to fall silent and teaches it to listen, that smooths rough souls and gives them a taste of a new yearning—to lie still as a mirror so that the deep sky mirrors itself in them—; the genius of the heart, that teaches the oafish and over-hasty hand to pause and reach

out more delicately; that guesses the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of kindness and sweet spirituality beneath dull, thick ice and is a divining rod for every grain of gold that has lain buried for a long time in a dungeon of much mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from whose contact everyone walks away richer, not graced and surprised, not as if blessed and oppressed by some external good, but instead richer in himself, newer than before, broken open, blown upon and sounded out by a thawing wind, less certain perhaps, more delicate, more fragile and more broken but full of hopes that still have no name, full of new willing and currents, full of new unwillingness and countercurrents ..... but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I speaking to you? Have I forgotten myself to the point where I did not even mention his name to you? unless of course you have not already guessed on your own who this questionable spirit and god is, who wants to be *praised* in such a manner. For as happens to everyone who since childhood has always been on the move and in foreign parts, many strange and not undangerous spirits have also crossed my path, but above all the one of whom I just spoke, and him again and again, namely none other than the god *Dionysus*, that great ambiguous one and tempter god to whom, as you know, I once offered my firstborn in all secrecy and reverence—[60] as the last one it seems who offered a *sacrifice* to him: for I have found no one who could have understood what I did back then.[61] Meanwhile I learned much, all-too-much more about the philosophy of this god[62] and, as I said, from mouth to mouth—I, the last disciple and initiate of the god Dionysus: and so surely I should finally start giving you, my friends, a bit of a taste of this philosophy, as far as I am permitted? In undertones, as is only fair: since we are dealing with many secret, new, foreign, odd and uncanny things. Even the fact that Dionysus is a philosopher and that gods therefore also philosophize seems to me a novelty that is not innocuous and will arouse suspicion precisely among philosophers—among you, my friends, it has less against it, unless it arrives too late

and not at the right hour: since these days you do not like to believe in God and gods, as I've been told. Perhaps, too, I will have to go further in the frankness of my narrative than is always endearing to the strict habits of your ears? Certainly the god in question went further, very much further in dialogues of this kind and was always out ahead of me by several steps . . . . Indeed, if it were permitted to ascribe beautiful, solemn names of splendor and virtue to him, in keeping with human custom, I would have to greatly extol his explorer and discoverer courage, his daring honesty, truthfulness and love of wisdom. But such a god does not know what to do with all this venerable junk and splendor. "Keep this," he would say, "for yourself and for your kind and whoever else needs it! I — have no reason to cover my nakedness!" — As one might guess: this kind of deity and philosopher is perhaps lacking in shame? — Thus he once said: "under certain circumstances I love humans" — and with this he was alluding to Ariadne, who was present — : "the human being to me is a pleasant, brave and inventive animal without peers on earth, it can find its way in any labyrinth. I think highly of it: I often think about how I can advance it and make it stronger, more evil, deeper than it is." — "Stronger, more evil and deeper?" I asked, startled. "Yes," he said once more, "stronger, more evil and deeper; also more beautiful" — and at that the tempter god smiled his halcyon smile, as if he had just uttered a charming compliment. Here we also see: this deity is lacking not only shame — ; and there are good reasons to conjecture that in some matters all the gods could learn from us human beings. We humans are — more humane . . .

296[63]

Oh, what are you anyway, my written and painted thoughts! It was not long ago that you were still so colorful, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices that you made me sneeze and laugh — and now? You have already taken off your novelty and a few of you, I fear, are ready to become truths:

they already look so immortal, so heart-breakingly righteous, so boring! And was it ever any different? Which things do we copy with our writing and painting,[64] we Mandarins with our Chinese brushes, we immortalizers of things that *can* be written, what is it that we alone are capable of painting? Oh, always the same things on the verge of wilting and starting to lose their fragrance! Oh, always the same fleeting and exhausted storms and yellowed, late feelings! Oh, always the same birds that flew themselves weary and flew astray and now can be caught by hand—by *our* hand! We immortalize whatever cannot live and fly much longer, only things that are tired and worn down! And it is only your *afternoon*, my written and painted thoughts, only for it do I have colors, perhaps many colors, many colorful tender strokes and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds:—but no one will guess from them what you looked like in your morning, you sudden sparks and wonders of my solitude,[65] you my old beloved——*wicked* thoughts![66]

* * *

From Lofty Mountains[67]

Aftersong

Oh lifetime's noon! Oh summer festive rite!
    Oh garden at hand!
Restless in my joy, I wait and watch and stand:—
I await my friends, ready day and night,
Where are you friends? Come now! The time is right!

Is it not for you that the glacier's gray
    In crimson dresses?
The brook looks for you, the ardent wind presses,
Clouds strain higher into the blue today,
Watch for you from bird's-eye view far away.

I've set a place for you, the tallest height:—
    Whose neighbors are stars,
Who dwells so near the abysmal chasm's scars?
My realm—whose realm exceeds the reach of sight?
And my honey—who knows its sweet delight? . . . . .[68]

—There you *are*, friends!—What, it's not *me* at all
    Whom you are seeking?
You hesitate, amazed—but you're not speaking!
Me—no longer? Wrong hand, wrong face, too small?
And *what* I am, my friends—you don't recall?

Aus hohen Bergen.

Nachgesang.

Oh Lebens Mittag! Feierliche Zeit!
    Oh Sommergarten!
Unruhig Glück im Stehn und Spähn und Warten: —
Der Freunde harr' ich, Tag und Nacht bereit,
Wo bleibt ihr Freunde? Kommt! 's ist Zeit! 's ist Zeit!

War's nicht für euch, dass sich des Gletschers Grau
    Heut schmückt mit Rosen?
Euch sucht der Bach, sehnsüchtig drängen, stossen
Sich Wind und Wolke höher heut in's Blau,
Nach euch zu spähn aus fernster Vogel-Schau.

Im Höchsten ward für euch mein Tisch gedeckt: —
    Wer wohnt den Sternen
So nahe, wer des Abgrunds grausten Fernen?
Mein Reich — welch Reich hat weiter sich gereckt?
Und meinen Honig — wer hat ihn geschmeckt? . . . . .

— Da *seid* ihr, Freunde! — Weh, doch *ich* bin's nicht,
    Zu dem ihr wolltet?
Ihr zögert, staunt — ach, dass ihr lieber grolltet!
Ich — bin's nicht mehr? Vertauscht Hand, Schritt, Gesicht?
Und *was* ich bin, euch Freunden — bin ich's nicht?

I have become someone else? Strange to me?
From me unseated?
A wrestler by himself pinned and defeated?
Who strained against himself too forcefully,
Wounded and blocked by his own victory?

I searched where winds blow sharpest cutting air?
I stayed alive
Where no one lives, polar wastes that bears survive,
Lost to man and God and curse and prayer?
Turned ghost, and glided over glaciers there?

—You old friends! Look! How pale and shocked are you,
Full of love and fear!
No, leave! Don't be angry! *You* could not—live here:
Between remotest cliffs of icy blue—
Here you must be hunter and chamois too.

A *wicked* hunter am I!—How the wood
Tenses in my bow!
Only the strongest archer can bend it so——:
Beware! *This* threatens like no other could,
This arrow—leave here now! For your own good! . . . . .[69]

You turn away?—Oh heart, set yourself free,
Your hope remained strong:
Now open your doors, let *new* friends come along!
Let old ones go! Let go the memory!
Once you were young—now be so fittingly!

What bond we shared, our common hope has passed—
Who can read the signs
Once inscribed by love, these blurred and pallid lines?
This seems a parchment that my hand won't clasp
For *loathing*—brown and burnt, and fading fast.

Ein Andrer ward ich? Und mir selber fremd?
Mir selbst entsprungen?
Ein Ringer, der zu oft sich selbst bezwungen?
Zu oft sich gegen eigne Kraft gestemmt,
Durch eignen Sieg verwundet und gehemmt?

Ich suchte, wo der Wind am schärfsten weht?
Ich lernte wohnen,
Wo Niemand wohnt, in öden Eisbär-Zonen,
Verlernte Mensch und Gott, Fluch und Gebet?
Ward zum Gespenst, das über Gletscher geht?

—Ihr alten Freunde! Seht! Nun blickt ihr bleich,
Voll Lieb' und Grausen!
Nein, geht! Zürnt nicht! Hier—könntet *ihr* nicht hausen:
Hier zwischen fernstem Eis- und Felsenreich—
Hier muss man Jäger sein und gemsengleich.

Ein *schlimmer* Jäger ward ich!—Seht, wie steil
Gespannt mein Bogen!
Der Stärkste war's, der solchen Zug gezogen——:
Doch wehe nun! Gefährlich ist *der* Pfeil,
Wie *kein* Pfeil,—fort von hier! Zu eurem Heil! . . . . .

Ihr wendet euch?—Oh Herz, du trugst genung,
Stark blieb dein Hoffen:
Halt *neuen* Freunden deine Thüren offen!
Die alten lass! Lass die Erinnerung!
Warst einst du jung, jetzt—bist du besser jung!

Was je uns knüpfte, Einer Hoffnung Band,—
Wer liest die Zeichen,
Die Liebe einst hineinschrieb, noch, die bleichen?
Dem Pergament vergleich ich's, das die Hand
zu fassen *scheut*,—ihm gleich verbräunt, verbrannt.

No longer friends, they are—I know not what?—
Merely ghosts of friends!
At night they haunt my house and my heart rends,
They speak to me, "we *were* friends, were we not?"—
—Oh withered word, whose roses turned to rot![70]

Youthful longing, you miscalculated!
Those *I* yearned to see,
Whom I dreamed had transformed to be more like me,
They grew *old,* and age made them outdated:
He who transforms stays to me related.

Oh lifetime's noon! Oh second youth's new rite!
Summer garden land!
Restless in my joy, I wait and watch and stand!
I await my friends, ready day and night,
Await *new* friends! Come now! The time is right!

* * *

This song is done—longing's sweet protest flew
Before I could speak:
A wizard did it, a friend when times were bleak,
The friend of noon—no! do not ask me who—
It was at noon that One turned into Two . . . . .

Now we celebrate, as triumph[71] unites,
The fest of all fests:
Friend *Zarathustra*[72] came, the guest of all guests![73]
The world laughs now, torn is the shroud of fright,
The wedding came of darkness and of light . . . . .[74]

Nicht Freunde mehr, das sind — wie nenn' ich's doch? —
Nur Freunds-Gespenster!
Das klopft mir wohl noch Nachts an Herz und Fenster,
Das sieht mich an und spricht: "wir *waren's* doch?" —
— Oh welkes Wort, das einst wie Rosen roch!

Oh Jugend-Sehnen, das sich missverstand!
Die *ich* ersehnte,
Die ich mir selbst verwandt-verwandelt wähnte,
Dass *alt* sie wurden, hat sie weggebannt:
Nur wer sich wandelt, bleibt mit mir verwandt.

Oh Lebens Mittag! Zweite Jugendzeit!
Oh Sommergarten!
Unruhig Glück im Stehn und Spähn und Warten!
Der Freunde harr' ich, Tag und Nacht bereit,
Der *neuen* Freunde! Kommt! 's ist Zeit! 's ist Zeit!

* * *

Dies Lied ist aus, — der Sehnsucht süsser Schrei
Erstarb im Munde:
Ein Zaubrer that's, der Freund zur rechten Stunde,
Der Mittags-Freund — nein! fragt nicht, wer es sei —
Um Mittag war's, da wurde Eins zu Zwei . . . . .

Nun feiern wir, vereinten Siegs gewiss,
Das Fest der Feste:
Freund *Zarathustra* kam, der Gast der Gäste!
Nun lacht die Welt, der grause Vorhang riss,
Die Hochzeit kam für Licht und Finsterniss . . . . .

Notes

The following symbols are used throughout the text and notes:

[ ]	Deletion by Nietzsche
| |	Addition by Nietzsche
{ }	Addition by the translator
⟨ ⟩	Addition by the editors (Colli and Montinari)
———	Unfinished or incomplete sentence or thought
Italics	Underlined once by Nietzsche
Bold	Underlined twice or more by Nietzsche
NL	Books in Nietzsche's personal library

Variants and editions of Nietzsche's works are referred to by the following abbreviations:

CW	*The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*
KGB	*Briefwechsel: Kritische Gesamtausgabe*
KGW	*Werke: Kritische Gesamtausgabe*
KSA	*Werke: Kritische Studienausgabe*
Le	Twenty-volume 1894 Leipzig edition of Nietzsche's works (*Großoktav-Ausgabe*)
Pd	Preliminary draft

Pm	Printer's manuscript (clean final copy of handwritten MS)
Sd	Second draft
Se	Subsequent emendation

Titles of Nietzsche's works are referred to by the following abbreviations:

AC	*The Anti-Christian*
BGE	*Beyond Good and Evil*
BT	*The Birth of Tragedy*
D	*Dawn*
DD	*Dionysus Dithyrambs*
DS	*David Strauss the Confessor and the Writer*
EH	*Ecce Homo*
GM	*On the Genealogy of Morality*
HAH	*Human, All Too Human*
HL	*On the Utility and Liability of History for Life*
JS	*The Joyful Science*
MM	*Mixed Opinions and Maxims*
NCW	*Nietzsche Contra Wagner*
SE	*Schopenhauer as Educator*
TI	*Twilight of the Idols*
UO	*Unfashionable Observations*
WA	*The Wagner Case*
WB	*Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*
WP	*The Will to Power*
WS	*The Wanderer and His Shadow*
Z	*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

Beyond Good and Evil

In a preface from summer/fall 1886 {cf. *CW* 17, 6[4]} for a second volume of *Beyond Good and Evil* that was never completed (the preface was later used for the preface of *HAH* II), N gives a pre-

cise description of the place *Beyond Good and Evil* occupies among his writing: "What forms its basis, thoughts, first jottings and sketches of all sort, belongs to my past: namely to that richly enigmatic time in which '*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*' emerged: given this simultaneity it may well provide useful clues for understanding the just mentioned work which is so *difficult to understand*. In particular too it provides clues to understanding its emergence: there is something of merit here. At that time thoughts such as these served me, whether for rejuvenation, whether as self-interrogation and self-justification, in the midst of an infinitely daring and responsible undertaking: may the book that grew from them serve others to a similar purpose! Or perhaps also as a highly convoluted path, that again and again lures unawares to that dangerous and volcanic ground, out of which arose the previously mentioned Zarathustra-gospel. Just as certainly as this 'Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future' offers no commentary nor should it to the speeches of Zarathustra, so perhaps it nonetheless provides a type of provisional glossarium in which the most important conceptual- and value-innovations of that book—an event without model, example, and likeness in all of literature—appear somewhere and are called by name."

Chronologically the oldest layer of *Beyond Good and Evil* goes back to the period before publication of *The Joyful Science*, for some of the aphorisms were back-filled by N from notebooks M III 1 and M III 4a (spring/autumn 1881). The "Epigrams and Interludes," notebooks Z I 1 and Z I 2, stem from the period just before the origin of *Zarathustra* Part I (autumn 1882 to winter 1882–83), additional aphorisms from M III 4b (spring/summer 1883, shortly before the writing of *Zarathustra* II). Notations from the notebooks of spring to autumn 1884 (W I 1 and W I 2) were also used for *Beyond Good and Evil*. Alongside many projects from the year 1885 (after the publication of *Zarathustra* IV) a planned new edition of *HAH* assumed special significance (Nietzsche wanted to buy back and destroy the remaining copies of this work; letter to Gast 24 January 1886 {*KGB* III:3, 142}). The failure of this attempt provided Nietzsche with the impulse to write a new work, *Beyond Good and Evil*, whose printer's manuscript

(*Pm*) he prepared in winter 1885–86, by using in addition to the earlier notebooks mentioned above also those from the year 1885 (W I 3–7, N VII 1–3), along with loose pages of notes (Mp XVI 1). That *Beyond Good and Evil* does *not* come about from the material of the so-called *Will to Power* is clear from this history of its origin. It was literally a preparation, a "prelude" for something that was still to come and—at least as *Will to Power*—did not come (cf. the explanation at the beginning of the Commentary for *CW* 9). The printing lasted from the end of May until August 1886. The page proofs (lost) were read by Nietzsche and Peter Gast together. *Beyond Good and Evil. Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*, Leipzig, 1886, printed and published by C. G. Naumann was published by Nietzsche at his own expense. Besides the above-mentioned handwritten documents, also preserved are the printer's manuscript prepared by Nietzsche as well as a personal (author's) copy with his notations in it.

Title

1. Re: title: cf. *CW* 15:25[238, 490, 500]; 26[426]; *CW* 16:34[1]; 35[84]; 36[1, 66]; 40[45, 48]; 41[1].

Preface

1. *inept and indecent] ungeschickte und unschickliche*, used for alliteration.

2. *female] Frauenzimmer*: an archaic and contemptuous expression for a woman.

3. *cultivated to maturity.] grossgezüchtet*

4. *Platonism for the "people."] Pm*: rabbleized Platonism.

5. *state of emergency] Nothstand*

6. *need] Noth*: play on words with *Nothstand*. N's antipopulist stance on reading; cf. *Z* "On Reading and Writing."

7. *But . . . goal . . . . .] Pm*: Pascal for instance perceived it as a *need*: from the depths of his terrible tension this most profound human being of modern times invented for himself that murderous form of laughter with which he laughed to death the Jesuits of his day. Maybe he was lacking nothing but health and one

more decade of life—or, morally speaking, a southern sky instead of the cloud cover of Port-Royal—in order to laugh to death even his Christianity.—

Part One

1. *Pd* (variant from August–September 1885, W I 7): The desire for truth that led me along not exactly harmless paths occasionally put into my mouth the same most questionable of all questions: I paused longest before the question of the hidden *causes* of this desire, but ultimately I stood still before the question of the value of that desire. *The problem of truthfulness* appeared before me: would you believe that it seems to me that it had been posed, seen, *ventured* for the first time?

Different *Pd* from August–September 1885, W I 5: *Alea jacta est* {the die is cast; underlined in the original}.—The "will to truth" that will yet seduce me to many a risk—what strange questions it has already laid before me [, what wicked questionable questions! No wonder that I finally turn around suspiciously and learn to ask questions for my part before this sphinx! Who is it really who is asking me here?]! What wicked, wonderful and questionable questions! That is a long story: no wonder that I become suspicious, lose my patience and turn around impatiently! That for my part I *learn* to ask questions before this sphinx? Who is it really who is asking me questions here? What in me really "wants the truth"?

2. *nowhere else!"] Pd*: Nowhere else! Spoken more resolutely: Things and conditions of the highest order cannot originate at all—becoming would be unworthy of them, they alone *are* [that which exists], and only God *is*—they are God."

3. *grounding faith] Grundglaube*: N uses *Grund* far too often to ignore its grounding connotations, and while "basis," "fundamental," and "reason" (grounds) are proper translations, no translator should lose sight of *ground*.

4. *"de omnibus dubitandum."]* "all is to be doubted." Descartes.

5. *the truth . . . the selfless] Pd*: of truth, of truthfulness, of the deed called selfless, of the "calm sea" in artistic intuition

6. *And . . . emerging.] Pd*: (1) In the end it would even be possible—and I [also share this belief] subscribe to this myself!—that what is worthy in the first place in those vaunted things is worthy only because basically, and viewed consistently, they are nothing other than precisely those seemingly opposed things [whose reputation so far the metaphysicians have treated so miserably—and whose honor has not yet been "rescued" by anyone] and states. But who has the courage to see these "truths" without their veil? Perhaps too there is a permissible modesty before such problems and possibilities.—(2) it is *my* belief! Maybe [things are even much worse] one needs to take his suspicion one step further—and I've done so—: For it would even be possible that *what* constitutes the value of those good and venerated things is only theirs by virtue of the fact that they themselves are related to those wicked, seemingly opposed things in an insidious manner, closely related, and not only related? (*a*) But who [has the desire] is willing to concern himself about such a "perhaps"! It goes against good taste, above all against virtue, when truth begins to be offensive like this, when truth tears off its veil like this and renounces all proper shame: isn't caution advised in dealing with such a female? {*Frauenzimmer*} (*b*) Perhaps! But who is willing to concern himself about this dangerous "perhaps"! That goes against good taste, you tell me, it also goes against [virtue itself] [modesty] virtue. When truth begins to be offensive, when this thoughtless female begins to throw off her veil like this and renounces all [proper] shame: away, away with this seducer! May she go her own way from now on! "And sooner," you say to me, winking, "would we go for a walk with a modest and bashful error, with a nice little *lie*— —"

7. *niaiserie]* "foolishness"

8. *mankind . . . things" . . . . .]* {Reference to Protagoras's saying: "Man is the measure of all things."}

9. *a certain . . . of things" . . . . .] Pd*: by virtue of which the will to power *enforces* a specific kind of being (these beings must above all see in a light, close, certain, calculable manner, hence fundamentally from a *logical perspective*—)

10. *judgment] Sd*: concept

11. *falsest] Sd*: falsest namely the oldest

12. *judgments] Sd*: concepts

13. First draft in *Pd*: What made me suspicious of the philosophers is not that I recognized how often and easily they err and stray, but that I did not find enough honesty anywhere in them: they all pretend as though they had discovered and reached something through dialectic, whereas at bottom an anticipated proposition is defended by them through a kind of proof: they are advocates of their own prejudices and not honest enough to admit this and tell us from the outset. The tartuffery of the old Kant as he looked for secret paths to his "categ⟨orical⟩ imperative" makes us smile. Or even the mathematical semblance with which Spinoza ⟨imparted⟩ a fortress-like character to his fervent desires, something that was supposed to intimidate the attacker inescapably.

14. *tartuffery]* from the name Tartuffe, eponymous hero of Moliere's play; here, hypocritical piety.

15. Cf. *CW* 13:3[1] 79; N to Lou von Salomé, possibly 16 September 1882 {*KGB* III:1, 259}. First draft in M III 4: I have accustomed myself to regarding the great philosophies as *involuntary memoirs* of their authors: and moreover the moral portion as the potent seed of the whole philosophy, so that for certain purposes the origin of the most far-fetched metaphysical claims can be traced to the moral sphere. I don't believe in a drive for knowledge, but in drives that knowledge uses as tools. And whoever counts the drives will find that they have all done philosophy and would gladly proclaim themselves the ultimate purpose of existence.—With "scholars" it is different: there, thinking really is often a little machine that works without the participation of the overall system of h⟨uman⟩ drives—: the real *interests* therefore most often lie elsewhere, as is the case with all professionals: perhaps with family or politics etc. or earning money. Chance decides on which scientific location such machines are placed: whether a good philologist or chemist results from this—is *not symptomatic* of anyone. Conversely the philosophies are *not in the least bit something impersonal* and morality in particular is a person, that is, a testimony *of which order of rank* among drives exists in the philosopher.

16. *knowledge (and misjudgment!)] Erkenntniss (und der Verkenntnis!)*

17. *Epicurus]* Ed. Arrighetti, fragment 93, 18–19.

18. Cf. *CW* 15:26[466].

19. *adventavit asinus, pulcher et fortissimus.]* Quoted in G. Christian Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften* {Assorted Writings}, Göttingen{: Dieterich,} 1867, V, 327. *NL*. {"the ass arrived / beautiful and most strong." From the medieval Christian Feast of the Ass (*Festum Asinorum*), observed on January 14.}

20. First draft in *N VII 1*: Live "according to nature"? Oh you Stoics, what noble mendacity! Imagine a being that is wasteful, indifferent, without intentions, without pity, fruitful and barren, imagine indifference itself—how *could* you live according to this indifference! Life is this not a wanting to be different than this nature? And live according to life? Then how could you not? Why make a principle of it! As a matter of fact you only form nature in the image of your wise man! And then you wish to form yourselves in the image of your image! This also applies to Goethe, to Taine etc.

21. *causa prima]* "first cause"

22. *no . . . seem.] Pm*: for it is a matter of dying and perishing everywhere when someone makes such an extravagance out of his virtue.

23. *reality-philosophaster]* Allusion to Eugen Dühring.

24. *right: their] Pm*: right [: all these Kants and Schellings, Hegels and Schopenhauers and whatever sprouted after them]: their

25. Cf. *CW* 15:25[303]; 26[412]; 30[10]; *CW* 16:34[62, 79, 82, 185]; 38[7].

First draft in *N VII 1*: "How are synthet⟨ic⟩ judgments *a priori* possible?"—By means of a faculty, i.e., answer: that they are possible, they exist, we *can* do it. But the question asked after the "How"? Thus Kant establishes a fact "that," but there is no explanation here. Ultimately the "faculty" is a hypothetical force, an exception of the kind like the *vis soporifica* {sleep-inducing effect} in opium. My conception: that all ideas like "causality," the absolute, the soul, being, matter, spirit———the concepts originated

in a logically skewed manner, namely as we have come to know from etymology, so that one characteristic served as the sign for similar things. The *similarity* gradually was acknowledged less frequently with the sharpening of the senses and attention, and for the inner characterization of a thing the intellect ran through a series of identification marks of recognition marks; that's how it *grasped* the thing and *comprehended* it; there is a seizing and grasping involved. (Cf. *CW* 16:38[14].)

26. *By virtue of a faculty] Vermöge eines Vermögens*: "by means of a means," or "facilitated by a facility/faculty."

27. *niaiserie allemande]* "German foolishness"

28. *"real-political"] real-politisch*, from *Realpolitik*.

29. *Tübingen seminary]* {Where Hegel, Schelling, and Hölderlin studied, and became friends.}

30. *finding" from "inventing"!] "finden" und "erfinden"* whereby *finden* means only finding, but *erfinden* means to invent.

31. *quia est in eo virtus dormitiva, cujus est natura sensus assoupire.]* "Because there is a dormative faculty in it, whose nature is to put the senses to sleep." Cf. Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*, act III, third interlude.

32. Cf. *CW* 14:15[21]; *CW* 15:26[302, 410, 432].

33. *Pole, Boscovich]* Ruggiero Giuseppe Boscovich was not a Pole but a Dalmatian; in Basel (1873, cf. *CW* 10), N read his *Philosophiae naturalis theoria redacta ad unicam legem virium in natura existentium* {A theory of natural philosophy reduced to a single law of the actions existing in nature}, Vienna, {1759; *KSA* 14 incorrectly has "1769"}.

34. *inventing . . . finding.—]* {The reverse of Kant and his followers; cf. note 29.}

35. *Plato] Laws* 689 a–b.

36. *Pd*: In order to do physiology you have to believe that the sense organs are not mere appearances: as such they certainly couldn't be causes. Thus: sensualism as a regulative hypothesis: as we have it in life. No human being considers a beefsteak an appearance.

37. *reductio ad absurdum]* "reduction to absurdity"

38. *causa sui]* "cause of itself"

39. *contradictio in adjecto]* "contradiction in terms"

40. *that . . . end] dass Erkennen ein zu-Ende-Kennen sei*: N is juxtaposing *Erkennen*, the verbal noun for knowing, with *zu-Ende-Kennen*, the verbal compound noun for knowing something to the end.

41. *but . . . truth?"]* Added in *Pm*.

42. *a . . . wants]* Cf. Schopenhauer, *Parerga 2*, 51{: "But thoughts come not when we want them, but when they want to"}; but also J.-J. Rousseau, *Confessions*, Book 4: "*Les idées viennent quand il leur plaît, non quand il me plaît.*" {Ideas come when they want, not when I want.}

43. Cf. *CW* 14: 4[72], 5[1]24, 12[1]156.

44. *L'effet c'est moi]* "The effect is me." Allusion to the claim "*L'État, c'est moi*" ("The State is me"), attributed to Louis XIV.

45. *as . . . emerges—] Pm*: of a social structure of drives and affects: you will have to forgive my innovation in philosophical terminology, that to this extent even the "will" for me is taken into consideration as a moral phenomenon.

46. *Münchhausen]* {Baron Hieronymus Carl Friedrich von Münchhausen (1720–1797), an adventurer and raconteur, is known in the German tradition for spectacular tall tales. In one tale he frees himself and his horse from a swamp by pulling himself (and the horse on which he sits) up by the hair.}

47. *according . . . effects"] Pm*: not excluding the positivists

48. *almost . . . compulsion] Pm*: a symptom of its own feebleness of the will

49. *"la religion de la souffrance humaine"]* "the religion of human suffering" {These are the final words of Paul Bourget's novel *Un crime d'amour* (1886). Cf. *GM* III 26.}

50. *And indeed . . . taste."] Pm*:—And to say it again: the concept of "responsibility" does not suffice for the in-itself of things—no concept at all can.

51. *"Ni dieu, ni maître"]* "Neither God nor master."

52. *The . . . with] Sd*: The sphere of moral prejudices has grown much deeper and more powerfully into humanity than the psychologists up till now have dared to dream: not to mention at all the naïve types à la Hobbes, who———

53. *sacrifizio dell'intelletto]* "sacrifice of the intellect." One of the tenets of Jesuitism.

Part Two

1. Cf. *CW* 13:15[1].

2. *O sancta simplicitas!]* "O holy simplicity!"

3. that *we have composed and forged into shape] Zurecht gedichteten, zurecht gefälschten*

4. *Knights of the Mournful Countenance]* {Reference to Don Quixote, title character of Cervantes's novel of 1605/15.}

5. *in . . . him] Pm*: an infallible sign of this is that someone has been ruined for philosophy

6. *Pd*: *On the Overcoming of Nausea.*—The higher human, the exceptional human must, if he is predestined to be a knowing one in the grand sense, devote himself to the study of the rule, I mean of the *average* human being: which of course will not happen without a good deal of nausea. This study is difficult and laborious because the average h⟨uman⟩ wraps himself in illusions and beautiful words; therefore it is a find of the first order when the seeker encounters someone who simply acknowledges the animal, the brutishness, or the rule in himself and thus has a sufficient degree of wit and thrill that compels him to speak cynically of himself and his kind and to wallow in his own filth, so to speak: for cynicism is the only form in which coarse souls touch upon that which constitutes honesty and fairness. Enough, for the higher human every form of crude cynicism is an object from which he can learn and for which he should keep his ears open; indeed, he should wish himself luck when the insincere satyr and the jester begin to speak. There are even cases that will nearly enchant him: such a case is Petronius, likewise the Abbé Galiani from the last century; for here the "spirit," even "genius" is linked to the apes. It happens frequently that a "scien⟨tific⟩ mind" is attached to an ape's body and an exceptional intellect as a rule to a coarse soul:—physicians do not infrequently encounter this combination. And wherever someone speaks without embitterment, but harmlessly of humans as beings who are driven by vanity, sexual desires, nutritional needs and nothing else, there

the higher human should listen very carefully: in sum, wherever cynicism speaks without indignation: — for indignant cynicism and whoever tears apart himself or "the world" or God or society with his own teeth is already of higher and rarer lineage — as an animal that suffers from animality.

7. Cf. *CW* 16:1[182]; 3[18]. *Pd*: it is difficult to understand myself; and I would be a fool [and I have taken it upon myself], if I did not give my friends a good bit of leeway for misunderstanding and ⟨were⟩ not already thankful for the good will to some freedom of interpretation

8. *gangasrotogati]* Sanskrit for "as the current of the Ganges moves," i.e., very fast.

9. *kurmagati]* Sanskrit for "as the tortoise moves."

10. Cf. *CW* 16:34[102].

11. *tempo]* N uses Italian *tempo* here, indicating a musical term as well as velocity, weather, the times.

12. *presto]* "very fast tempo"

13. *buffo]* "comic actor in Italian opera"

14. *in moribus et artibus.]* "in morals and arts"

15. *allegrissimo]* "brisk, lively tempo (superlative)"

16. *petit fait]* "small fact"

17. *how . . . conscience.] Pm*: and whether no one knows how he becomes derailed, degenerate, split apart, broken — — —

18. *supposing . . . return] Pm*: he himself sees it and cannot yet dispense with being seen as no longer able to return to the compassion of others

19. Cf. *CW* 16:40[66]. *Pd* first version: Our highest insights must — and should — sound like crimes when heard without permission by those who are not cut out and predestined for them. The "exoteric" and the "esoteric," a distinction formerly used by philosophers, among Indians as among Greeks and Muslims, in sum wherever people believed in an order of rank for people and not in "equality before God" — : that was distinguished not only in terms of a "viewed-from-without" and a "viewed-from-within," but instead as "viewed-from-below" or — *viewed from above*! What serves the higher type as nourishment, or refreshment, has to nearly be poison to a very different and lower type.

Conversely the virtues of a common man would be vices and blemishes in a philosopher; and if he should once become ill and therefore lose himself, then he surely notices how in his sickly value-estimations he *approximates* the little people and their virtues. There are also books that are ambivalent for souls and health, according to whether a lower soul, a lower health or a higher one makes use of them. What is evangelical, bracing, and the best consolation of the soul for little people cannot possibly function the same way for those who have a higher meaning. The most famous books, the odor of little people clings to them. Wherever "the people" worship, it stinks. You should not go into churches if you want to breathe *clean* air: but not everyone has the right to "clean air."

20. *common people] das Volk*

21. *clings . . . air.] Pd*: the most tenacious of all odors clings to them. Where the people eat and drink, even where they worship, it stinks: and this is no objection either to their means of nourishment ⟨nor⟩ their worship. For instance you should not go into churches if you want to breathe *clean* air: but there are few who have a right to "clean air": who would not perish from clean air. This to deter the suspicion that I want to invite the "freethinkers" into my garden

22. Cf. *CW* 16:41[2]1.

23. Title in *Sd*: *Morality as Prejudice*

Pd in pencil at the end: the *post-moral* epoch

Pd first version: Throughout the longest period of human history the value of an action was measured according to its consequences: thus it was only added on, more or less as today a distinction or disgrace encountered by a Chinese has a retroactive force for his parents. Of course in recent centuries across several great expanses of the earth, people settled on assessing the value or lack of value—according to the intention. Today—should we not be on the threshold of a complete reversal of this judgment? We feel that the value or lack of value of an action lies precisely in that which is *un*intentional: the intention belongs to the surface, to the skin of the "inner human being"—it signifies nothing because it can signify *too many things*——Of course: we would

no longer so casually give someone the right to measure value or lack of value according to this new standard: and it is now more than ever high time to reckon moral denunciation or glorification among the signs of bad taste and rabble-like manners.

24. *origin]* Throughout this section, "origin" is translating *Herkunft*, which elsewhere in the *CW* is usually translated as "descent."

25. *advocatus dei]* "advocate of God" (vs. of the devil)

26. *valeurs]* "values"

27. *faith?—] Pd*: faith? Let's assume for once that we, as belonging to the world, if this world is something deceitful—would ourselves be allowed to deceive somewhat? [perhaps] indeed would *have to* deceive?

28. *Pd*: "*il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien*" {"he seeks truth only to do good"} Voltaire—and consequently did not find it—

29. *Humanity] Humanität*

30. *"il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien"]* "he seeks truth only to do good"

31. Cf. *CW* 16:38[12].

32. Cf. *CW* 16:1[110].

33. *Pd*: The French Revolution, a horrific and moreover superfluous farce, viewed up close: but the spectators from afar have *interpreted into it* all their decent perceptions and indignations.—A noble posterity could someday *misunderstand* the whole past this way and thereby make the sight of *it* bearable.

34. *Pour . . . est."]* Cf. *CW* 15:26[294, 396]; quoted from P{rosper} Mérimée in *"Notes et souvenirs"* {"Notes and Memories"} on Stendhal, *Correspondance inédite* {"Unpublished Correspondence"}, Paris{: Michel Lévy Frères,}1855. *NL*. {"To be a good philosopher you have to be dry, clear, and without illusion. A banker who has made a fortune has part of the character required to make discoveries in philosophy, that is, to see clearly into what is."} {The source of this quote is misidentified in *KSA* 14; it is not cited in Mérimée's introduction but appears in Stendhal's *Correspondance inédite, Deuxième Série* (Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1855), 87.}

35. *Someone . . . gives.—] Sd*: person eventually comes to know, not without chills and amazement, the *mask* that he is as he wanders about in the minds and hearts of his friends: but how much secret bitterness does he yet have to drink before he also comes to know the art and the good will of no longer "disappointing" his friends either: that is, to always first translate his plight and his happiness into superficiality, into the "mask," in order to be able to—*communicate* something of himself to them. *Pm* crossed out at the end: Of course it is horrifying when one discovers for the first time the mask that one appears to be:———

36. Cf. *CW* 13:3[146].

37. *every person]* N uses the noun *eine Person* here, instead of the generic *Mensch*. Latin *persona* means "theatrical mask."

38. *Pd*: A new species of philosopher is emerging: I dare to christen them with a name that is not without its dangers. As I know them, as I know myself—for I belong to these coming ones—these philosophers of the future will be satisfied for many reasons, also for many unspeakable reasons, to be characterized as *tempters*. This name itself is ultimately only an attempt and, if you will, a temptation.

39. *Tempters.]* {See *BGE* 295. *Versucher* in the context of the new philosopher based on the tempter-god Dionysus means one who tempts: it also means one who experiments, and as a noun, *Versuch* or *Versuchung*, means experiment (attempt) or temptation. It makes little sense to speak of Dionysus as an "experimenter-god," since what he does is tempt, lure people into uncomfortable places. Of course N knows that a modern-day Dionysian philosopher would be both tempter and experimenter, i.e., both tempter and attempter of new things.}

40. *Pd* first version: We are no dogmatists; it offends our pride that our truth should even be a truth for everyone: which is the ulterior motive of all dogmatic endeavors. We love to look with all kinds of eyes into the world, even with the eyes of the sphinx; it is included in the beautiful shudders for which it is worthwhile to be a philosopher that a thing seen from around the corner looks quite different than we should have even suspected, as long as we seek it with straight looks and on straight

paths. Moreover it seems that the solemn earnestness, the clumsy obtrusiveness with which so far all dogmatists have approached truth, were not the most skillful means to win over this female: what is certain is this, that she has not allowed herself to be won over—and every manner of dogmatism stands there today sulking and discouraged. If it stands at all! Cf. *BGE* preface.

41. *awe] Schauder*, awe or shuddering while in awe of something. See Goethe's *Faust II*, lines 6270–74, where "Awe is the finest portion of mankind."

42. Cf. *CW* 16:34[146].

43. *which . . . head!] Pm*: in which I recognize the *niaiserie moderne par excellence* {modern silliness par excellence}

44. *The plant "human being"]* based on Vittorio Alfieri's proposition: "*la pianta uomo nasce più robusta qui che altrove*" {"the plant human being grows more robustly here than elsewhere"} quoted in Stendhal, *Rome, Naples et Florence*, Paris{: Michel Lévy Frères,} 1854, 383; *NL*, the passage underlined by N.

45. *art of seduction] Versucherkunst*, cf. note 39 above.

46. *"libres penseurs," "liberi pensatori," "Freidenker"]* French, Italian, and German expressions for freethinker.

Part Three

1. *science and conscience] Wissen und Gewissen*, "knowing (science) and conscience (co-knowing)."

2. *homines religiosi]* "religious people"

3. *The . . . would] Pd*: When I was younger I imagined that I was lacking several hundred scholars whom I could drive into the bushes like bloodhounds—I mean into the history of the human soul, into its past and future, in order to hunt my game there. In the meantime I learned, not without much resistance, that for the things that stimulated my curiosity, aids, especially dogs were hard to find. The drawback we have in sending out scholars into hunting grounds where freedom, subtlety and unscrupulousness in every sense are needed, lies in the fact that precisely there they have no eyes and noses for where the danger begins, where the good hunt begins. For guessing and determining, for instance,

what kind of history so far the problem of knowing {*Wissen*} and conscience {*Gewissen*}

4. *imperium Romanum]* "Roman empire"

5. *absurdissimum]* "most absurd thing / pinnacle of absurdity"

6. *Pd* first version: Solitude, fasting and sexual solitude—typical form from which religious neurosis emerges. Alternating extremes of lustfulness and piousness. Foreign-like observation against *themselves*: as if they were glass or 2 persons.

7. *Kundry]* {In Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*, a wild woman first sent to seduce Parsifal, but later reformed and redeemed by him.}

8. *type vécu]* "a type that has lived"

9. *north.] Sd* crossed out after this: The French free-spiritedness and the whole French war of enlightenment has something of the smolder of a religious movement to it. I am again surprised by the dark colors

10. *"disons . . . mieux? . . . ."]* "Then let us affirm that religion is a product of the normal man, that man is closest to the truth when he is most religious and most assured of an eternal destiny . . . . It is when he is good that he wants virtue to correspond to an eternal order, and when he is contemplating things in a disinterested manner that he finds death revolting and absurd. How is one not to suppose that it is in these moments that man sees best?" . . . .

11. *niaiserie religieuse par excellence]* "religious silliness par excellence"

12. *delicatezza]* "delicate touch"

13. *way of being beside oneself] Aussersichsein*

14. *unio mystica et physica]* "mystical and physical union"

15. Title in *Pd*: *Circulus vitiosus deus* {"God as a vicious circle"}

16. *da capo]* "from the top (play it again)"

17. *circulus vitiosus deus]* "God as a vicious circle"

18. *disgraces] Sd* crossed out after this: In German nobility therefore we still find a good portion of piousness, likewise among the women of those classes that {consider} their women their nobler half with leisure

19. *homines religiosi]* "religious people"

20. *that . . . enough] Pd*: that God can be refuted but not the devil: cf. *CW* 16:1[110].

21. *Pd* first version: That the *meaning* of a religion is ambiguous: for the strong and the independent it is a means to rule or to create calm for oneself from the toil of ruling (like the Brahmins): for the stronger types of h⟨uman being⟩ coming along it gives opportunities to strengthen the will and to learn stoicism: or even adaptability (like Jesuits): for ord⟨inary⟩ h⟨uman beings⟩ it provides *secure* horizons, consolation, community of happiness and suffering and a certain beautification of the common life through a meaningfulness of all events.

22. *Pd* first version: To console the suffering, to give the oppressed, the weak courage, to lead those who are dependent, to bring the immoderate to insight and discipline—*but also to smash the strong* (or at the very least make them insecure), to sicken great hopes, to render suspect great happiness and beauty, self-confidence, the manlier and prouder more domineering instincts: this so far has been the task of Christianity.

Part Four

1. Cf. *CW* 14:3 [1]150; *CW* 15:31[52]; 32[9].
2. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]133.
3. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]132; *CW* 15:31[52]; 32[8].
4. {In the original edition of 1886, N mistakenly used the numbers 65 and 73 twice; subsequent standard editions have added the letter "a" to these numbers.}
5. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]118.
6. Cf. *CW* 14:1[40]; 3[1]226.
7. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]214.
8. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]240.
9. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]229; *CW* 15:31[53]; 32[9].
10. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]258.
11. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]256.
12. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]252.
13. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]264.
14. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]270; 12[1]98.

15. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]265.
16. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]275.
17. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]290.
18. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]276.
19. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]281.
20. Cf. *CW* 14:2[47]; 3[1]64, 72; 22[3]; *BGE* 163.
21. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]45; 22[3]; *CW* 15:31[39]; 32[8]; *Z* IV "The Shadow."
22. *"Know thyself!"]* {Used by Plato in *Phaedrus* and other dialogues; Socrates was famous for claiming that he knew only that he knew nothing, and for championing the view that one must first know oneself. The maxim "know thyself" was inscribed in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and invoked by several Greek sages before and after Socrates.}
23. Cf. *CW* 14:5[11]; 12[1]138; 13[8].
24. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]44; 12[1]117; 22[3].
25. Cf. *CW* 14:11[11].
26. Cf. *CW* 14:1[50, 111]; 3[1]23; 22[3].
27. Cf. *CW* 14:1[7]; 3[1]20.
28. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]393; 12[1]109.
29. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]59; 22[3].
30. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]41; 22[3]; *CW* 15:30[9]; 31[39].
31. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]11, 445.
32. Cf. *CW 14:2[44]; 3[1]61.*
33. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]429; 22[3].
34. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]313.
35. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]299.
36. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]327.
37. *Nausicaa]* {Cf. *The Odyssey*, Bk. VI, where Odysseus is welcomed among the Phaeacians by Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcineus. Although Athena has kindled love for Odysseus in the heart of Nausicaa, they do not marry but become friends.}
38. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]360, 405.
39. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]138, 335; 12[1]107; 13[8].
40. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]243; 12[1]101; 13[16]; 16[7]; 23[5]; *CW* 15:31[35, 36]; 32[10].

41. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]205.
42. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]249; 12[1]100; *CW* 15:31[54]; 32[8, 9].
43. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]244.
44. Cf. *CW* 14:2[9]; 3[1]307.
45. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]355.
46. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]378.
47. *pia fraus]* "pious fraud"
48. *impia fraus]* "impious fraud"
49. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]369.
50. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]370.
51. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]374.
52. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]375; *Z* I "On the Pale Criminal."
53. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]395.
54. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]394.
55. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]382.
56. Cf. *CW* 14:1[87]; 1[108]4; 5[1]62; 12[1]194.
57. Cf. *CW* 14:4[26]; 5[1]56.
58. Cf. *CW* 14:5[1]58.
59. Cf. *CW* 14:5[1]112; 12[1]196.
60. Cf. *CW* 14:4[37]; 5[1]86.
61. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]423.
62. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]445.
63. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]421.
64. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]416.
65. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]428.
66. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]433.
67. Cf. *CW* 14:1[45, 109]; 5[1]50.
68. Cf. *CW* 14:1[70]; 3[1]50; 22[3]; *CW* 15:31[38, 46].
69. Cf. *CW* 14:1[93]; 3[1]3; 12[1]121; 22[1].
70. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]25; 4[31]; 16[88]; 18[24]; 22[1]; *CW* 15:29[56]; 31[35]; *Z* I "On the Flies of the Marketplace."
71. Cf. *CW* 14:1[70]; 3[1]49; 22[3].
72. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]31; 4[26]; *Z* III "On Old and New Tablets."
73. Cf. *CW* 14:1[57]; 3[1]48.
74. *Pd* first version: In dealing with scholars and artists we miscalculate in the opposite direction: we expect to find the remarkable human being behind a great scholar—and are disappointed;

and we expect a mediocre human being behind a mediocre artist—and are again disappointed.

75. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]24; 22[3].

76. *Pm* crossed out title: Return to Nature.—

Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]24; 22[3].

77. *in love] in der Liebe*, in (matters of) love, vs. the state of being in love.

78. Cf. *CW* 14:1[97]; 3[1]51; 12[1]72.

79. *Counsel as conundrum] Rath als Räthsel*, wordplay from *Rat, raten* (noun and verb) and *Räthsel*, riddle, conundrum.

80. Cf. *CW* 14:12[1]116.

81. *The lower body] Der Unterleib*, abdomen, lower organs, genitalia.

82. *"Dans le véritable amour c'est l'âme, qui enveloppe le corps."]* "In true love it is the soul that envelops the body."

83. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]19; 4[43].

84. Cf. *CW* 15:26[337].

85. *buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone.]* "both the good and bad woman want a big stick."

86. *Sacchetti, Nov. 86.]* {Franco Sacchetti (1335?–1400?) was an Italian poet and writer of some three hundred *novelle*, or short stories.}

87. Cf. *CW* 14:1[50, 111]; 3[1]16.

88. Cf. *CW* 13:3[66]; *CW* 14:3[1]76.

89. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]94; 12[1]192.

90. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]146; 5[1]167.

91. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]134.

92. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]143; 5[25]; *CW* 15:31[53, 64]; 33[1]; *Z* IV "On Superior Humans."

93. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]140.

94. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]159.

95. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]174.

96. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]176.

97. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]185.

98. Cf. *CW* 14:2[26]; 3[1]191, 194; *CW* 15:31[5].

99. Cf. *CW* 14:2[27]; 3[1]193; *CW* 15:31[5].

100. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]202; 12[1]204.

101. *Our fellow-man] Unser Nächster*, fellow-man, or neighbor in the biblical sense; wordplay with *Nachbar*, modern word for neighbor, based on *nah*, near.

102. Cf. *CW* 14:2[47]; 3[1]64, 72; 22[3]; *BGE* 79.

103. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]68; 4[42].

104. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]71; 22[3].

105. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]422; 12[1]88; 22[3].

106. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]418.

107. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]417.

108. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]349; 12[1]90; 13[16]; 16[7]; *CW* 15:31[36].

109. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]141; 12[1]108; *CW* 15:31[53]; 32[9]; *Z* I "On the Flies of the Marketplace."

110. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]410; 17[13]; 22[3].

111. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]324.

112. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]318.

113. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]109; 4[59]; 12[1]132; *CW* 15:31[52]; 32[10].

114. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]105.

115. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]104.

116. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]139; 12[1]109; 31[53]; 32[9].

117. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]86; 12[1]113.

118. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]82; 22[3].

119. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]272; 4[104]; *Z* I "On the Viper's Bite."

120. {Cf. Luke 6:18: "Bless those who curse you."}

121. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]339.

122. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]347; 5[33, 35]; 12[1]142.

123. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]195; 5[1]127.

124. Cf. *CW* 14:3[1]361.

Part Five

1. *facta]* "facts"

2. *morals]* the Frauenstädt edition used by N (actually p. 137).

3. *neminen laede, imo omnes, quantum potes, juva]* "Harm no one; rather help everyone to the extent that you can." {Although N writes "*immo*," Schopenhauer uses "*imo*" in his text.}

4. Arthur Schopenhauer, *The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics*, trans. and ed. Christopher Janaway (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009), 139–40 (N's emphasis).

5. *laisser aller]* "letting go"

6. *the anarchists]* like Eugen Dühring; cf. *BGE* 204.

7. *discipline and cultivation]* "*Zucht und Züchtung*"

8. *amour-passion]* according to Stendhal, *De l'amour*, book 1, chap. 1.

9. *Pd* first version: *Antiquity's Silliness of Morality.*—No one wants to harm himself and *consequently all evil is involuntary.*—For the evil one inflicts *harm* on *himself*, but believes the *opposite.*—Presupposition: the good: what is *of use* to us

10. *really . . . exists] Sd*: I would like to call the Socratic silliness par excellence: for it really does not belong to Plato, but exists in his philosophy

11. *πρόσΘε . . . Χίμαιρα*] "Plato in front, Plato in back, Chimaera in the middle." Paraphrase of *The Iliad*, VI, 181, where the chimaera is described as "lion-fronted and snake behind, a goat in the middle."

12. *Pd* (autumn 1881): How things happen in the history of the sciences sheds light on the historical events of knowledge. Here too hypotheses, fictions, hasty faith are the *original*. A true "perception of the senses," e.g., of the eye, is something very late. It is much **easier** in response to a given stimulus to *re*-produce an image which has already been *frequently* produced (imagination builds using old, practiced mechanisms and its building itself occurs preferably in the accustomed manner). It is awkward and laborious to see and to hear something *new*: for the most part we immediately arrange the sounds we hear in a foreign language according to the only words we know, e.g., "Armbrust" is what the Germans heard in "Arcubalista." We are bad at listening to foreign music. What is novel finds us hostile and reluctant. Our *sensual processes* are made with love hate fear etc.—here already the affects rule: also laziness etc.—Between a movement and a sensation there is *not cause and effect*, but the latter is a *discharging* of our own energy, and the former provides an *impetus* for it—not a measurable relationship. The history of knowledge begins with the history of *fictionalizing*. It would be possible that processes now playing ⟨themselves⟩ out in our senses transpose fictionalizations into nature (colors? harmonies?) These whole

beings, these peasants e.g., are quickly imagined and not *accurately* seen: no more so than a page is accurately read: most of the meaning is *guessed* and most of that probably *falsely guessed* (during rapid reading) Only a rare few are able to *say* **what** *has happened to them* or indeed transpires in them. ⟨*Above the entire page also the word*: Or?—

13. *Armbrust . . . arcubalista]* Literally "arm-breast" in German; both mean "crossbow."

14. *Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit]* "What happened in the light, goes on in the dark"

15. *Supposing . . . "flying."] Pm*: Thus in my dreams I have often flown, and as soon as I dream I am aware of the power to fly as if it were a privilege, also as if it were my own enviable happiness. To be able to realize with the slightest impulse every manner of curve and angle, to be a flying geometry with the feeling of divine levity, this "upward" without tension and force, this "downward" without condescension and degradation—without *gravity*!—how should this genre of experiences not ultimately color and differently define the word "happiness" as it applies also to my waking day—how could I not *differently*—long for happiness? than—others? "Soaring inspiration" as this is described by the poets is too muscular, too violent, even too "heavy" compared to that "flying." Cf. *CW* 13:7[37]; *CW* 6:15[60].

16. *Pd* (autumn 1881): The difference of human beings refers to the goods worthy of striving for and to what they regard to be their actual *possessions*. E.g., with respect to a woman this man already considers his sexual pleasure with her as "possessing"; another wants to be loved in such a way that she leaves everything for his sake (thus she is "had" ἔχεται {"had," "was possessed"}); a third, however, wants her not to give up everything for a phantom of him, but that the prerequisite of her love to him should be a *full knowing*—she is only then entirely in his possession when she does not deceive herself about him and nevertheless belongs to him. These are three degrees.—That one wants to possess a people and all means of deception are fine with him. Still another wants this too, but he does not want a phantom of him to rest in the minds of the masses—that is not "he himself," his thirst for

possession is subtler, he does not want to deceive, he himself wants to possess: thus he must above all know himself |and let himself be known|.—As long as I deceive myself about something, I do not possess it—says the poet to himself: and the honest man says: I cannot control myself until I know *what* I am.—To give in to a stirring for others acquires its value according to whether I really know the other or am satisfied with a shadow image of him. Helpful p⟨eople⟩ usually remake {*zurechtmachen*} the one they want to help (as deeply in need of their help, deeply grateful, submissive, as property) Where p⟨eople⟩ see someone *suffering*, they immediately seek to *acquire* a *possession* for themselves there (and are jealous of anyone who gets there first or crosses them in helping)—parents involuntarily make something similar to themselves out of their children, something subject to their own notions and value judgments; they do not doubt themselves in possession of property (Romans—the children slaves) The teacher, the priest, the ruler see in p⟨eople⟩ opportunity for *possessions*.

17. *Cagliostro and Catiline]* {Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, alias of Giuseppe Balsamo (2 June 1743–26 August 1795) occultist, healer, clairvoyant, Freemason, swindler, and medical reformer dedicated to the poor; Catiline, Lucius Sergius Catilina (108–62 BCE) conspired to overthrow Rome using the help of its poor and indigent, to whom he promised debt relief. Here N uses both as examples of demagogues.}

18. *Pd* first version: The *prophets* as tribunes of the people: they have fused "rich" "godless" "evil," "violent," into one.—Here lies the significance of the *Jewish people*: it is the slave revolt in morality. (The Jew and Syrian as born to slavery according to Tacitus) "Luxury as Crime" The name (Ebion) "poor" becomes synonymous with "holy" and "friend of God"; {cf. *CW* 18:11[405] (Renan) and the note to it.}

19. *Tacitus] Histories* V, 8.

20. *those . . . see.] Pm*: as the astronomers know.

21. *and] Pm*: and in truth

22. *with . . . unsaid.] Pm*: which precisely he requires

23. *Aristotelianism] Pm*: Socratism

24. *Hafiz and Goethe]* {Goethe's last book of poems, *West-östlicher Divan* (*West-Eastern Divan*) (1819), was inspired by the Persian poet Hafiz and written in his spirit. N obviously appreciated Goethe's free-spirited existence as well as his efforts to draw on Eastern sources of art, religion, and philosophy.}

25. *licentia morum]* "moral license"

26. *what . . . moments!] Pd*: despite everything the appearance of an unconditional commander was for the herd-animals, the impression made by Napoleon served as the last great example. In a more refined sense there is a similar need on the part of all knowers and researchers of lower rank for unconditionally commanding philosophers: such types sometimes establish the value-tablets of knowledge for entire millennia, for instance as Plato has done — for Christianity is only a rabbleized Platonism — and how even today half of Asia follows a Sankya-system popularized by Buddha; cf. variant to *BGE*, Preface, note 4, p. 356 above.

27. *origins,] Herkunft*,

28. *magically . . . causes.] Pd*: domineering natures like Caesar and Napoleon. Therefore the *strongest* h⟨umans⟩ appear in ages of the greatest mixing of races and classes, i.e. at times of the greatest longing for *happiness of the herd*, e.g., in the Athens of Pericles, in Rome at the time of Caesar, in Europe at the time of N⟨apoleon⟩. The latter period is still in its beginning; for more distant times a much higher kind of human being is still to be expected, where the great race-mixings will appear, while at the same time the spiritual and material means of power have become enormous

29. *res publica]* "commonwealth"

30. *Let . . . judgments] Pd* first version: I have made a discovery, but it is not bracing: it offends our pride. For however free we may regard ourselves to be, we free spirits — for we are free "among ourselves" — there is also a feeling in us that becomes offended when someone openly counts human beings among the animals: it is almost a crime {*Schuld*}, and it requires an apology {*Entschuldigung*} that I — in referring to us must constantly speak of "herds," "herd instincts" and the like. But here lies my discovery; for I found that in all *moral judgments*

31. *is . . . movement.] Pm*: is the continuation of Christianity.

32. *philosophasters]* the Latin suffix *aster* denotes someone who is inferior or phony; cf. Schopenhauer's frequent use of "philosophaster" to refer to Fichte and Hegel; cf. also "poetaster" for a pseudo-poet.

33. *ni dieu ni maître]* "Neither God nor master."

34. *united . . . Buddhism.] Pm*: gloom of conscience that [touches on] extends to Buddhism (because one cannot [is unable to] rid oneself of suffering! because one intuits that it is [unremovable] even knotted together and entangled with life!

35. *morality in itself,]* the only morality,

36. *absolution . . . past] Pm*: absolution of the entire past

37. *movement . . . "themselves."] Pd*: is the continuation of the Christian: but that even with it the desires and dreams of the same instinct are not fully satisfied is proved by the speeches and the dreams of the future of all socialists: let people just open their ears.

Pd: is the continuation of the Christian. But that even with it the desires and hopes of said instinct are not fully satisfied is proved by the wailing of all socialists. Only socialism is the herd morality thought to its end: namely the principle "equal rights for all" carried out to the consequences "equal demands of all" therefore "one herd and no shepherd" therefore "sheep equals sheep," therefore "peace on earth," therefore "goodwill toward men." Cf. Luke 2:14 and *WS* 350.

38. *Pd* first version: *For the preface*—To push human beings to new resolutions that have dominion over the entire future of humanity: for this, leaders are needed, humans with a way of thinking such as no one perhaps has ever had. The image of such leaders is what constantly hovers before me: the means by which they are to be created, the thoughts by virtue of which they endure carrying the terrible weight of such a task—these are my concerns.—There is perhaps no pain more acute than seeing an extraordinary h⟨uman⟩ go off track and degenerate: but whoever has presented his soul with the monstrous fortuity {*Zufälligkeit*} that has reigned so far on the whole in the destinies of peoples, their relationships and their separations, suffers from a pain for which there is no

comparison: the inspiring happiness over what would be possible with such an accumulation of forces and energies, and what kind of pitiful things suddenly smash promising developments of the highest order———

39. *of the human being] des Menschen*; N uses the singular and plural forms of *Mensch* seventeen times in this section; capturing its nuance requires multiple expressions in English.

40. *culture and cultivation] "Zucht und Züchtung"*: culture (as in agriculture) and cultivation (same etymology).

Part Six

1. *montrer ses plaies]* "showing one's wounds"

2. *Schopenhauer's . . . a] Pm*: Schopenhauer's influence:—with his foolishness regarding Hegel he deprived the entire latest generation of a connection with the latest and most authentic highpoint of the German mind—the

3. *who . . . Hartmann] Pm*: just as today they are precisely as done up as they are "done in"—Herbert Spencer for instance in England, Eduard von Hartmann and Eugen Dühring in Germany

4. *pity] Mitleiden*

5. *type: he] Pm*: type (which, as is self-evident, can therefore still be a type that is just as estimable as indispensable [—notation for asses!] he

6. *ipsissimosity]* "very ownness": N's coinage from Latin *ipsissimus* ("very own").

7. *caput mortuum]* "worthless remains": Alchemical term for "residue."

8. *un tour de force]* literally, in French, "a feat" or "trick"; "*tour de force*" would not have had for N the connotation of an exceptional achievement that it has in contemporary English usage.

9. *Je ne méprise presque rien]* "I despise almost nothing" Later in the section, *presque* = "almost" and *presque rien* = "almost nothing."

10. Cf. *CW* 16:34[67]. *Pd* first version: Our nineteenth century shows itself in its highs and lows as a skeptical century,

that is as an extended, thinned-out eighteenth century. Almost all subtler scholars and artists today are skeptics, even if they do not want to admit it to themselves and to others. Of course pessimism as a way of thinking that says No, constitutes an exception: it can be traced back to a tendency for comfortable convenience that is part of every democratic age. When the skeptic degenerates, that is becomes lazy, he becomes a pessimist. A sharp mind however, who knows how to preserve some degree of freedom of knowing and conscience today, does not say "No" but "I do not trust myself here." Or, "here the door is open, why enter right away? Why these hasty hypotheses? why absolutely make something round that is crooked? why plug a hole with any old kind of putty? let's just wait a while longer: the uncertain still has its charms; the Sphinx too is a Circe." Thus a skeptic consoles himself—and it is true that he needs a good bit of consolation. Skepticism, after all, is the expression of a certain complex physiological condition as it develops during a great and sudden crossing of races and classes. The inherited value-estimations of different backgrounds are at war with each other, they mutually disrupt one another in growth and becoming strong, the body and the soul lack balance, lack center of gravity, lack perpendicular stability. What unravels and becomes weak in most such mixing-experiments of nature is the will; the old independence and originality of resolve is gone. No one can vouch for themselves anymore. Hence a general ghostly fear of great and small responsibility, hence a passionate tendency to bury one's head and conscience in some kind of majority. But whoever today has inherited a strong commanding and audacious will—chance allows for such exceptions—he also has greater hopes than ever for becoming a ruler. The insecure manner of most people demands and cries out for those who command unconditionally.

11. *nihilin]* {N's coinage, based on "nihilist"; perhaps, like his coinage in *AC* 2 of "*moralin*," indicating a drug-like compound, modeled on the newly isolated (1828) "*Nicotin*," "nicotine."}

12. *bonae voluntatis]* "of goodwill"

13. *l'art pour l'art]* "art for art's sake"

14. Cf. *CW* 16:34[157, 221].

15. *cet esprit fataliste, ironique, méphistophélique]* "that fatalistic, ironic, Mephistophelian spirit."

16. *Michelet]* Source not identified.

17. *"dogmatic slumber,"]* {Kant in *Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics* claimed that Hume had awakened him from such slumber.}

18. *woman]* {Germaine de Staël, also Madame de Staël (1766–1817), Swiss writer whose *De l'Allemagne* (*On Germany*, 1810) introduced Germans to Europe primarily through German literature. Her salon in Coppet on Lake Geneva was the hub of European Romanticism. She was a critic of Napoleon, hence N's remarks here and in *BGE* 232.}

19. *Finally . . . German!"—]* Cf. *CW* 16:34[97]; Goethe, discussion with Napoleon, 1808, sketch (2 October 1808): "After he had looked at me attentively, he said: '*Vous êtes un homme*.' {You are a man.} I bow." *Annals or Journals and Yearbooks from 1749 to end of 1822*; cf. also *SE* 3 {*CW* 2, 185}.

20. *deceived . . . German!"] Sd* first version: he deceived himself, his prejudice about skepticism deceived him: he did not know, as a man of peasant-like (or corporal-like) limitation that there are two opposing kinds of skepticism, the skepticism of weakness—*and the skepticism of courage and exuberance* {des Muths und Übermuths}. He thought of the former when he found his son devoted to French atheism, to *esprit* and to aesthetic indulgence:—perhaps the danger of a conversion to this side was not inconsiderable. But it was the *second* kind of skepticism, closely related to the genius for war and conquest, that first entered Germany here, a new kind of audacious *manliness* that ultimately meant much more than brawny limbs, tallness and everything that is supposed to be manly in a grenadier. To this *courageous* skepticism belongs the best of what Germany has since then produced in spiritual leaders and adventurers; and the predominant influence that Germany owes to its critics, philologists and historians in Europe depends on that not undangerous element of *courageous* skepticism and a certain spiritual "militarism" and "Frederickianism." The beautiful daring race of Lessing, Herder, Kant, Friedrich August Wolf, Niebuhr

and whatever all these brave ones are called belong to the features of an awakening German manliness and valor for whom the soldiers of Frederick the Great represent the physiological prelude: indeed they are features of a new race that is coming about slowly and will be strong. Meanwhile the weakened and atrophied type of the older German also maintained itself [—it survives even today], indeed it dominated again from time to time (namely as German Romanticism and German music); and foreigners often stood there doubting and did not know which standard to use for measuring "the Germans" (—contemporary Germany has this doubting and hesitating to thank [perhaps] for a major part of its sudden success.). For centuries, what people abroad imagined when they thought of a German scholar or "poet" for example—and with the best possible justification—was demonstrated by that remarkably astonished comment of Napoleon, made when he caught sight of Goethe—it is never taken profoundly enough: "*Voilà un homme*"—that is to say: "now that is a *man*! a real man! And I had only {expected} a German poet

21. *Pd*: To describe ourselves as a new crowd of critics and analysts who avail themselves of *experiments* in the broadest sense—that would perhaps be a permitted tartuffery to which many things could persuade us. As one of the prerequisites of such beings as we are, we value the possession of qualities that perhaps in themselves make for strong critics: a [spirited] witty courage, an ability to stand alone and answer to oneself, a delight in saying No and dissecting, sureness of the hand that wields the knife "even if the heart bleeds." Along with the critic we have in common a disgust that is always ready: for all that is fanatical, idealistic, feministic, hermaphroditic; and whoever knew how to follow us into the chambers of our heart would surely not find there an intention to reconcile Christian feeling with the taste of antiquity and perhaps even with modern parliamentarism (and whatever sort of conciliatoriness might be possible in our very insecure, and thus very conciliatory century among so-called philosophers). Critical discipline is [as I said something we hold to as if to] cleanliness and rigor in matters of the spirit—among ourselves we speak very differently and with harsh words about

this—: nevertheless we would think we were inflicting no small disgrace on philosophy if we were to say: "Philosophy is science and criticism and nothing more." Of course this value-estimation stands in full bloom precisely today, in all positivists, philosophers of reality and "scientific philosophers" in Germany and France; and maybe it has already flattered the heart and taste of Kant. These advocates of criticism and science are simply critics and scientific people, but not philosophers themselves: even the great Chinese of Königsberg was only a great critic.

22. *Königsberg]* {Baltic (Prussian) seaport where Kant lived; after World War II it became Kaliningrad.}

23. *art] Pm* crossed out after this: (where also history belongs—)

24. *And . . . possible?]* Missing in *Pm*, but replaced with the following crossed-out sentences: the Proteus of a new eye, the diver of life who dives safely into ever deeper depths of life. And to ask once more: [is precisely the philosopher possible today?] is such a greatness still possible today?———But to say it once more: how is something like this possible today?

25. *Pd* first version: There is an aristocracy of problems that excludes many people. This is because these problems are connected with lofty and extraordinary circumstances that few people possess. It is quite inconsequential whether nimble but ordinary minds (like Eduard von Hartmann) or clumsy sturdy empiricists (like Eugen Dühring) occupy themselves with such problems. Their nature is not permitted to enter here: the doors remain closed, or—one smiles.

26. *presto]* "quickly"

Part Seven

1. *bêtise bourgeoise]* "bourgeois stupidity"

2. *homo bonae voluntatis]* "man of good will"

3. Cf. *CW* 13:3[69]; 15:25[492].

4. *mad . . . beings] Sd*: mad. My proposition is that every *elevated* spirituality exists only as the last spawn of moral qualities: it unites all those conditions attributed to the moral human being *in order to function at all*

5. *bonhomme]* "good man"

6. *"suffer . . . compassion" . . . . .] Mitleid* (compassion) and *mit leiden* (to show compassion) are both based on *leiden*, "to suffer." Compare *misery* and *commiserate* or *passion* and *compassion* for a rough analogy.

7. *in moribus et artibus]* "in morals and arts"

8. *in puncto]* "with respect to"

9. *Pd* first version: Our *historical sense* is a result of our semi-barbarism: the latter through the *plebeian* character of our educated classes. With it we are able to sympathize with the majority of the past, because things were almost always semi-barbarian then: our highest is Homer and Shakespeare (this Spanish-Moorish-Saxon type) But the most successful works and individuals remain *inaccessible* to us, e.g., Corneille, Racine, Sophocles etc.—the truly *noble* works and individuals, where great strength stands still before everything that lacks measure and there is subtle joy in restraining and trembling in place, like the rider on a steed champing to move on.

10. *Saint-Évremond]* {Charles de Saint-Évremond (1610–1703) studied with the Jesuits, then joined the military campaign of Marshal Bassompierre and fought in the Thirty Years' War. He studied the works of Montaigne and of Spanish and Italian writers. In his "Dissertation sur le mot de Vaste" ("Dissertation on the Word Vast"), Saint-Évremond refers to Homer's *esprit vaste*. See *Oeuvres meslées de Mr. De Saint-Evremond, Seconde Edition Reveüe Corrigée & Augmentée. Tome Seconde* ("Mixed Works of Mr. Saint-Évremond, Second Edition Reviewed, Corrected, and Augmented. Second Volume") (London: Jacob Tonson, 1709), p. 328.}

11. *esprit vaste]* "vast spirit"

12. *we . . . air] Pd*: Shakespeare and Balzac: how much filth and coarseness, how much rabble is always close by! It affects me like strolling on the enchanting Chiaja of Naples. The sewer stench of the rabble neighborhoods is in the air. Cf. *CW* 15:25[123].

13. Cf. *CW* 16:1[168]; 2[185].

14. *Pd* first version: We want to refine our honesty and push it into the heights such that it will remain standing like a golden pinnacle above the whole dull dismal age. And where it becomes

weak and seems to hesitate, we want to come to its aid with our curiosity, our adventurer's courage, our cruelty, our "*nitimur in vetitum*" and all our devilry, our sole and ultimate virtue: let people mistake it with such aid [—], what does it matter!

15. *nitimur in vetitum]* "We strive for the forbidden." Cf. Ovid, *Amores* III, 4, 17.

16. *Helvétius!] Se*: Helvétius, *ce sénateur Pococurante* {this apathetic senator}, to use Galiani's words—Cf. Galiani, *Lettres à Madame d'Epinay*, I, 217. *NL*.

17. *cant,]* N uses the English word "cant," which he underlines, as well as "comfort" and "fashion," not underlined, below.

18. *Sans . . . esprit!]* "Without genius and without spirit!" To this day Germans use the French *génie* for genius, but they do not provide the acute accent.

19. In *Pm* the following strophe crossed out: Germans, *such* Englishmen / Cattle mentalities / You honor as "philosophy"? / To place [Goethe] Spencer next to [Darwin] Hegel—/—Shame on you, Germans! that's offense against / *Majestatem genii* {the sovereignty of genius}. Cf. *CW* 15:28[45, 46].

20. *Sd* first version: Whoever has recognized as a knowing one that in and around all growth the law of perishing rules and that there has to be inexorable disintegration and annihilation for the sake of creativity: he must also learn to add a kind of joy to this sight, in order to *tolerate* it—or henceforth he is no longer capable of knowledge. That is, he must be capable of a refined cruelty and must train himself for it with a resolute heart. If his power in the rank order of powers stands even higher, if he himself is one of the creators and not only a spectator, then it does not suffice that he is capable of cruelty at the sight of much suffering, degenerating, offending: such a human being must be capable himself of causing misery with his own hand and deed and not merely know it with the eyes of the spirit. Virtuous hypocrisy will not want it said that every higher culture rests to a large extent on the development and spiritualization of cruelty, that painful enjoyment of tragedy belongs to cruelty the same as enjoyment of bullfights, burnings at the stake and combat in the arena, and that almost everything that today affects people pleasantly in so-

called tragic pity gets its sweetness from the added ingredient of cruelty. It is a clumsy idea that the enjoyment of cruelty originates only when someone sees another person suffering; on the contrary there is an abundant and superabundant pleasure in one's own suffering, in making oneself suffer, for example in all religions that demand self-mutilations from people, or penitential seizures or asceticisms or remorse of conscience or even only a subtle *sacrificio dell'intelletto* {sacrifice of the intellect}—they persuade him to all this by means of the seductive mysteries and awe of cruelty directed against oneself. In the end we should consider that every knowing one forces his spirit to work against the inclination of his spirit and mostly also against the wishes of his heart, namely to say No where he would like to affirm and adore; that taking something deeply and thoroughly is itself a kind of contradiction and cruelty against the fundamental will of the spirit, that incessantly strives for appearances and the surface, hence that even in spiritual activities the human being rules as the artist of cruelty.

21. *"milk . . . thinking"]* Quoted from Friedrich Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, Act IV, Scene 3.

22. *pity] Mitleiden*

23. *sacrifizio dell'intelletto]* "sacrifice of the intellect"

24. *Pd* first version: To translate humankind back into nature, to become master over the many false interpretations and connotations that the vanity of h⟨umans⟩ has scribbled and smeared over and next to the nature-text "human," to ensure that the human being stands before h⟨umanity⟩ as before nature, and shuts his ears to the seductive voices that whisper to him: "you are more! you are higher, you are of a different lineage!"—this is a harsh and almost cruel task. Whoever works on it has himself as well as his fellow human beings as his opponent. And why does he work toward this end? Especially since he should not even produce the beautiful words "love of truth," "honesty," "sacrifice for knowledge" and the like, after he has shown that all of this is junk and pomp of vanity, in sum, that he is too vain to allow himself such meager satisfactions of his vanity:—why? Such a human being is a problem.

25. *homo natura]* "natural man"

26. Title in *Sd*: *"Woman in itself."*

27. *fatum]* "fate"

28. *"woman in itself"]* "*das Weib an sich*" {with *an sich* used as Kant used "*das Ding an sich*," i.e., the thing in itself}.

29. *Sd* first version: One cannot think highly enough of women, but this is no reason for anyone to think wrongly of them: here we must be thoroughly on our guard. That they themselves would be in a position to enlighten men about the "Eternal Feminine" is hardly probable: it seems they are too close to themselves for this—and moreover enlightening itself, at least up till now, has been a man's concern, a man's talent. In the end we should reserve a good suspicion of everything that women write about woman: namely as to whether a woman who writes does not quite inadvertently do that which works counter to the desired "enlightenment"—and *puts on her finery*? Does not dressing up belong to the most certain content of the Eternal Feminine? And has anyone ever conceded *profundity* to a female mind? Or to a female heart—justice? Without profundity and justice—what's the use when women judge about woman? Is it not almost a disavowal of female instinct, a *degeneration*? Is the will to "enlightenment" about woman not almost the will to disappointment, to disenchantment, to devaluation of woman for a man? Many women might have a good reason why men should not approach them with praise and love: all told it seems to me that "woman" so far has been held *in contempt* mostly *by women*—and absolutely not by men! Out of concern for women the church decreed: *mulier taceat in ecclesia*! {woman should be silent in church!} For the good of women Napoleon decreed: *mulier taceat de politicis* {woman should be silent about politics}—and for the *rescue of any female charm* I advise: *mulier taceat de muliere*! {woman should be silent about woman!}

30. *eternally-boring in woman"]* {Allusion to Goethe's "Ewig-Weibliche," the Eternal Feminine, which appears at the conclusion of *Faust II*, and which N parodies in *Z* II, "On Poets," and in the *JS* poem "To Goethe."}

31. *mulier taceat in ecclesia!]* "woman should be silent in church!"

32. *mulier taceat in politicis]* "woman should be silent about politics"

33. *women] Frauen*; all previous references to women in this section used the less respectful term *Weib.*

34. *mulier taceat de muliere]* "woman should be silent about woman"

35. Cf. *CW* 15:25[422].

36. *Pd*: Stupidity in the *kitchen*: has a university ever worried about the good *nutrition* of its students? About a healthy sex life? ⟨inserted after "*kitchen*"⟩: one cannot think lower of female intelligence when one considers how thoughtlessly until now the family's and the head of household's *nutritional needs* have been met everywhere by women. Woman does not understand what food *means*: and yet wants to be the cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then as cook for millennia she would surely have to have discovered the greatest physiological facts! Through bad cooks, i.e., *through woman* the development of humans has so far been delayed most!

37. *Madame de Lambert]* {Madame de Lambert, Marquise de Saint-Bris, 1647–1733, French writer and *salonnière.* This remark is quoted in Astolphe de Custine, *Mémoires et voyages ou Lettres écrites à diverses époques, pendant des courses en Suisse, en Calabre, en Angleterre et en Écosse*, 2 vols. (Paris: Alex. Vezard, 1830), I, 187. *NL.*}

38. *"Mon . . . plaisir.]* "My friend, permit yourself only those follies that give you great pleasure."

39. *ella . . . lei]* Cf. *Divina Commedia, Paradiso II, 22*: "*Beatrice in suso, ed io in lei guardava*" {Beatrice looked upward, and I at her.}

40. *the . . . high.] Faust II*, lines 12110f.

41. N's seven rhymes are:

Wie die längste Weile fleucht, kommt ein Mann zu uns
gekreucht!
Alter, ach! und Wissenschaft giebt auch schwacher Tugend
Kraft.

Schwarz Gewand und Schweigsamkeit kleidet jeglich
Weib — gescheidt.
Wem im Glück ich dankbar bin? Gott! — und meiner
Schneiderin.
Jung: beblümtes Höhlenhaus. Alt: ein Drache fährt heraus.
Edler Name, hübsches Bein, Mann dazu: oh wär' er mein!
Kurze Rede, langer Sinn — Glatteis für die Eselin!

42. *man . . . my] Pm*: beware, little golden bird!

43. {This aphorism, like the one that precedes it, is also numbered 237 in *KSA*, without explanation, hence 237a.}

44. *who] Pd*: who in the manner of St{uart} Mill or Eugen Dühring

45. *Pd*: As concerns German women: I am far from "cultivating" them even more. First they should not play the piano: that ruins their nerves (and, as a female kind of finery and coquettishness, it enrages every hearty friend of music) and makes her incapable of bearing strong children. They should be raised *piously*: a woman without piety is completely ridiculous in the eyes of every profound and godless man — indeed it outrages him when good plants are deprived of the building and protection that alone enables them to blossom into any kind of grace; and it is a terrible thing, that, to which domineering powers and a self-improvement least belong, and to see this expected of women, who immediately fashion it into a "headdress" or a "chit-chat" for themselves.

46. *emancipation]* In French in the original.

47. {An allusion to Zeus's seduction of Europa in the form of a white bull. See also the myth of Pasiphaë, wife of King Minos, who mated with a bull and gave birth to the Minotaur. Ariadne is the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, sister to the Minotaur; Ariadne is also the companion of Dionysus once she is abandoned by Theseus.}

Part Eight

1. *Sd* first version: I heard the overture of the *Meistersinger*: this is a magnificent, ornate, heavy and late art that has the pride

of presupposing two centuries of music as *still living* in order to be understood:—it does honor to the Germans that such pride did not miscalculate! What kind of metals are not mixed here! It first strikes us as old-fashioned, then dawning, scholarly, *imprevu* {[*sic*]—unexpected} and moody, then pompous, good-naturedly rough and manly—it has innocence and corruption, all the seasons at once, every kind of budding happiness and likewise every kind of worm infestation and late autumn. There are also moments of inexplicable hesitation, like the gaps springing up between cause and effect, not even a slight nightmarish pressure is lacking, and the kind of things we have encountered in dreams:—but already the old stream of contentment spreads itself wide once more, including the happiness of the artist at the mastery of his methods, which he does not wish to conceal; all in all no beauty, no south, nothing of the southern refined brightness of the sky and heart, no dance, not even logic, instead a certain clumsiness that is underscored as if the artist wanted to say to us: "that is part of my intention"; a clumsy costume, a flurry of scholarly treasures.

2. *flushes] Pd*: flushes. At bottom this is a courtesy we show to our forefathers.

3. *in politicis]* "for politics"

4. *'great politics']* Although "*grosse Politik*" is usually translated as "grand politics," (cf. §208), here I use "great" to indicate the resonance with the other appearances of *gross, grosse, Grösse.*

5. *peoples] Sd* crossed out after this:—who have their eyes and worries *everywhere* and are not "at home" with themselves, in themselves, nor allowed to be—

6. *I . . . another.—] Pm*: and I, in my happiness and corner, weighed to what extent it would be [a happiness] wise in [a] all such personal questions not to be seduced to a Yes or No, about which only a distant, indifferently positioned future could come to an agreement.

7. Cf. *CW* 16:2[13].

8. *"civilization"] Pm*: culture

9. *storm and stress] "Sturm und Drang"* {A socially aware literary movement in Germany in the 1770s and 1780s, whose name derives from the title of a drama by F. M. Klinger (1777). Feeling

and sensibility were elevated, utilitarianism and reason were rejected. *Sturm und Drang* writers were generally in their twenties and influenced by Rousseau; their ranks included Goethe, Schiller, Klinger, Lenz, Bürger, Herder, Hamann, and Heinse. Arguably the most famous *Sturm und Drang* work was Goethe's novel *The Sufferings of Young Werther* (1774).}

10. *storm and stress] Pm*: atavism

11. Cf. *CW* 16:34[114]; 34[97]. *Pd*: People call the Germans *profound*: let us interpret the facts of this less flatteringly and provide an explanation for it if possible. The German soul is manifold, of different origins, more pieced together and piled on than actually built. A German who wished to assert "two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast," would seriously violate the truth. As a people of the most monstrous mixing and blending of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as "people of the middle" according to their position in Europe, in every sense of the word the Germans are more incomprehensible, comprehensive, contradictory, unknown, unpredictable, surprising, even more horrifying than other peoples are to themselves: what characterizes the Germans is that the question "what is German?" never dies out for them. The German contains passages and semi-passages, there are caves, hideouts and dungeons in him; his soul is disorderly, he knows the secret paths to chaos. And just as every thing loves its likeness, so too Germans love the clouds and all that is unclear, becoming, twilit, damp and overcast. Foreigners stand amazed before the "reflective" naïveté of the German; the union of genius and "*niaiserie allemande* {German foolishness}" as it is possessed by our greatest poets is disquieting to them [cf. *CW* 16:26[420]: *Mérimée*]. Goethe himself once defined the famous "German *Gemüt*" as if from abroad, with impatient rejection of that which he himself most lacked: as "indulgence toward the weaknesses of others and oneself." Good-natured and devious—such a pairing would be nonsensical applied to any other people: but just live for a time among Swabians! The exterior ponderousness of the German, his social boorishness—just quickly imagine a Bavarian, who is more dangerous, bolder, more daring, more secretive, more insidious, more

monstrous, more devious (and consequently "more frank"—) than other Europeans can even imagine. Goethe could have pulled not only Mephistopheles from the *German* soul, but still much more dangerous and also surely more interesting "devils." I mean, Frederick the Second of Prussia was already a more interesting Mephistopheles than that moderately evil comrade of the melancholy university professor Faust: not to mention at all that other and greater Frederick the Second, the mysterious Hohenstaufen. {N here refers to the Hohenstaufen Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II, in contrast to the earlier mentioned Frederick II of Prussia, also known as Frederick the Great.}—All *deep* Germans so far, physically or mentally, climbed over the Alps: they believe in their entitlement to the "south"—they cannot feel themselves to be otherwise than masters of Europe.

12. *"Two . . . breast."]* Goethe's *Faust I*, line 1112.

13. {August Friedrich Wilhelm von Kotzebue (1761–1819) was a prolific writer whose career was filled with controversy. He was assassinated by Karl Ludwig Sand (1795–1820), a theology student, an event used by the conservative Metternich regime to impose strict sanctions on writers and on freedom of speech in central Europe in the form of the Carlsbad Decrees (1819).}

14. *Jean Paul]* in his review of Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation,* in *Heidelberger Jahrbücher* 1810.

15. *Goethe] Pm*: the German youth

16. {Johann Paul Friedrich Richter (1763–1825) used the pen name Jean Paul. He was a leading figure of the Romantic movement in Germany, widely admired for his style and wit, and one of only a few romantics who earned praise from Schopenhauer. Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1761–1814) was a founder of German Idealism who rose to prominence with his *Science of Knowledge* (1794), which strongly influenced early Romantic writers but was abhorred by Goethe. Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation* (1810), written during the Napoleonic occupation, forms the basis of modern German nationalism and contains the seeds of German superiority and exclusivity based on language, race, and religion.}

17. *even . . . Fichte]* Source not identified.

18. *angrily . . . Germans?] Pm*: came out raging against Fichte's shameless and mendacious flatteries (indeed one would have to descend to late Wagner and his *Bayreuther Blätter* {newsletter then journal of the Wagnerians from 1878 to 1938} to encounter a morasse of presumptuousness, obscurity and Germanifications {*Deutschthümelei*} resembling Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation*). What did Goethe think about the Germans?

19. *Gemüt]* {Modernized spelling of N's *Gemüth*. Mind, soul, disposition, attitude, spirit, style, or way; *gemütlich* and *Gemütlichkeit* celebrate good feeling, conviviality, and sentimentality; archaic *Gemüt* usually refers to mind or soul.}

20. *Indulgence . . . themselves]* Cf. Goethe, *Maximen und Reflexionen*, {no. 165 in *Goethes Werke. Hamburger Ausgabe in 14 Bänden*, ed. Erich Trunz and Hans Joachim Schrimpf (Hamburg: Christian Wegner, 1953), vol. 12, 386. N's citation is inaccurate: Goethe's text reads "Nachsicht mit Schwächen, eignen und fremden." ("Indulgence with weaknesses, their own and others.") N's slight miswording has been preserved in the translation.}

21. *ad oculos]* "for the eyes"

22. *go far"!]* Following Goethe's *Faust I*, line 573.

23. *"tiusche . . . Täusche-folk . . .]* {From *tiusch*, Middle High German for *deutsch* ("German"); N is trying to derive *tiusch*, German, from *täuschen* to deceive.}

24. {Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber (1786–1826) was a leading Romantic composer of operas, conductor, and music critic, who influenced later Romantic composers such as Marschner and Wagner, as well as major composers of the early twentieth century. *Der Freischütz* (1821) and *Oberon* (1826) were two of his operas.}

25. {Heinrich August Marschner (1795–1861) was the leading Romantic composer of operas and *Lieder* between Weber and Wagner.}

26. *girl . . . tangere] Pm*: loafer and sissy; Cf. John 20:17 {do not touch me}.

27. *staccato and rubato]* Musical terms denoting short, crisp playing or singing, and a fluctuation of tempo within a musical phrase.

28. Cf. *CW* 16:34[102].

29. *cannot] Pm*: may not {*darf*}

30. *Jews] Sd* crossed out after this: It was a feeling of Jewish descent that lay spread over the depths of Schopenhauerian thought, it was a thoroughly Jewish curse that he once hurled against us immoralists——Schopenhauer was wrong about this: but we are grateful to him for it

31. Cf. *CW* 16:41[13].

32. {Heinrich von Sybel (1817–95) was a German historian and politician who in his late years was appointed director of the Prussian archives by Bismarck. He was the leading authority on the history of the founding years of the Second Reich.}

33. {Heinrich Gotthard von Treitschke [*sic*] (1834–96) was a German historian and politician known for his strong nationalism and hatred of Britain.}

34. *race] Rasse*; N, like most Germans of his time, uses this term to refer to peoples and ethnic groupings as well as races; cf. §§241, 242, 244, 248, 252.

35. *res . . . picta—]* "something made; something born; something fictitious and unreal—"

36. *aere perennius]* "more enduring than bronze" Quotation from Horace, *Odes*, III, 30.

37. *more . . . does.] Sd*: And *not* perhaps "with open arms"! *Not*, in the manner of fanatics, "drink to brotherhood today" and tomorrow already scratch each other bloody!

38. *Mark]* {The Brandenburg Mark, or Brandenburg March, originally a principality of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, became a province of Prussia in 1806 when Napoleon dissolved the First Empire (Reich). Today Brandenburg is a state of Germany, surrounding but not including Berlin.}

39. *it would be . . . both.] Sd*: and I am pleased in this respect to be in agreement with a famous expert on horses {Bismarck}

about a recipe to be recommended here ("Christian stallions, Jewish mares").

40. *Pd* first version: The English, gloomier, more sensual, stronger-willed and "cruder" than the Germans—and consequently more pious! They *need* Christianity more. All their Christianity even in its literary aftereffect Carlyle, smells somewhat of spleen and alcoholic dissipation: with good reason as antidote to both

41. *"je méprise Locke"]* "I despise Locke" {Actually it is Schiller who attributes this phrase to Schelling in a letter to Goethe, 30 November 1803.}

42. *Just . . . much . . . . .] Sd* first version: tactlessness in this sense:—in this today England's best writers and parliamentary speakers are the same. The above-mentioned Carlyle for instance, one of their richest when speaking of wealth of the soul, moves like a peasant and dolt, even when he is enthused and speaking from the bottom of his heart—leaving aside here the completely unmusical or tin souls like J. St. Mill or H. Spencer, who indeed move like tin figures. In the end watch how the most beautiful Englishwomen *walk*: I will not ask, in order not to ask too much, that we listen to them sing.

43. *Pd* first version: There are truths that can only be known by mediocre minds; we are now e.g., under the influence of English mediocrity (Darwin, Mill, Spencer) and do not want to question the utility of such spirits ruling occasionally. It would be an error to regard precisely the highest natures as particularly skilled in discovering truths: they have to be and to represent something, calculated against which every truth does not even come into consideration. It is the tremendous **gap** between *doing* and *knowing* {Können *und* Wissen}——! That is, now the scientific discoverers must in a certain sense be poor and one-sided spirits.

44. *âme française]* "French soul"

45. *Hugo]* {Hugo's funeral took place in Paris on June 1, 1885. The procession traveled from the Arc de Triomphe to the Pantheon, and was witnessed by more than two million people, the largest crowd ever assembled in France for the funeral of a public figure.}

46. *âme moderne]* "modern soul"

47. *l'art pour l'art]* "art for art's sake"

48. *The . . . Europe—.] Pd*: the aesthetic passions and devotion to lit⟨erary⟩ form, which for three centuries have continuously built up parties of taste and followings, have also made possible at all times a kind of chamber music of literature through the jealousy of the "small number," which up to now has been missing in Germany: — just consider how big are the ears of German scholars — if they even have ears! [people have e.g., made the accusation, that I] for I am told they did not have time to have ears and it would be demanding too much of them anyway to {concern themselves} with sounds and rhythmic phrases — — —

49. *romanciers]* "novelists"

50. *boulevardiers de Paris]* "people on the boulevards of Paris"

51. *in voluptate psychologica]* "in the enjoyment of psychology"

52. *Henri Beyle]* {Nineteenth-century French writer better known by his pen name Stendhal.}

53. *protects . . . anemia] Pd*: that over the long term does not tolerate that horrific German gray on gray, the sunless conceptual spookiness and anemia: as powerfully as the Nordic gloom and "twilight of the gods" of Germans has reached and continues to reach across the Rhine even in this century

54. *blood and iron] "Blut und Eisen"* {famous phrase used by Bismarck}.

55. Cf. *CW* 15:25[184].

56. *become one.] Pm*: is, down to the depths and up to the heights of its needs.

57. *Tantaluses]* {In Greek mythology Tantalus is doomed in Hades to stand in water up to his chin, beneath boughs laden with fruit, only to have them recede each time he tries to drink or eat. Cf. *tantalize* in modern English.}

58. *lento]* "slowly" {musical term}

59. *all . . . higher] Pm*: a magnificent, witty-pathological, high-flying violent kind of

60. *"higher human being"] Pm*: "artist"

61. *anticipating . . . vehemence] Pm*: with his *Parsifal* in a saccharine and ambiguous manner

62. *without the words]* ⟨after Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*?⟩

Part Nine

1. Cf. *CW* 16:1[7, 10]; 2[13]. Crossed out continuation of the aphorism in *Pm*: The "humanization" of barbarians—in part an involuntary process that sets in automatically after an approximate determination of the power ratios—is essentially a process of weakening and alleviating and takes place precisely at the expense of those drives to which it owes its victory and property; and while they master the "human" virtues in this way, perhaps even with a splendid impetuosity and in accordance with their "lust for prey" even in spiritual matters, as conquerors of ancient cultures, arts, and religions—a reverse process unfolds gradually on the part of the oppressed and enslaved. To the extent that they are kept milder and more humane and consequently thrive more richly physically, the *barbarian* develops in them, the strengthened human, the semi-animal with its cravings of the wild:—the barbarian who one day senses himself to be strong enough to resist his humanized, that is weakened masters. The game begins anew: the beginnings of a *higher* culture are once again in place. I mean to say: each time under the pressure of ruling noble castes and cultures a slow counter-pressure has formed from below, a tremendous [instinctive] unplanned overall conspiracy in favor of the preservation and elevation of all who are controlled, exploited, deprived, mediocre, semi-misfits {*Halb-Mißrathenen*}, as a prolonged slave-discontent and slave-revolt that is at first secretive, then increasingly self-aware, as an instinct against every kind of master, in the end even against the concept "master," as a war to the death on every morality from whose loins and consciousness a higher domineering kind of human arises, the kind that *needs* slavery in some form or another and by some name or another as its foundation and condition. All of this always only up to that point in time where such a slave race has become powerful enough—"barbarian" enough!—to make itself the master: immediately then the *reverse* principles and moralities are there. For being master has its instinct, just as

being slave: "nature" is in both—and "morality" too is a piece of nature.—

2. *Pd*: *Corruption* in a ruling caste means something different from in a serving and servile one. E.g., effusive mildness and decrease in energy of the will is corruption in the former. In the latter the increase of independence is corruption, e.g., Eugen Dühring. The privileged of the French Revolution are an example of corruption.

3. *origin] Herkunft*

4. *"We truthful ones"]* Cf. *GM* I, 5.

5. *désintéressement]* "disinterestedness"

6. *un bonhomme]* "a good man"

7. Heretofore in this section, N has used *Herren-Moral* and *Sklaven-Moral*, translated as "master-morality" and "slave-morality." Here, however, he writes "*Sklaven-Moral und -Moralität*."

8. *gai saber]* "gay science"

9. *slaves] Pm* crossed out after this:—and so often in history something similar has happened,—

10. *feels . . . atavism] Pd*: tries to seduce to good opinions of itself in order later to seduce itself to belief in them:—thus the ignoble type wants it.

11. *nurtures] züchtet sie gross* (from the separable prefix verb *grosszüchten*) vs. *züchten* on its own, which means "to breed" or "to cultivate."

12. *now?] Pm* crossed out after this:—it is the time for Socrates and Socratic

13. *mediocrity!] Pm* crossed out after this: (whatever Schopenhauer may say, who was not subtle in these things)

14. *différence engendre haine]* "difference engenders hatred"

15. *Horace] Epistles*, I, 10, 24 : "*naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*" = "Try to expel nature with a pitchfork, it always returns."

16. *with . . . recurret] Pm*: but which is the formula for modern education

17. *irritable] reizbar*, i.e., in the biological sense capable of feeling stimuli.

18. *inter pares]* "among equals"

19. Cf. *CW* 15:26[245]; source not identified.

20. {Johann Friedrich Heinrich Schlosser (1780–1851), befriended Goethe in Jena while studying for his juris doctor degree. He converted from Protestantism to Catholicism in 1814 and devoted himself to Catholic causes. As a member of Frankfurt's city council, he participated in the Congress of Vienna (1814–15). Schlosser collaborated with Goethe on his early-life biography *Poetry and Truth* (1811–33).}

21. {Cf. Évariste Régis Huc, *L'empire chinois*, vol. 1 (Paris: L'Imprimerie impériale, 1854), 243: "Au milieu des embarras et des difficultés, les Chinois disent toujours *siao-sin*, c'est-à-dire rapetisse ton coeur." ("In the midst of embarrassments and difficulties, the Chinese always say *siao-sin*, that is to say, shrink your heart.") This line is quoted by Hippolyte Taine in *Les origines de la France contemporaine: La Révolution. Tome III: Le Gouvernement révolutionnaire* (Paris: Hachette, 1885), 128, which N may very well have read in German translation (the first two volumes remained in his personal library after his death).}

22. Cf. *CW* 16:34[86].

23. *baseness] Gemeinheit*, literally "commonness" but also a pejorative meaning vulgarity, crudeness, meanness, baseness. Inasmuch as N is an animator of the tensions of opposites, baseness in this sense is the obverse of nobleness, as in the title of this chapter "What Is Noble?"

24. *recurring] wiederkehrender*

25. *needs.] Pm* crossed out after this: Need {*Die Noth*}, that by which life is conditioned and founded, each time

26. *force . . . far] Pm*: a selecting and cultivating force has

27. *progressus in simile]* "progression of the same"

28. *Gogol]* Added in *Se*: I do not dare to name much greater names, but I mean them

29. *gloria]* "fame"

30. *faith.] Se*: superstition

31. *stupid]* Crossed out in *Se*.

32. *Knowledge about love] Pm*: higher human beings

33. *love . . . ignorant!] Pm*: love is and also knows him to be loving, whom no one on earth has loved

34. *things?] Pm*: possibilities; ⟨N's changes in *Se* were made with an eye toward *NCW*, "The Psychologist Speaks"⟩

35. *worlds] Pm* crossed out after this: of suffering and consequently of living

36. *hearts] Se* added: (the cynicism of Hamlet—the case of Galiani); cf. *NCW*, "The Psychologist Speaks"

37. *hands"]* Cf. Lessing, *Emilia Galotti*, I, 4; cf. *CW* 16:1[172].

38. Cf. *Z* II "On the Virtuous"; *CW* 14:1[92]; 3[1]4; 12[1]120.

39. *Pd*: When one has built a house he has usually learned something that he should have known before he started building.

40. *Pd* first version: Going his way without scorn and without love, but as a tempter and psychologist, with mute questions for all questionable ones, with slow eyes for everything that is admired, with a plumb line that returns to the light unsated from every depth———Wanderer, who are you? I see you going your way, without scorn, without love, tempting. Your gaze is inscrutable, your questions mute. Question:———I do not know. Perhaps Oedipus. Perhaps the sphinx. Let me go

41. *Pd*: Seize happiness and throttle, choke, suffocate it with his embrace: the melancholy of such experience—it would otherwise flee and slip away?

42. *contradictio in adjecto]* "contradiction in terms"

43. *Pd*: A perfect opportunity and occasion to be misunderstood: I have accustomed myself to give praise only where I do not agree. For in the other case—it seems to me—it would amount to praising myself: something, as is only fair, that we {expect} only among———

44. *Pd*: To live with a tremendous and proud composure: the affect arbitrary, at the right time, a useful foreground, dark glasses so that no one can look into our eyes.

45. *a . . . cleanliness] Pm*: a sublime kind of chastity

46. *"base."]* N uses *Gemeinschaft*, community, to underscore that its stem is the word *gemein*, meaning base, common, crude, vulgar, mean. Cf. note 23 above.

47. *the . . . greatest] Pm*: thoughts are

48. *spirit] Pm*: gaze

49. *Here . . . uplifting."] Faust II*, lines 11989–90; cf. *TI* "Forays," 46. {A reference to the Eternal Feminine, which "lifts us up," but of which N was highly critical. See his poem "To Goethe" in *JS*, and the chapter "On Poets" in *Z* II.}

50. Cf. *CW* 16:35[76]; N's letter to Peter Gast, 23 July 1885 {*KGB* III:3, 68}.

51. *vertu est enthousiasme]* "Virtue is enthusiasm," from Galiani, *Lettres à Madame d'Epinay*, 2, 276.

52. *Pd*: How could anyone even believe that a philosopher ever expressed his genuine opinions in *books*? We write books in order to conceal what ⟨we⟩—keep to ourselves.

53. *an . . . "grounds."] ein Abgrund hinter jedem Grunde, unter jeder "Begründung."*

54. *his . . . shovel] Pm*: I stop here and look around, that *here* I dig no deeper and lay aside my shovel

55. *But . . . sufferers!] Aber was liegt am Mitleiden Derer, welche leiden*! *Mitleiden*, to show compassion, to pity, vs. *leiden*, to suffer.

56. *to . . . German.] um es den Deutschen zu verdeutlichen.*

57. *Sd* first version: There are so many kinds of laughter: This is dedicated to all those who have the golden laughter.

58. *Hobbes]* {Cf. Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*, Part I, Chapter 6, Paragraph 42.}

59. Cf. *CW* 14:24[232]; *CW* 16:34[181].

60. *reverence:—] Sd*: reverence—a true smoke and fire sacrifice of youth, and even more smoke than fire!

61. {N is referring to *The Birth of Tragedy*, his first book publication, which offers modernity's most sustained and original analysis of the role of Dionysus in pre-Socratic Greece.}

62. *god] Sd*: god [—and to be sure, as mentioned, from mouth to mouth—:] and perhaps for me too there will come a day of so much stillness and halcyon happiness that [I] my mouth will suddenly have to overflow from everything [I heard] I know—[in sum] that I will tell you, my friends, the ph⟨ilosophy⟩ of D⟨ionysus⟩

63. Title in *Sd*: *Mandarin Wisdom*: A Handful of [Wicked] Thoughts. *Preface and monologue. Pd*: Things I know too well and

too long, nothing but departing and exhausted thunderstorms, feelings that wilt and lose their scent:—thoughts [—butterflies lizards] I pinned down because they no longer pricked and plagued me anymore, something that even wanted to become "truth," I mean immortal and lethally boring at the same time———something still wondrous and colorful that began to take off its newness———cemeteries, where little wreaths stones and mounds, sheer death is supposed to remind us of what once lived

64. *copy . . . painting] abmalen, abschreiben*: the prefix *ab* changes the verbs to connote copying or transcribing from something.

65. *you . . . solitude] Sd*: as I for the first time conceived and experienced you, you sparks and lightning bolts of life!

66. *you . . . thoughts!] Sd*: You my invented and experienced *thoughts*!

67. Originated in autumn 1884 under the title "Hermit's Longing," sent at the end of November 1884 to Heinrich von Stein as "a reminder of Sils-Maria," where Stein had visited N from 26–28 August 1884; cf. "Chronicle" in *CW* 19. The two last strophes were added by N later (in spring 1886). The variants from the first version are designated as *HL* (= Hermit's Longing]. Cf. *CW* 15:28[26, 31]. Cf. also Karl Pestalozzi's interpretation in *Die Entstehung des lyrischen Ich* (Berlin{: de Gruyter,} 1970): 198–246.

68. *Is . . . delight? . . . . .] HL*: I've set a place for you, the tallest height: / Who lives so close / To stars, to light's abysmal distances? / *My* kingdom—I discovered it for me up here—/ And all this mine—was it not discovered for you? // Now even glacier's gray loves and lures you / With young roses, / The brook looks for you, the ardent wind presses, / Clouds strain higher into the blue today / Watch for you from bird's-eye view far away———

69. —*You . . . good! . . . . .] HL*: A wicked *hunter* am I:—how the wood / Tenses in my bow! / Only the strongest archer can bend it so——: / Beware! This arrow now, a mere child could / insert it: leave here now! For your own good!—// You *old* friends! Look! How pale and shocked are you, / Full of love and

fear! / No, leave! Don't be angry! You could not — live here! / Between remotest cliffs of icy blue — / Here you must be hunter and chamois too.

70. *What bond . . . to rot!] HL*: No longer friends — they are I know not what? / Merely ghosts of friends! / At night they haunt my house and my heart rends, // They speak to me, "we were friends, were we not?" / — Oh withered word, whose roses turned to rot! // And what bond we shared, young wishes' bond has passed — / Who can read the signs, / Once inscribed by love, these blurred and pallid lines? / This seems a parchment that my hand won't clasp / For *loathing* — brown and burnt, and fading fast!

71. *triumph] Pm*: happiness

72. *Zarathustra]* Zarathustra {without emphasis}

73. *guests!]* guests {without exclamation point}

74. *This . . . light . . . . .] missing in HL*; the drafts and final version of the last two strophes are included in notebook W I 8 (autumn 1885 to autumn 1886), *CW* 16:2. The drafts {which do not, in fact, appear in *KSA* 12/*CW* 16 but only in this note from *KSA* 14} are reproduced here in their entirety in verse form to give a better overview:

The day [runs away] dies out, already happiness and light are fading
Noon is far away
[Recently I sat waiting here — *now* I wait no more]
[So be it] [Already] Soon comes the cool night, the lightning of the stars
|The hasty wind, who will break you from the tree|
Like fruit broken from the tree by a hand

What [I] recently wished, would I [now] like to have it today?
What I awaited recently, alas [it] why did it not come?
What do I wait and wait for still? I do not know —

Cf. also the poem fragment *CW* 16:45[7], as *Pd* of this strophe later not included:

This song is done [; the]. Longing's sweet cry
[Died on] Faded on my lips

[The true friend came] A wizard did it at the right time:
It was at noon, then One turned into Two
And—*Zarathustra* passed me by.

[Friend Zarath. came]
[Then came the friend—no!] ask not, who it was
There he stood before me—
A wizard [did it] came, the friend at the same right hour
The noon-friend—no! ask not, who it was
It was at noon, then One turned into two

Therewith the entirety of the first of the two concluding strophes has been drafted; N harked back to the poem fragment in *CW* 14: 3[3] "Portofino" (cf. "Sils-Maria" in *JS* "Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird," 1887); now he harks back in part to the motifs from notebook W I 8:

Here I sat waiting, waiting—yet for nothing
You Zarathustra, you do not abandon me,
Friend Zarathustra

What was taken from me
You remain to me [friend and higher conscience] true to my higher conscience
You were my happiness and autumn

Friend Z. stay, do not leave me!
|What was taken from me, you [—] let me know|
[You remain true to me, my higher conscience!]
And if you did not stay how could I bear burden and duty?
[Friend Zarathustra stay, do not leave me]
Already the day nods, already happiness and light fade . . .
|Now I hang still and ripe in autumn light|
[Now I hang still in autumn sunlight]
Like fruit that a breath breaks from the tree

Nothing was taken from this draft; approaches to the final version are found on the page immediately following:

What I lost, that I will freely let go:
Now I want to know

[Yet you remain to me] You only remain to me, my higher conscience,
Friend Zarathustra [you do not leave me]—yes you do not leave me!

What do I offer you, Zarathustra? Certainly,
[To the friend] You deserve the best!
A spectacle first, most pampered of guests!
And already it begins—look there! The curtain tore:
It is the marriage of light and darkness

On the following page finally the last version of the two concluding strophes, which scarcely deviate from the published text.